

*The "Teaching of English" Series*

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*General Editor*—SIR HENRY NEWBOLT

THE WORLD REVEALED  
— ASIA —



SIR RICHARD BURTON

*From a pen drawing by E. Heber Thompson  
after the National Gallery portrait*

# THE WORLD REVEALED

— ASIA

Travel Tales  
Selected and Edited by  
ATHELSTAN RIDGWAY

LL.B.

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RID

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## EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION

It is a peculiarity of Asia that much that was true of it centuries ago is as true to-day. The study of its history and of the manners and customs of its peoples suggests that nations like Persia and Mesopotamia, having played their part in the earliest annals of mankind, have rung down the curtain for all time on an effete and now mechanical drama. Not without a large element of truth do we speak of the "immobile Orient," and envisage almost every Asiatic country as a changeless agglomeration of peoples steeped in century-old prejudices and superstitions. A glance at the forlorn columns dotted about among the stupendous ruins of Persepolis, the "throne of Jemsheed," will set our thoughts musing on the misplaced triumphs of Doric architecture. From the contemplation of those blank walls at Hillah, peeping up out of the cradle of the world's civilization, we strive to awaken the spectacle of mighty engines of war and countless hordes of armed men marching under Cyrus to hurl the city of Croesus into the dust; and we marvel as we look upon the forlorn and dreary country of the Iraqis to-day how once Assyria teemed with multitudinous life—so much so that in the eighth century no fewer than ninety fortified towns and nine times as many smaller places in the Chaldæan region were captured, not over a long period of years of warfare, but during one single military expedition. And, again, as the Westerner gazes from Bab-al-Muadhdham upon the mosques of Baghdad, he ignores the rather squalid present and conjures up visions of intriguing caliphs and all the familiar tales of the

*Thousand and One Nights*, all bespeaking a magnificence and opulence unrivalled in most other cities. In a word, there seems nothing, whether of ancient Greek culture or of Scriptural tradition, that does not owe its origin to these "romantic" lands; nothing in literature, whether it be the plots of the ancient stories in the *Gesta Romanorum* or the myths of Hellas, that has not had its origin in the mysterious East; and we feel a suspicion that hardly any of our vaunted Western secrets of science were unknown to some Oriental people away back in the night of time.

So that with all these glittering images of the past before us, the condition of Asiatic countries and peoples to-day comes upon us almost as an anticlimax, and amidst much that is beautiful is more that savours of the faded finery of former days. These countries have indeed sunk from the heyday of their glory because, by Western standards, their peoples were and are essentially unprogressive, poles asunder from Western ideas. Yet the explanation of this immobility is obvious, if it be true that people in some sort are assimilated to their geographical surroundings. The greater part of Persia, Armenia, Mesopotamia, Arabia, and Palestine is little better than desert, and the climate generally exhibits all the rigours incidental to that of continental countries. Some will venture to say that, if the ancient irrigation system of Assyria could be restored, countries like Mesopotamia would once again swarm with a busy population. It is hard to believe; it is equally hard to believe that these countries, handicapped by their physical features—apart from the psychological peculiarities of their races—could ever have hoped or even desired to play a proud part in the story of mankind.

We may suppose, perhaps without too violent conjecture, that the tawdry glories of the antique East



necessarily harboured the seeds of their own destruction ; that, based on no solid ethical foundation, they were but meretricious glories, essentially transient and bizarre, like the coloured roofs of Chinese palaces in the days of Genghis Khan, or the head-dress of an Assyrian monarch.

The stark superstition that characterizes the Orient to-day as strongly as when the Indian navigators, sailing by the promontory of Selemeh, flung coconuts or fruits into the sea to secure a propitious voyage, or the Hindu fakir performed prodigies of self-torture in the hope of attaining the status of a demi-god, has always been a dominating feature of its peoples. In those extremes of religious fervour, such as the orgies of the Tibetan lamas, the grotesque scenes enacted in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre by Oriental converts, or the fantastic mummeries of Mecca, we may discern some further explanation of the changelessness of the East. Whenever European conquerors, missionaries, or settlers attempt to occidentalize the East they come up sharply against the obdurate walls of Moslem or Mohammedan prejudice. Apart from commercial facilities, "progressive" ideas wilt in the Moslem wilderness. If, again, we look still farther East, and observe the antics of the Chinese "republicans," the motley organization of their armies, the ineffectiveness of their politics, we recall with involuntary cynicism Bret Harte's doggerel :—

" That for ways that are dark,  
And for tricks that are vain,  
The Heathen Chinese is peculiar ;"

and if we do vaguely surmise that there may be substance in the spectre of the "Yellow Peril," we shall furtively look for the coloured pasteboard and streaks of paint. Whatever hasty observation may assert of a "changing" China will of a surety be modified

through the ultimate recognition of the Chinaman's apathy towards Christianity, his distrust of all things European. Nothing seems more certain than that the Chinese will never show the smallest interest in, or sympathy for, Western religion and thought; nay, will, as long as the earth continues to revolve round the sun, continue to aver the contrary. Hardly an older dynasty existed in the world than the Manchu, and the pages of Marco Polo describe a China under Kublai Khan which could boast a truly Babylonian capital and a king who seems even to have been eager to avail himself of Venetian innovation. Yet what of worth, cultural or scientific, survived, for even a short time, of this ludicrously "ramshackle" kingdom of the famous Khan?

"Through the shadow of the globe we sweep into the younger day:  
Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay."

We hasten to look towards the paradox—Japan: the one Oriental nation which reveals a really enlightened outlook on life, and, in face of cataclysms, exhibits a stoicism which excites the admiration of the Western world. Yet we read with astonishment of the persistence of quaint notions, such as the practice of *hari-kari*, of the sale of female children into bondage, and once again are we forced to conclude that the East will never change. We contemplate the spectacle of a benignant British Government trying to Judaize Palestine, and thereby encountering the wrath of the proud, desert-roaming Arab; of a well-intentioned Abdullah still anxiously placating his terrifying Wahabis; we turn to Iraq—adroit euphemism for turning back the hands of Time—and find Shias and Sunnis still, in this twentieth century, insulting each other with the patterns of their carpets; and when we try to think of the Armenian as a saintly

victim of Turkish brutality, we survey a shiftless horde of refugees in Baqubah and Basra, too proudly indolent to hew and carry even for their own sustenance; and yet again, when our administrative and economic missions go to Persia or our engineers construct in that land of "milk and honey" arterial roads and bridges costing £4,000,000, we have but to shake the dust of Persia from our feet to find those roads and bridges deteriorating into tracks and "clappers," all lapsing into the dereliction of old, every British improvement left marooned as a mockery of practical effort.

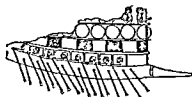
The revelation of Asia, then, will be found as much, if not far more reliably, in the records of the past than in hasty sketches of the present. A page from the travels of Fryer and Morier in Persia, of Burton in Arabia, will not be so remote from modern customs and habits of the Orient as not to afford a tolerably accurate picture of what those several countries are to-day; and an understanding of what Asia is to-day is probably best acquired from a knowledge of what it has always been. In the choice of passages, I have looked, not to the utterances of native scholars or to the treatises of geographers or avowed scientists, but to the books of travellers. Most of these travellers carried their lives in their own hands, and could not have seen what they did see without a knowledge of the language of the country through which they travelled and an effective disguise. To penetrate the "forbidden city" of Lhasa, or the strongholds of an Afridi desperado, requires much courage and more resourcefulness; and the result in the way of record is the more valuable from its being the fruit of first-hand observation and not the mere echo of common report. From the daring people who have travelled into the heart of lands alive with suspicious folk, reeking with hate of the "frangui" and contempt for the Christian, we have pictures of the most inti-

mate life of peoples Asiatic of their daily preoccupations, of their religious beliefs, and of the peculiarities of their psychology. We have, too, life-like pictures of the physical features of countries: from the bleak desolation of the Gilyak's countryside to the exotic beauty of a Persian "garden"; from the grim, staring waste of snow-clad Armenia to the teeming jungle-life of India; from the stark petrification of the Dead Sea to the singular charms of a creek on the Tigris. And, above all, we have incidents and sketches innumerable which bring home to us the way of thinking and the characters of the Eastern races.

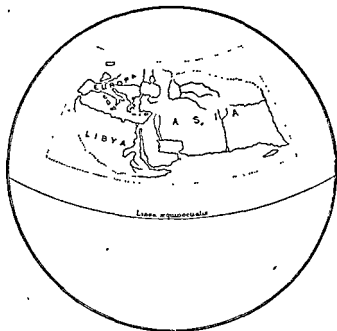
It is not pretended that this anthology is in any sense a chronological survey or an evolutionary history of the continent of Asia. Within the limits of the volume such a purpose could be accomplished at best only in outline. But it is at least hoped that by means of a series of passages from travellers of world-wide repute, ranging from the earliest times of extant records to the present day, such a panorama will be unveiled as will give a concise and interesting general view of the whole heterogeneous continent of Asia. I should here express my gratitude to Mr. F. J. Hudleston, *vir ingenio vario præditus*, Librarian of the War Office, Whitehall, for his many valuable suggestions.

In translating Huc I have endeavoured to render the spirit of the French traveller rather than to put any interpretation upon what he wrote. For permission to use copyright matter acknowledgments are due, and are hereby tendered, to the *Manchester Guardian* for a passage from their "Japan Number," published June 9, 1921; to Messrs. James Nisbet and Co., Ltd., for an extract from *Changing China*, by the Rev. Lord William Gascoyne-Cecil; to Messrs. Seeley, Service, and Co., Ltd., for a passage from *Among the Wild Tribes of the Afghan Frontier*, by T. L. Pennell; to Messrs. Cassell and Co. Ltd., for the

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A PHŒNICIAN SHIP, ABOUT 700 B.C.



**THE WORLD-ISLAND ACCORDING TO STRABO, 18 A.D.**

The blank space within the circle is one vast sea surrounding the World.

# THE WORLD REVEALED

## — ASIA —

### THE ASIA OF THE CLASSICS

BY THE EDITOR

It is but little we know of Asia from the classics. One reason is that, in the time of Herodotus (440 B.C.), to whom alone we owe the early history of the Assyrian and Persian monarchies, nothing was known of Asia beyond the Indus. If we look at a map of the known world four hundred years before the Christian era, we shall see that the ancients were not only very vague about the physical features of all the countries east of Asia Minor or of the Urals, but that they were by no means clear as to what they themselves comprehended under the name of Asia. Herodotus tells us that Europe was much larger than Asia—a result he arrives at by including in Europe a great deal of what we now call Central Asia; and we must be careful in reading his account—for example, of the Scythians—to bear in mind that he is not describing the ancient forerunners of the modern Usbegs and Khirghiz of Turkestan or other of the Tartar and Russian inhabitants of the Oxus, but the ancestors of the Don Cossacks! The Scythia of Herodotus, indeed, meant a region somewhere north of the Sea of Azov—which was known to antiquity

as the Mæotis swamp—and lying between the Danube and the Caspian Sea. In its wider significance the name Scythia eventually embraced the vast steppes of Central Asia, the land of the Tartars and Mongols; but that was long after the time of Herodotus. An equal measure of uncertainty surrounds the use of the name for the people of this particular region, the term Scythians sometimes denoting vaguely the people of Southern Russia, including Persia, and sometimes any nomadic tribe whether of that region, or of any land in the heart of modern Asia. In the opinion of Herodotus, to whom we must constantly turn for any information outside mythology, Asia was a tract of land which stretched from, and included, Libya, or Africa, taking in Ethiopia, to a "desert" east of the Bactrians, Parthians, and Indians. These latter peoples he places south of the Araxes River, the Bactrians being farthest north, the Parthi coming next, and the Indi occupying land where now are Afghanistan, Baluchistan, and the estuary of the Indus. But in the time of Alexander the Great we find that no part of India is given as lying west of the Indus, the nations on that side from north to south being Sogdiana, Bactriana, Paropamisus, and Arachosia, the last two being situated roughly where now are Afghanistan and Baluchistan.

It is small wonder that so much uncertainty prevailed, for as yet men still lived in an atmosphere of mythology. In an endeavour to explain even the origin of such names as Libya, Asia, and Europa, Herodotus, in all earnestness, descants on the nationality of the various women from whom the appellations were taken.

Again, in reading the poets of antiquity, we have to remember the distinction between Asia Major and Asia Minor. For instance, when Virgil says—

*Postquam res Asiae, Priamique evertere gentem  
Immeritam visum superis,*



he means only a small part of what is now understood to be Asia. But this is at least an advance on Herodotus and Euripides, who have no Asia Minor at all, and who indeed at one time restricted the name of Asia to a district of Lydia watered by the Cayster. Lydia, about which Herodotus tells us something in his first book (*Clio*), was a part only of what became known later as Asia; it included Pontus, Paphlagonia, Bithynia, Mysia, Lydia or Mæonia (including Ionia), Caria, Lycia, Pamphylia, Cilicia, Cappadocia (including Armenia Minor), and Phrygia Magna, all of which, still later, became definitely styled Asia Minor, to distinguish them from the immense and uncharted regions lying farther eastward.

It is evident, therefore, that to obtain any true picture of Asia, as we understand it, it is useless to stray far from Herodotus, and that in citing from his celebrated history we must be equally careful to refer only to those countries which we ourselves should now include in the continent of Asia. Broadly, his great work for posterity, so far as a description of Asia is concerned, was to tell us what he knew of the Persians, the Babylonians, the Assyrians, and the Indians. Much of what he says on the last named is extremely vague, yet it accords, fanciful though it seems to be, with some known facts, and we should not, therefore, account him untruthful merely because, like Marco Polo in his day, he saw things with other eyes than ours, and described them in language which we should not use to-day. If, as seems probable, he actually went to Babylon, his description is a piece of history which can never die; and similarly, if he succeeded in reaching as far east as the Indus, his descriptions of what he himself saw or heard from credible testimony is of like value.

In the first of our citations Herodotus speaks of the customs of various tribes of the Indi and of the

Arabians, and in these we find a welcome variation from the stock theme of ancient historians—the life military. In an age in which the thought of mankind turned mainly on war this detachment was noteworthy, and presents Herodotus as a man of great imaginative possessions. “It is only the wonderful traveller who sees a wonder,” says Mr. Masfield, “and only five travellers in the world’s history have seen wonders,” and he names Herodotus, Gaspar, Melchior, Balthazar, and Marco Polo; and if for us moderns it be right to say that Marco Polo “created Asia for the European mind,” Herodotus at least holds up for us in the Cimmerian darkness of that continent a bright and steady light by the aid of which we can at least discern something.

## INDIANS AND ARABIANS, 440 B.C.

(From the *Thalia* of Herodotus, as translated by the Rev. William Beloe.)

THESE Æthiopians, with their neighbours, resemble in their customs the Calantian Indians: they have the same rites of sepulture, and their dwellings are subterraneous. Once in every three years these two nations present to the king two choenices of gold unrefined, two hundred blocks of ebony, twelve large elephants’ teeth, and five Æthiopian youths, which custom has been continued to my time. The people of Colchos and their neighbours, as far as mount

*Colchos*.—The scene of the story of Jason and Medea. It is represented by Xenophon as a fertile country lying east of the Black Sea, north of Armenia, west of Iberia, and south of Asiatic Sarmatia—that is, that part of the modern Caucasus which is now represented by Kars.

same manner. The more aged among them are regularly killed and eaten ; but there are very few who arrive at old age, for in case of sickness they put every one to death.

There are other Indians, who, differing in manners from the above, put no animal to death, sow no grain, have no fixed habitations, and live solely upon vegetables. They have a particular grain, nearly of the size of millet, which the soil spontaneously produces, which is protected by a calyx ; the whole of this they bake and eat. If any of these Indians be taken sick, they retire to some solitude, and there remain, no one expressing the least concern about them during their illness, *or after their death.*

There are still other Indians towards the north, who dwell near the city of Caspatyrum, and the country of Pactyica. Of all the Indians these in their manners most resemble the Bactrians ; they are distinguished above the rest by their bravery, and are those who are employed in searching for the gold. In the vicinity of this district there are vast deserts of sand, in which a species of ants is produced, not so large as a dog, but bigger than a fox. Some of these, taken by hunting, are preserved in the palace of the Persian monarch. Like the ants common in Greece, which in form also they nearly resemble, they make themselves habitations in the ground, by digging under the sand. The sand thus thrown up is mixed with gold-dust, to collect which the Indians are dispatched into the deserts. To this expedition they proceed, each with three camels

*Other Indians*—According to Nicolas Damascenus, these were the Arltonian Indians.

*Species of ants*—Pliny mentions such ants and of their habit of casting up gold from holes in the soil. There is other testimony of their existence, and one writer even gives them wings. It is possible, says Beloe, to imagine, merely from the sight of the vast nests of the termites or white ants, to believe that the animals which could form them were as large as foxes.

fastened together, a female being secured between two males, and upon her the Indian is mounted, taking particular care to have one which has recently foaled. The females of this description are in all respects as swift as horses, and capable of bearing much greater burdens.

As my countrymen of Greece are well acquainted with the form of the camel, I shall not here describe it; I shall only mention those particulars concerning it with which I conceive them to be less acquainted. Behind, the camel has four thighs and as many knee joints. Having thus connected their camels, the Indians proceed in search of gold, choosing the hottest time of the day as most proper for their purpose, for then it is that the ants conceal themselves under the ground. In distinction from all other nations, the heat with these people is greatest, not at mid-day, but in the morning. They have a vertical sun till about the time when with us people withdraw from the forum, during which period the warmth is more excessive than the mid-day sun in Greece, so that the inhabitants are then said to go into the water for refreshment. Their mid-day is nearly of the same temperature as in other places; after which the warmth of the air becomes like the morning elsewhere; it then progressively grows milder, till at the setting sun it becomes very cool.

As soon as they arrive at the spot the Indians precipitately fill their bags with sand, and return as expeditiously as possible. The Persians say that these ants know and pursue the Indians by their smell with

*The camel.*—The single-humped camel is the Arabian, the double the Bactrian. Presumably the latter is meant.

*From the forum.*—The hours of the forum were so exactly calculated that they served for a notation of time. Thucydides and many others give as the time of the full forum the third hour in the morning—that is, nine o'clock. It need hardly be said that this account of a sun higher in the meridian before noon than at noon proves that Herodotus was repeating something from hearsay.

inconceivable swiftness. They affirm, that if the Indians did not make considerable progress whilst the ants were collecting themselves together, it would be impossible for any of them to escape. For this reason, at different intervals, they separate one of the male camels from the female, which are always fleetier than the males, and are at this time additionally incited by the remembrance of their young whom they had left. Thus, according to the Persians, the Indians obtain their greatest quantity of gold; what they procure by digging is of much inferior importance.

Thus it appears that the extreme parts of the habitable world are distinguished by the possession of many beautiful things, as Greece is for its agreeable and temperate seasons. India, as I have already remarked, is the last inhabited country towards the east, where every species of birds and of quadrupeds, horses excepted, are much larger than in any other part of the world. Their horses are not so large as the Nisæan horses of Media. They have also a great abundance of gold, which they procure partly by digging, partly from the rivers, but principally by the method above described. They possess likewise a kind of plant, which, instead of fruit, produces wool, of a finer and better quality than that of sheep; of this the natives make their clothes.

The last inhabited country towards the south is Arabia, the only region of the earth which produces frankincense, myrrh, cinnamon, cassia, and ledanum. Except the myrrh, the Arabians obtain all these aromatics without any considerable trouble. To collect the frankincense, they burn under the tree which produces it a quantity of the styrax, which the Phœni-

*Produces wool.*—That is, the cotton shrub, called by the ancients *byssus*.

*Ledanum*—According to Pliny, a gum made of the juice from a shrub called *lada*.

*Styrax*.—The aromatic gum of the storax tree.

cians export into Greece ; for these trees are each of them guarded by a prodigious number of flying serpents, small of body, and of different colours, which are dispersed by the smoke of the gum. It is this species of serpent which, in an immense body, infests Egypt.

We have described how the Arabians procure their frankincense ; their mode of obtaining the cassia is this : The whole of their body, and the face, except the eyes, they cover with skins of different kinds ; they thus proceed to the place where it grows, which is in a marsh not very deep, but infested by a winged species of animal much resembling a bat, very strong, and making a hideous noise ; they protect their eyes from these, and then gather the cassia.

Their manner of collecting the cinnamon is still more extraordinary. In what particular spot it is produced they themselves are unable to certify. There are some who assert that it grows in the region where Bacchus was educated, and their mode of reasoning is by no means improbable. These affirm that the vegetable substance which we, as instructed by the Phœnicians, call cinnamon, is by certain large birds carried to their nests constructed of clay, and placed in the cavities of inaccessible rocks. To procure it thence, the Arabians have contrived this stratagem : they cut in very large pieces the dead bodies of oxen, asses, or other beasts of burden, and carry them near these nests : they then retire to some distance ; the birds soon fly to the spot, and carry these pieces of flesh to their nests, which not being able to support the weight, fall in pieces to the ground. The Arabians take this opportunity of gathering the cinnamon, which they afterwards dispose of to different countries.

*Cinnamon.*—According to Larcher, the most learned of commentators on Herodotus, the ancients by cinnamon understood a branch of that tree, bark and all, of which the cassia was the bark only. Apparently the cassia of Herodotus was what we call cinnamon, of which our *cassia lignea* is an inferior kind.

The ledanum, or as the natives term it, ladanum, is gathered in a more remarkable manner than even the cinnamon. In itself it is particularly fragrant, though gathered from a place as much the contrary. It is found sticking to the beards of he-goats, like the mucus of trees. It is mixed by the Arabians in various aromatics, and indeed it is with this that they perfume themselves in common.

I have thought it proper to be thus minute on the subject of the Arabian perfumes; and we may add that the whole of Arabia exhales a most delicious fragrance. There are also in this country two species of sheep, well deserving admiration, and to be found nowhere else. One of them is remarkable for an enormous length of tail, extending to three cubits, if not more. If they were permitted to trail them along the ground they would certainly ulcerate from the friction. But the shepherds of the country are skilful enough to make little carriages, upon which they secure the tails of the sheep; the tails of the other species are of the size of one cubit.

## BABYLON TWO THOUSAND YEARS AGO

(From the *Clio* of Herodotus, as translated by the  
Rev. William Beloe.)

[The contemplation of the history of Babylon awakens the liveliest impulses of the imagination when we reflect on the reputed age of that city, which now is represented

*Beards of he-goats.*—Tournefort mentions that in the time of Discorides natives used to comb the ledanum from the beards and thighs of the goats, which fed upon nothing but the leaves of the cistus.

by a few derelict walls in the vicinity of Hillah, below Baghdad. These walls are probably not more than two thousand four hundred years old, for the city was entirely rebuilt more than once. Babylon, as a site, is not far short of six thousand years old, if we are to believe the evidence of a dated tablet of the reign of Sargon of Akkad, which gives the date of 3800 B.C. This is the earliest mention of the famous city; but as to what its appearance was at that period there is, of course, no evidence whatever. It is assumed by antiquarians that after that time it relapsed into the condition of a mere provincial town, and so remained for centuries, when it became the capital of the first dynasty of Babylon. After about 2250 B.C. it continued to be not only the capital of the Babylonian Empire, but the Holy City of Western Asia; but, again, we have no evidence of its aspect then or of its people. But we do know that after the city was razed to the ground and its ruins hurled into the Arakhtu Canal, it was entirely rebuilt by the successor of Sennacherib, who was murdered by way of retribution for its previous destruction. But it was essentially Nebuchadnezzar who made of Babylon one of the wonders of the ancient world, and a synonym for luxury and worldliness. After his period the next important point of time is about 538 B.C., when Cyrus, the conqueror of Croesus, dated his regime as king. Consequently, in reading the account of the victory of Cyrus by Herodotus, we must remember that the Greek historian is describing events at least a century old, and much of what he says is, therefore, from tradition. But although much doubt has been thrown on the qualifications of Herodotus as a veracious chronicler, it is generally conceded that in spite of his obvious credulity, he is, in his *Cho*, describing a city which he himself did actually visit. That description, as translated by the Rev. William Beloe, is as follows.]

THE Assyrians are masters of many capital towns; but their place of greatest strength and fame is Babylon, where, after the destruction of Nineveh, was the royal residence. It is situated on a large plain, is a perfect square: each side by every . . .



in length, one hundred and twenty furlongs; the spaces, therefore, occupied by the whole is four hundred and eighty furlongs. So extensive is the ground which Babylon occupies; its internal beauty and magnificence exceed whatever has come within my

knowledge. It is surrounded by a trench, very wide, deep, and full of water: the wall beyond this is two hundred royal cubits high and fifty wide: the royal exceeds the common cubit by three digits.

It will not be foreign to my purpose to describe the use to which the earth dug out of the trench was converted, as well as the particular manner in which they constructed the wall. The earth of the trench was first of all laid in heaps, and, when a sufficient quan-



BABYLONIAN MAP OF THE WORLD  
ON CLAY.

Showing the ocean surrounding the world and the position of Babylon on the Euphrates. In the British Museum.

tity was obtained, made into square bricks, and baked in a furnace. They used as cement a composition of heated bitumen, which, mixed with the tops of reeds, was placed betwixt every thirtieth course of bricks. Having thus lined the sides of the trench, they proceeded to build the wall in the same manner;

on the summit of which, and fronting each other, they erected small watch-towers of one storey, leaving a space betwixt them through which a chariot and four horses might pass and turn. In the circumference of the wall, at different distances, were an hundred massy gates of brass, whose hinges and frames were of the same metal. Within an eight days' journey from Babylon is a city called Is, near which flows a river of the same name, which empties itself into the Euphrates. With the current of this river particles of bitumen descend towards Babylon, by the means of which its walls were constructed.

The great river Euphrates, which, with its deep and rapid streams, rises in the Armenian mountains, and pours itself into the Red Sea, divides Babylon into two parts. The walls meet and form an angle with the river at each extremity of the town, where a breastwork of burnt bricks begins, and is continued along each bank. The city, which abounds in houses from three to four stories in height, is regularly divided into streets. Through these, which are parallel, there are transverse avenues to the river opened through the wall and breastwork, and secured by an equal number of little gates of brass.

The first wall is regularly fortified; the interior one, though less in substance, is of almost equal strength. Besides these, in the centre of each division of the city there is a circular space surrounded by a wall. In one of these stands the royal palace, which fills a large and strongly defended space. The

*Gates of brass.*—Thus saith the Lord to his anointed, to Cyrus: I will go before thee; I will break in pieces the gates of brass.—*Isaiah.*

*Is.*—Site occupied by the modern *Hut*.

*Red Sea*—The original Erythrean or Red Sea once included the whole Indian Ocean from Ethiopia to the island of Taprobana, the Persian and Arabian Gulfs being merely branches of it. Later this term was applied merely to the sea below Arabia and to the Arabian and Persian Gulfs.

temple of Jupiter Belus occupies the other, whose huge gates of brass may still be seen. It is a square building, each side of which is of the length of two furlongs. In the midst a tower rises, of the solid depth and height of one furlong, upon which, resting as a base, seven other turrets are built in regular succession. The ascent is on the outside, which, winding from the ground, is continued to the highest tower; and in the middle of the whole structure there is a convenient resting-place. In the last tower is a large chapel, in which is placed a couch magnificently adorned, and near it a table of solid gold; but there is no statue in the place. No man is suffered to sleep here; but the apartment is occupied by a female, whom the Chaldæan priests affirm that their deity selects from the whole nation as the object of his esteem.

In this temple there is also a small chapel, lower in the building, which contains a figure of Jupiter in a sitting posture, with a large table before him; these, with the base of the table and the seat of the throne, are all of the purest gold, and are estimated by the Chaldæans to be worth eight hundred talents. On the outside of this chapel there are two altars; one is of gold, the other is of immense size, and appropriated to the sacrifice of full-grown animals; those only which have not left their dams may be

*Temple.*—It is always to be remembered that the temples of the ancients were in no sense comparable to any modern place of worship. By "temple," they meant a large, wall-encircled space which contained groves, water, courts, priests' apartments, and lastly the temple properly so-called, the residence of the deity. It is this last, the cell (Greek *naos*), which is meant here, and not the whole enclosure. Similarly the palaces of the ancients were rather citadels than isolated buildings. Compare the description by Marco Polo of the palace of Kublai Khan (p. 36).

*Jupiter Belus.*—This title was especially given to Nimrod, the reputed founder of Babel or Babylon.

*Chaldæan.*—The priesthood established by Belus, who came from Egypt, are the personages styled Chaldæans by the Babylonians, and their astrology was learned from the Egyptian priests.

offered on the altar of gold. Upon the larger altar, at the time of the anniversary festival in honour of their god, the Chaldæans regularly consume incense to the amount of a thousand talents. There was formerly in this temple a statue of solid gold, twelve cubits high; this, however, I mention from the information of the Chaldæans, and not from my own knowledge. Darius the son of Hystaspes endeavoured by sinister means to get possession of this, not daring openly to take it; but his son Xerxes afterwards seized it, putting the priest to death who endeavoured to prevent its removal. The temple, besides those ornaments which I have described, contains many offerings of individuals.

Among the various sovereigns of Babylon, who contributed to the strength of its walls and the decoration of its temples, there were two females; the former of these was named Semiramis, who preceded the other by an interval of five generations. This queen raised certain mounds, which are indeed admirable works; till then the whole plain was subject to violent inundations from the river. The other queen was called Nitocris; she being a woman of superior understanding, not only left many permanent works, which I shall hereafter describe, but also having observed the increasing power and the restless spirit of the Medes, and that Nineveh, with other cities, had fallen a prey to their ambition, put her dominions in the strongest posture of defence. To effect this, she sank a number of canals above Babylon, which by their disposition rendered the Euphrates,

*Hystaspes*.—The only Babylonian and Persian princes mentioned in the Bible are Nebuchadnezzar, Merodach, Belshazzar, Ahasuerus, Darius the Mede, Coresh, and Darius the Persian. Artaxerxes also is mentioned in *Nehemiah*. Some writers have identified Darius Hystaspes with Ahasuerus.

*Semiramis*.—The epoch of this queen is very uncertain. Herodotus gives it at about 713 B.C., while Eusebius assigns 1984 B.C. as the date.

which before flowed to the sea in an almost even line, so complicated by its windings, that in its passage to Babylon it arrives three times at Ardericca, an Assyrian village ; and to this hour they who wish to go from the sea up the Euphrates to Babylon are compelled to touch at Ardericca three times on three different days. The banks also, which she raised to restrain the river on each side, are really wonderful, from their enormous height and substance. At a considerable distance above Babylon, turning aside a little from the stream, she ordered an immense lake to be dug, sinking it till they came to the water ; its circumference was no less than four hundred and twenty furlongs. The earth of this was applied to the embankments of the river ; and the sides of the trench or lake are strengthened or lined with stones, brought thither for the purpose. She had in view by these works, first of all to break the violence of the current by the number of circumflexions, and also to render the navigation to Babylon as difficult and tedious as possible. These things were done in that part of her dominions which was most accessible to the Medes ; and with the farther view of keeping them in ignorance of her affairs by giving them no commercial encouragement.

Having rendered both of these works strong and secure, she proceeded to execute the following project. The city being divided by the river into two distinct parts, whoever wanted to go from one side to the other was obliged, in the time of the former kings, to pass the water in a boat. For this, which was a matter of general inconvenience, she provided this remedy, and the immense lake which she had before sunk became the farther means of extending her fame : Having procured a number of large stones, she changed the course of the river, directing it into the canal prepared for its reception. When this was full, the natural bed of the river became dry, and the embank-

ments on each side, near those smaller gates which led to the water, were lined with bricks hardened by fire, similar to those which had been used in the construction of the wall. She afterwards, nearly in the centre of the city, with the stones above mentioned, strongly compacted with iron and with lead, erected a bridge; over this the inhabitants passed in the daytime by a square platform, which was removed in the evening to prevent acts of mutual depredation. When the above canal was thoroughly filled with water, and the bridge completely finished and adorned, the Euphrates was suffered to return to its original bed: thus both the canal and the bridge were confessedly of the greatest utility to the public.

The following exists, amongst many other proofs which I shall hereafter produce, of the power and greatness of Babylon. Independent of those subsidies which are paid monthly to the Persian monarch, the whole of his dominions are obliged throughout the year to provide subsistence for him and for his army. Babylon alone raises a supply for four months, eight being proportioned to all the rest of Asia; so that the resources of this region are considered as adequate to a third part of Asia. The government also of this country, which the Persians call a satrapy, is deemed by much the noblest in the empire. When Tritan-tæchmes, son of Artabazus, was appointed to this principality by the king, he received every day an artaby of silver. Besides his horses for military service, this province maintained for the sovereign's use a stud of 800 stallions and 16,000 mares, one horse being allotted to twenty mares. He had, moreover, so immense a number of Indian dogs that four great towns in the vicinity of Babylon were exempted from all other tax but that of maintaining them.

. *Indian dogs*—These dogs, says Beloe, were very celebrated; the ancients believed them to be the offspring of a bitch, tiger. Pliny repeats this belief of the Indians.

The Assyrians have but little rain ; the lands, however, are fertilized, and the fruits of the earth nourished by means of the river. This does not, like the Egyptian Nile, enrich the country by overflowing its banks, but is dispersed by manual labour, or by hydraulic engines. The Babylonian district, like Egypt, is intersected by a number of canals, the largest of which, continued with a south-east course from the Euphrates to that part of the Tigris where Nineveh stands, is capable of receiving vessels of burden. Of all countries which have come within my observation, this is far the most fruitful in corn. Fruit trees, such as the vine, the olive, and the fig, they do not even attempt to cultivate ; but the soil is so particularly well adapted for corn, that it never produces less than two hundredfold ; in seasons which are remarkably favourable, it will sometimes rise to three hundred : the ear of their wheat as well as barley is four digits in size. The immense height to which millet and sesamum will grow, although I have witnessed it myself, I know not how to mention. I am well aware that they who have not visited this country will deem whatever I may say on the subject a violation of probability. They have no oil but what they extract from the sesamum. The palm is a very common plant in this country, and generally fruitful : this they cultivate like fig trees, and it produces them bread, wine, and honey. The process observed is this : they fasten the fruit of that which the Greeks term the male tree to the one which produces the date ; by this means the worm which is contained in the former entering the fruit, ripens, and prevents it from dropping immaturity. The male palms bear in-

*Overflowing its banks.*—This is true to-day. The Euphrates is subject to periodical inundation, when it is not unlikely that bridges are swept away.

*Sesamum*.—An annual herbaceous plant, not unlike the fox-glove, which was cultivated in the Levant as a pulse and for its oil seeds.

sects in their fruit, in the same manner as the wild fig tree.

Of all that I saw in this country, next to Babylon itself, what to me appeared the greatest curiosity were the boats. These which are used by those who come to the city are of a circular form, and made of skins. They are constructed in Armenia, in the parts above Assyria, where the sides of the vessels, being formed of willow, are covered externally with skins, and having no distinction of head or stern, are modelled into the shape of a shield. Lining the bottoms of these boats with reeds, they take on board their merchandise, and thus commit themselves to the stream. The principal article of their commerce is palm wine, which they carry in casks. The boats have two oars, one man to each; one pulls to him, the other pushes from him. These boats are of very different dimensions; some of them are so large as to bear freights to the value of five thousand talents; the smaller of them has one ass on board, the larger several. On their arrival at Babylon they dispose of all their cargo, selling the ribs of their boats, the matting, and everything but the skins which cover them; these they lay upon their asses, and with them return to Armenia. The rapidity of the stream is too great to render their return by water practicable. This is perhaps the reason which induces them to make their boats of skin rather than of wood. On their return with their asses to Armenia they make other vessels in the manner we have before described.

Their clothing is of this kind: they have two vests, one of linen which falls to the feet, another over this which is made of wool; a white sash covers the whole. The fashion of their shoes is peculiar to themselves, though somewhat resembling those worn by the Thebans. Their hair they wear long, and covered with a turban, and are lavish in their use of perfumes. Each person has a seal ring, and a cane, or walking-stick,



upon the top of which is carved an apple, a rose, a lily, an eagle, or some figure or other ; for to have a stick without a device is unlawful.

In my description of their laws I have to mention one, the wisdom of which I must admire, and which, if I am not misinformed, the Eneti, who are of Illyrian origin, use also. In each of their several districts this custom was every year observed : such of their virgins as were marriageable were at an appointed time and place assembled together. Here the men also came, and some public officer sold by auction the young women one by one, beginning with the most beautiful. When she was disposed of, and as may be supposed for a considerable sum, he proceeded to sell the one who was next in beauty, taking it for granted that each man married the maid he purchased. The more affluent of the Babylonian youths contended with much ardour and emulation to obtain the most beautiful ; those of the common people who were desirous of marrying, as if they had but little occasion for personal accomplishments, were content to receive the more homely maidens, with a portion annexed to them. For the crier, when he had sold the fairest, selected also the most ugly, or one that was deformed ; she also was put up to sale, and assigned to whoever would take her with the least money. This money was what the sale of the beautiful maidens produced, who were thus obliged to portion out those who were deformed, or less lovely than themselves. No man was permitted to provide a match for his daughter, nor could any one take away the woman whom he purchased without first giving security to make her his wife. To this if he did not assent, his money was returned to him. There were no restrictions with respect to residence ; those of another village might also become purchasers. This, although the most wise of all their institutions, has not been preserved to our time.

## CHINA IN MARCO POLO'S DAY

(From the *Travels of Marco Polo*.)

[As long as mankind takes any interest in its own history, just so long will the travels of Marco Polo (whether in Ramusio's version or in that of his great editor, Colonel Yule) live in human memory. Even to



KUBLAI KHAN.

From an old Chinese Encyclopædia at Paris.

this day much of China—or Cathay, as Polo calls it—remains somewhat of an enigma, a sealed book, to the European. Before the time of Nicolo Polo, father of Marco, and of his uncle, Matteo, China was an unexplored region; but so far did Nicolo and Matteo win the confidence of Kublai Khan, the famous Emperor of Cathay, even to the extent of receiving full powers to act as his ambassadors to the Pope, that they paved the way for the career of Marco, who at the age of nineteen

sailed with them on their second visit To his very full notes of the marvellous things they saw and the strange adventures which happened to the party, and to Marco at a later time, posterity is indebted for the earliest description of the then practically unknown regions through which they or Marco travelled. Much that Marco Polo has written sorely taxes our credulity; but these tales of his are not the hasty sketches of a man passing through; for not only did he, too, win the entire confidence of the great Khan, but was appointed to high office under that emperor, undertook delicate missions for him in remote parts of Cathay, Southern India, and elsewhere, and altogether spent many years in the country. Therefore, when we read of the Khan's summer palace with its marble columns and gilded cupolas, of his throne sparkling with precious stones, of the magnitude of his warlike operations, and of his wonderful menagerie, we shall inevitably conclude that, though a Venetian of the late thirteenth century may well use different language in describing things from that of a modern European—for example, when Marco Polo talks of the Khan's "palace" he means a royal park and encampment—yet none the less he saw the sights which he portrays. In the course of his journeys on behalf of the Khan, he acquired, too, so great a knowledge of the country that the accuracy of his topographical descriptions is admitted even by travellers who have visited China within the last century and a quarter.]

### THE PALACE OF KHUBLAI KHAN

THE Grand Khan usually resides during three months of the year, namely, December, January, and February, in the great city of Kanbalu, situated towards the north-eastern extremity of the province of Cathay;

*Khublai Khan*.—The "Kubla Khan" of Coleridge's poem. He was grandson of the equally famous Genghis Khan.

*Kanbalu*.—Or Cambalu; identified with Peking by Benedict Goetz in the seventeenth century. Owing to the small degree of faith reposed in him by contemporaries, the map of Asia was not modified by his discoveries until fifty years after his death.

*Cathay*.—Cathay, or Northern China, though but a province of the whole empire, contained the capital and seat of government.

and here, on the southern side of the new city, is the site of his vast palace, the form and dimensions of which are as follows. In the first place is a square enclosed with a wall and deep ditch; each side of the square being eight miles in length, and having at an equal distance from each extremity an entrance gate for the concourse of people resorting thither from all quarters. Within this enclosure there is, on the four sides, an open space one mile in breadth, where the troops are stationed; and this is bounded by a second wall, enclosing a square of six miles, having three gates on the south side, and three on the north, the middle portal of each being larger than the other two, and always kept shut, excepting on the occasions of the emperor's entrance or departure. Those on each side always remain open for the use of common passengers. In the middle of each division of these walls is a handsome and spacious building, and consequently within the enclosure there are eight such buildings, in which are deposited the royal military stores; one building being appropriated to the reception of each class of stores. . . . Within this walled enclosure there is still another, of great thickness, and its height is full twenty-five feet. The battlements, or crenated parapets, are all white. This also forms a square, four miles in extent, each side being one mile, and it has six gates, disposed like those of the former enclosure. It contains, in like manner, eight large buildings, similarly arranged, which are appropriated to the wardrobe of the emperor. The spaces between the one wall and the other are ornamented with many handsome trees, and contain meadows in

*Former enclosure*—These dimensions tally more or less with those assigned to the modern palace in the descriptions given by the Jesuits.

*The wardrobe*—The word in the text for the imperial vestments, which occupied so much space, is *paramenti*. But this plethora of clothing reminds us that it was the practice of Eastern monarchs from the earliest times to give changes of raiment to those they wished to show a mark of favour.

which are kept various kind of beasts, such as stags, the animals that yield the musk, roe-bucks, fallow-deer, and others of the same class. Every interval between the walls, not occupied by buildings, is stocked in this manner. The pastures have abundant herbage. The roads across them being raised three feet above their level, and paved, no mud collects upon them, nor rain-water settles, but on the contrary runs off, and contributes to improve the vegetation. Within these walls which constitute the boundary of four miles, stands the palace of the Grand Khan, the most extensive that has ever yet been known. It reaches from the northern to the southern wall, leaving only a vacant space (or court), where persons of rank and the military guards pass and repass. It has no upper floor, but the roof is very lofty. The paved foundation or platform on which it stands is raised ten spans above the level of the ground, and a wall of marble, two paces wide, is built on all sides, to the level of this pavement, within the line of which the palace is erected ; so that the wall, extending beyond the ground plan of the building, and encompassing the whole, serves as a terrace, where those who walk on it are visible from without. Along the exterior edge of the wall is a handsome balustrade, with pillars, which the people are allowed to approach. The sides of the great halls and the apartments are ornamented with dragons in carved work and gilt, figures of warriors, of birds, and of beasts, with representations of battles. The inside of the roof is contrived in such a manner that nothing besides gilding and painting presents itself to the eye. On each of the four sides of the

*Fallow-deer*.—We do not popularly associate deer with China ; yet as a zoological fact the *cervulus* (muntjac) is indigenous to Asia ; and the water-deer (*hydropotes*) is a Chinese genus.

*No upper floor*.—The floors of Chinese palaces are raised from the ground, which gives the building a loftier appearance ; yet they comprise but one storey. These buildings of the Khan as described by Polo closely resembled those of Kwang-hi in the eighteenth century.

palace there is a grand flight of marble steps, by which you ascend from the level of the ground to the wall of marble which surrounds the building, and which constitute the approach to the palace itself. The grand hall is extremely long and wide, and admits of dinners being there served to great multitudes of people. The palace contains a number of separate chambers, all highly beautiful, and so admirably disposed that it seems impossible to suggest any improvement to the system of their arrangement. The exterior of the roof is adorned with a variety of colours, red, green, azure, and violet, and the sort of covering is so strong as to last for many years. The glazing of the windows is so well wrought and so delicate as to have the transparency of crystal. In the rear of the body of the palace there are large buildings containing several apartments, where is deposited the private property of the monarch, or his treasure in gold and silver bullion, precious stones, and pearls, and also his vessels of gold and silver plate. Here are likewise the apartments of his wives and concubines; and in this retired situation he despatches business with convenience, being free from every kind of interruption. . . . Not far from the palace, on the northern side, and about a bow-shot distance from the surrounding wall, is an artificial mount of earth, the height of which is full a hundred paces, and the circuit at the base about a mile. It is clothed with the most beautiful evergreen trees; for whenever his majesty receives information of a handsome tree growing in any place, he causes it to be dug up, with all its roots and the earth about them, and however large and heavy it may be, he has it transported by means of elephants to this mount, and adds it to the verdant collection. From this perpetual verdure it has acquired the appellation of the Green Mount. On its summit is erected an orna-

*Variety of colours.*—Baked tiles of various colours and glazed.

*Green Mount*—Chinese, *King-shan*. The name and hill exist to this day.

mental pavilion, which is likewise entirely green. The view of this altogether—the mount itself, the trees, and the building—form a delightful and at the same time a wonderful scene.

### THE RELIGION OF THE TARTARS

As has already been observed, these people are idolaters, and for deities, each person has a tablet fixed up against a high part of the wall of his chamber, upon which is written a name that serves to denote the

high, celestial, and sublime god; and to this they pay daily adoration, with incense burning. Lifting up their hands and then striking their faces against the floor three times, they implore from him the blessings of sound intellect and health of body, without any further petition. Below this, on the floor, they have a statue



A TARTAR CAMP.

From the Borgia map, 1453

*Natigai*, which they consider as the god of all terrestrial things or whatever is produced from the earth. They give him a wife and children, and worship him in a similar manner, burning incense, raising their hands, and bending to the floor. To him they pray for seasonable weather, abundant crops, increase of family, and the like. They believe the soul to be immortal, in this sense, that immediately upon the death of a man, it enters into another body, and that accordingly as he has acted virtuously or wickedly during his life, his future state will become, progressively,

better or worse. If he be a poor man, and has conducted himself worthily and decently, he will be reborn, in the first instance, of a gentlewoman, and become, himself, a gentleman; next, of a lady of rank, and become a nobleman; thus continually ascending in the scale of existence until he be united to the divinity. But if, on the contrary, being the son of a gentleman, he has behaved unworthily, he will, in his next state, be a clown, and at length a dog, continually descending to a condition more vile than the preceding.

Their style of conversation is courteous; they salute each other politely, with countenances expressive of satisfaction, have an air of good breeding, and eat their victuals with particular cleanliness. To their parents they show the utmost reverence; but should it happen that a child acts disrespectfully to or neglects to assist his parents in their necessity, there is a public tribunal, whose especial duty it is to punish with severity the crime of filial ingratitude, when the circumstance is known. Malefactors guilty of various crimes, who are apprehended and thrown into prison, are executed by strangling; but such as remain till the expiration of three years, being the time appointed by his majesty for a general gaol delivery, and are then liberated, have a mark imprinted upon one of their cheeks that they may be recognized.

The present Grand Khan has prohibited all species of gambling and other modes of cheating, to which the

*The doctrine.*—The Hindu doctrine of metempsychosis, introduced circa 65 A.D. It has affinities to the Pythagorean doctrine of transmigration of souls. According to the Hindu belief, release from further transmigration is attained when by constant rebirths all sins are purged. This is the blessed state of *mukti*, or everlasting salvation.

*Filial ingratitude.*—Among the Romans ingratitude was also punishable.

*Gaol delivery.*—A familiar term in the history of English legal institutions. It denotes one of the commissions under which our judges of assize derive their authority.



people of this country are addicted more than any others upon earth; and as an argument for deterring them from the practice, he says to them (in his edict), "I subdued you by the power of my sword, and consequently whatever you possess belongs of right to me: if you gamble, therefore, you are sporting with my property." He does not, however, take anything arbitrarily in virtue of this right. The order and regularity observed by all ranks of people, when they present themselves before his majesty, ought not to pass unnoticed. When they approach within half a mile of the place where he happens to be, they show their respect for his exalted character by assuming a humble, placid, and quiet demeanour, insomuch that not the least noise, nor the voice of any person calling out, or even speaking aloud, is heard. Every man of rank carries with him a small vessel, into which he spits, so long as he continues in the hall of audience, no one daring to spit on the floor; and this being done, he replaces the cover, and makes a salutation. They are accustomed likewise to take with them handsome buskins made of white leather, and when they reach the court, but before they enter the hall (for which they wait a summons from the Grand Khan), they put on these white buskins and give those in which they had walked to the care of the servants. This practice is observed that they may not soil the beautiful carpets, which are curiously wrought with silk and gold, and exhibit a variety of colours.

*Small vessel* — Many commentators concur in supposing that this vessel, or *cuspidor*, implies the practice of masticating some kind of betel.

SOUTHERN INDIA IN THE  
THIRTEENTH CENTURY

(From the *Travels of Marco Polo*.)

[In the course of his travels on missions for Kublai Khan Marco Polo visited India and the Indian seas. Some of the places mentioned by this great traveller and envoy are difficult of identification ; but the efforts of his greatest editor, Colonel Yule, have been successful, not only in assigning the correct modern names to the places noted in Marco Polo's narrative, but in confirming, in so far as that had not already been done, the probability of the numerous wonderful events or sights of which the Venetian traveller reputes himself to have been an eye-witness. It was after being detained for some five months at Sumatra through adverse weather that the Polos, *en route* to Persia, steered for the Andaman Islands, and thence for Ceylon, which Marco pronounced the most beautiful island in the world. They then spent a short time on the Carnatic coast, and it was then that Marco gleaned the following curious information concerning the customs and superstitions of the Hindus ]

## THE PROVINCE OF MAABAR

LEAVING the island of Zeilan, and sailing in a westerly direction sixty miles, you reach the great province of Maabar, which is not an island, but a part of the con-

*Zeilan.*—Ceylon.

*Maabar.*—That is, Malabar. Ramusio's text has Malabar, but the correct form is that of the older Latin, namely, Maabar or Moabar. Maabar signifies a "passage," "ferry," or "ford." The ships of Polo's party after leaving Ceylon arrived on the Southern Coromandel coast.

continent of the greater India, as it is termed, being the noblest and richest country in the world. It is governed by four kings, of whom the principal is named Sender-bandi. Within his dominions is a fishery for pearls, in the gulf of a bay that lies between Maabar and the island of Zeilan, where the water is not more than from ten to twelve fathoms in depth, and in some places not more than two fathoms. The business of



MARCO POLO.

From a woodcut in the first printed edition of Marco Polo's *Travels*, Nuremberg, 1477.

the fishery is conducted in the following manner. A number of merchants form themselves into separate companies, and employ many vessels and boats of different sizes, well provided with ground-tackle, by which to ride safely at anchor. They engage and carry with them persons who are skilled in the art of diving for the oysters in which the pearls are enclosed. These they bring up in bags made of netting that are fastened about their bodies, and then repeat the operation, rising to the surface when they can no longer keep their breath, and after a short interval diving again. In this operation they persevere during the whole of the day, and by their exertions accumulate (in the course of the season) a quantity of oysters sufficient to supply the demands of

all countries. The greater proportion of the pearls obtained from the fisheries in this gulf are round and of good lustre. The spot where the oysters

*Sender-bands.*—Or Chandra Bandi, signifying "slave of the moon." The king mentioned seems to have belonged to the *chandra vangsa* race, as opposed to the *surya vangsa*, or race of the sun.

*Gulf of a bay.*—Presumably in the vicinity of Manar Island, Tuticorin Bay.

are taken in the greatest number is called Betala, on the shore of the mainland ; and from thence the fishery extends sixty miles to the southward.

In consequence of the gulf being infested with a kind of large fish, which often prove destructive to the divers, the merchants take the precaution of being accompanied by certain enchanters belonging to a class of Brahmins, who, by means of their diabolical art, have the power of constraining and stupefying these fish, so as to prevent them from doing mischief ; and as the fishing takes place in the daytime only, they discontinue the effect of the charm in the evening, in order that dishonest persons, who might be inclined to take the opportunity of diving at night and stealing the oysters, may be deterred by the apprehensions they feel of the unrestrained ravages of these animals. The enchanters are likewise profound adepts in the art of fascinating all kinds of beasts and birds. . . . The natives of this part of the country always go naked, excepting when they cover with a piece of cloth those parts of the body which modesty dictates. The king is no more clothed than the rest, except that he has a piece of richer cloth ; but is honourably distinguished by various kinds of ornaments, such as a collar set with jewels, sapphires, emeralds, and rubies, of immense value. He also wears, suspended from the neck and reaching to the breast, a fine silken string containing one hundred and four large and handsome pearls and rubies. The reason for this particular number is that he is required by the rules of his religion to repeat a prayer, or invocation, so many

*Betala.*—Possibly Vedale, at the northern extremity of Tuticorin Bay.

*Certain enchanters.*—Snake-charmers, or, in Malabar language, *cadal cults*, meaning literally, " binder of sharks."

*Pearls and rubies.*—Rosaries, to aid the memory in counting the repetition of prayers, are, or were, in common use among the followers of Brahma, Buddha, or Fo, and Mohammed, as well as by a part of the Christian Church.

times daily, in honour of the gods; and this his ancestors never failed to perform. . . . On each arm he wears three gold bracelets, adorned with pearls and jewels; on three different parts of the leg, golden bands ornamented in the same manner; and on the toes of his feet, as well as on his fingers, rings of inestimable value. To this king it is indeed a matter of facility to display such splendid regalia, as the precious stones and the pearls are all the produce of his own dominions. He has at the least one thousand wives and concubines. . . . The king retains about his person many knights, who are distinguished by an appellation signifying "the devoted servant of his majesty in this world and the next." These attend upon his person at court, ride by his side in processions, and accompany him on all occasions. They exercise considerable authority in every part of the realm. Upon the death of the king, and when the ceremony of burning his body takes place, all these devoted servants throw themselves into the same fire, and are consumed with the royal corpse; intending by this act to bear him company in another life. The following custom likewise prevails. When a king dies, the son who succeeds him does not meddle with the treasure which the former had amassed, under the impression that it would reflect upon his own ability to govern if, being left in full possession of the territory, he did not show himself as capable of enriching the treasury as his father was. In consequence of this prejudice it is supposed that immense wealth is accumulated by successive generations. . . .

The following extraordinary custom prevails at this place. When a man who has committed a crime, for which he has been tried and condemned to suffer death, upon being led to execution declares his willingness to sacrifice himself in honour of some particular idol, his relations and friends immediately place him in a kind of chair, and deliver to him twelve knives

of good temper and well sharpened. In this manner they carry him about the city, proclaiming with a loud voice that this brave man is about to devote himself to a voluntary death from motives of zeal for the worship of the idol. Upon reaching the place where the sentence of the law would have been executed, he snatches up two of the knives and, crying out, "I devote myself to death in honour of such an idol," hastily strikes one of them into each thigh, then one into each arm, two into the belly, and two into the breast. Having in this manner thrust all the knives but one into different parts of his body, repeating at every wound the words that have been mentioned, he plunges the last of them into his heart, and immediately expires. As soon as this scene has been acted, his relations proceed, with great triumph and rejoicing, to burn the body ; and his wife, from motives of pious regard for her husband, throws herself upon the pile and is consumed with him. Women who display this resolution are much applauded by the community, as, on the other hand, those who shrink from it are despised and reviled.

The greater part of the idolatrous inhabitants of this kingdom show particular reverence to the ox ; and none will, from any consideration, be induced to eat the flesh of oxen. But there is a particular class of men termed *gaui*, who although they may eat of the flesh, yet dare not kill the animal ; but when they find a carcase, whether it has died a natural death or otherwise, the *gaui* eat of it. . . . Their mode of sitting is upon carpets on the ground ; and when asked why

*Women who display this resolution*—This is the familiar custom of self-immolation known as *suttee*. Cognate with it was the custom—now almost extinct—of fanatics hurling themselves under the wheels of heavy machines at the feasts of Jagarna'tha (Juggernaut) and other idols.

*The ox.*—In this region the ox was held to be a living god.

*Gau.*—Assumed by many to signify the outcasts generally called *pariah* or *chandala*.

they sit in that manner, they reply that a seat on the earth is honourable ; that as we are sprung from the earth, so we shall again return to it ; that none can do it sufficient honour, and much less should any despise the earth. These gauī and all their tribe are the descendants of those who slew Saint Thomas the Apostle, and on this account no individual of them can possibly enter the building where the body of the blessed apostle rests, even were the strength of ten men employed to convey him to the spot, being repelled by the supernatural power of the holy corpse.

The country produces no other grain than rice and sesame. The people go to bathe with lances and shields, but without clothing, and are a despicable, unwarlike race. They do not kill cattle nor any kind of animals for food, but when desirous of eating the flesh of sheep or other beasts, or of birds, they procure the Saracens, who are not under the influence of the same laws and customs, to perform the office. Both men and women wash their whole bodies in water twice every day—that is, in the morning and the evening. Until this ablution has taken place they neither eat nor drink ; and the person who should neglect this observance would be regarded as a heretic. . . .

Offences in this country are punished with strict and exemplary justice, and with regard to debtors the following customs prevail. If application for payment shall have been repeatedly made by a creditor, and the debtor puts him off from time to time with fallacious promises, the former may attach his person by drawing a circle round him, from whence he dare not depart until he has satisfied his creditor, either by

*Sesame*—Or *til* (*sesamum indicum*), extensively grown in India for its oil seeds.

*Unwarlike race*—Only certain tribes in India are warlike. Those of the Southern Provinces are notoriously effeminate, though the Moplahs are a notable exception.

payment, or by giving adequate security. Should he attempt to make his escape, he renders himself liable to the punishment of death as a violator of the rules of justice. Messer Marco, when he was in this country on his return homeward, happened to be an eye-witness of a remarkable transaction of this nature. The king was indebted in a sum of money to a certain foreign merchant, and although frequently importuned for payment, amused him for a long time with vain assurances. One day, when the king was riding on horseback, the merchant took the opportunity of describing a circle round him and his horse. As soon as the king perceived what had been done, he immediately ceased to proceed, nor did he move from the spot until the demand of the merchant was fully satisfied. The bystanders beheld what passed with admiration, and pronounced that king to merit the title of most just, who himself submitted to the laws of justice. . . .

Not only in this kingdom, but throughout India in general, all the beasts and birds are unlike those of our own country, excepting the quails, which perfectly resemble ours; the others are all different. There are bats as large as vultures, and vultures as black as crows, and much larger than ours. Their flight is rapid, and they do not fail to seize their bird.

In their temples there are many idols, the forms of which represent them of the male and the female sex; and to these fathers and mothers dedicate their daughters. Having been so dedicated, they are expected to attend whenever the priests of the convent require them to contribute to the gratification of the idol; and on such occasions they repair thither, singing and playing on instruments, and adding by their presence to the festivity. These young women are very numerous, and form large bands. Several times in the

*Bats.*—The *terpistilio campyrus* of Linnæus, the span of whose wings is four feet.



week they carry an offering of victuals to the idol to whose service they are devoted, and of this food they say the idol partakes. A table for the purpose is placed before it, and upon this the victuals are suffered to remain for the space of a full hour, during which damsels never cease to sing, and play, and exhibit various gestures. This lasts as long as a person of condition would require for making a convenient meal. They then declare that the spirit of the idol is content with its share of the entertainment provided, and, ranging themselves around it, they proceed to eat in their turn; after which they repair to their respective homes. . . .

The natives make use of a kind of bedstead, or cot, of very light cane-work, so ingeniously contrived that when they repose on them, and are inclined to sleep, they can draw close the curtains about them by pulling a string. This they do in order to exclude the tarantulas, which bite grievously, as well as to prevent their being annoyed by fleas and other small vermin; whilst at the same time the air, so necessary for mitigating the excessive heat, is not excluded. Indulgences of this nature, however, are enjoyed only by persons of rank and fortune; others of the inferior class lie in the open streets.

In the province of Maabar is the body of the glorious martyr, Saint Thomas the Apostle, who there suffered martyrdom. It rests in a small city, not frequented by many merchants, because unsuited to the purposes of their commerce; but, from devout motives, a vast number both of Christians and Saracens resort thither. The latter regard him as a great

*Tarantulas.*—Possibly a translator's hyperbole for the mosquito.

*Lie in the open streets.*—It is, or was, common for people of old cities like Benares, with narrow and confined streets, to bring their beds outside their houses in the hot weather.

*Resort thither.*—Commentators identify this with the small town of San Thomé, a few miles south of Madras.

prophet, and name him Ananias, signifying a holy personage. The Christians who perform this pilgrimage collect earth from the spot where he was slain, which is of a red colour, and reverentially carry it away with them; often employing it afterwards in the performance of miracles, and giving it, when diluted with water, to the sick, by which many disorders are cured.

## PERSIA IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

(From *A New Account of East India and Persia*,  
by John Fryer.)

[Persia will always remain an enigma to the European. Its civilization is as old as the campaigns of Alexander the Great; the material splendour of its cities, even in the descriptions of Dr. John Fryer only two hundred and fifty years ago, recalls the pages of Marco Polo or some of the wilder flights of fancy in the *Thousand and One Nights*; yet to-day the somnolence of its people, its general air of decay, its insanitary villages, its roadless condition, suggest a nation which has either slipped back centuries in the scale of civilization or fatalistically stopped at a certain point—a point which, according to seventeenth-century European ideas, may have approached splendour, but which in modern eyes would be merely trumpery. The description of the country, however, by the highly-educated John Fryer, whose

*Ananias*—Other texts give Avyar (the name of a celebrated Tamul philosopher), which name was bestowed by the Hindus on St. Thomas. Avyar signifies "holy man," but Ananias in Hebrew and in Arabic has certainly a very different meaning assigned to it.

Christians who perform this pilgrimage.—The Malabar or San Thomé Christians.

travels extended over a period of nine years (1672-81), in spite of its quaint and rather chaotic style, is striking in the extreme; and it is not surprising that the Hakluyt Society, as recently as 1909, produced a three-volume edition of his remarkable narrative. The value of Fryer's *New Account of East India and Persia* was admitted by Marco Polo's famous editor, Colonel Sir H. Yule, who makes eulogistic mention of it in his new edition of *Hobson-Jobson*.

John Fryer, who was born about 1650, was a surgeon in the employ of the East India Company, and on his appointment in 1672 he sailed for India in the *Unity*, one of a fleet of ten vessels which made the journey together, and which met with several exciting adventures on the way, including skirmishes with the Dutch, collisions, and storms. Shortly after his arrival at Surat, Dr. Fryer was asked, at the instance of Thomas Rolt, the Company's agent in Persia, to undertake a journey to that country in his capacity of "chirurgieon," and he readily acquiesced. He sailed in March 1677, and in June, after reaching Bandar Abbas (which he names Gombroom), began his journey overland, going due north by the customary caravan route *via* Lar to Siras (Shiraz) and Ispahau (Ispahan), which latter place he reached in August, and there probably acted as medical officer both to the European community and to certain natives. His book, says Mr. William Crooke, editor of the Hakluyt Society's edition, purports to be a reprint of letters addressed to some unnamed correspondent in England, and who was clearly a person of distinction and learning, because Fryer speaks of his "singular favour in seeing me aboard ship"; and again, in referring to the causes of floods in the Nile and Indian rivers, he observes, "You who have greater Reading and Leisure to digest these Metaphysical Notions, will mightily oblige me to furnish me with your solid arguments." However that may be, it seems clear, from research in the archives of the India Office, that the letters were sent, and it is probable they were "rewritten, revised, and extended for publication in 1698."]'

## SHIRAZ

IN our Stay here we had Opportunity to observe *Siras*, not only by Fame, but indeed to be, second to none, except the Royal City, in the whole Empire : And in this Country, the Country which is properly *Persia*, (extended from the Gulph to *Esduchos*, which parts *Parthia* from it by a great Ditch made for a Boundary on that Side to this Ancient Kingdom) it is the principal Metropolis.

It is delivered as a Tradition, That it arose from the Ruins of *Persepolis* : Others will have it as old as *Cyrus*, who contend for him to be the Founder, for that the nearness of the Name intimates as much.

And when we enter its Wealthy Markets, or *Buzzars*, *Basilick* Buildings, supported by Rows of vast Pillars covered at top, of which there are innumerable, large and splendid, abounding with Rich Merchandize ; the stately Palaces of the *Caun* and other Nobles ; the pleasant Walks and Gardens, Colleges and Temples, the Tombs, and Water-Courses ; we may afflict our selves with the Losses magnified by *Historians*, but at the same time do Injustice to so valuable a Reparation, which, for ought I know, exceeds the worth of the other : And what adds to its Esteem, it is reckoned by the *Persians* an Holy City, wherefore it's Endowed with Schools and Convents, with Allowance

*Siras*.—Shiraz.

*Esduchos*.—Yezdikhast (Pehlevi name signifying "God willed it"). The same as the Yezdecas of Tavernier. Browne writes the name Yezdi Khwast. Near it, states Fryer, were "what might be fabulously delivered of *Semiramis'* Pendulous Gardens and Summer Houses," and the soil grows the finest wheat of all the Emperor's dominions.

*Name intimates as much*.—Fryer himself thinks this improbable, because it would revive the memory of the fallen monarchy.

*Buzzars*.—Bazars.

*Caun*.—Khan.

*Colleges*.—Compare Curzon's account of the *Medrassés* or Colleges in Armenia.

for Students ; nor do they in any place excel (for the Concinnity of Harmony in *Chorus* from the high Towers of their Mosques at their stated Hours for Devotion) these sweet singers of *Siras* : It boasts therefore of its being an University ; which it truly merits from the confluence of all the Learned Tribe coming hither for Education.

Their stately Gardens and Summer-Houses are out of the Town, whither resort those Invited either by Curiosity or Recreation ; the most famous of which we Visited, under whose shady Bowers we were Feasted, from the Heel of every Day till Midnight, while we remained here, by the interchangeable Solicitations of our Christian Friends.

Among which, that, honoured with the Royal Claim, and therefore stiled the *King's Garden*, deservedly carries the Lustre from the rest, and though every one share in some Excellency or other, yet this comprehends them all in one, being a large Map of the whole : Here grow the loftiest Cypress-Trees in the Universe ; nor do they want Bodies proportionable to their Height, one of which is said to be Set by *Shaw Abbas*, their Beloved Emperor, Measures some Fathoms round. So addicted are these People to Loyal Heartedness, that what is Great, or Magnificent, they offer up as a grateful Testimony to perpetuate the Fame of those Princes who have deserved well in their Annals ; for which reason these Trees keep the Name

*King's Garden* —Modern annotators suggest *Khanah-i-Shah* (that is, "King's House") as the correct style. The principal gardens at present are *Bagh-i-Takht* ("Royal Garden"), *Jahannumah* ("Display of the World"), and *Dikuusha* ("Heart's Ease") (Curzon). Mr. Crooke points out that Fryer, curiously enough, omits all mention of the gardens and tombs of the poets Hafiz and Shaikh Said.

*Cypress-Trees* —All authorities concur in noting the abundance of lofty cypress trees in the vicinity of Shiraz in former times, and the tree figures on the bas-reliefs carved by the sculptors of Persopolis.

*Shaw Abbas*.—Shah Abbas (see p. 60, n.).

of *Token Cyr*, even down to this our Age; willing thereby to immortalize the *Grand Cyrus*, transmitting an unalterable Tradition as lasting as Posterity its self.

These set in Order make Majestick Walks, under whose shelter thrive the Underwoods: which were they removed from the first Rank of the Quarters, whether our Countrymen would allow the rest to be Wilderness, Orchard, or Garden, would be a Question; since these, with the Water-courses, make the whole Design of the Perspective; in which promiscuously are included Philberts, Haslenuts, Pistachias, Sweet Almonds, Cherries of both sorts, Peach, Apricot, *Prunello's*, Figs, Prunes, Grannet, Chestnut, Nectarines, Quince, and all those we call Wall-Fruit, without any Assistance. Oranges and Limes begin to flag here, rejoycing more where Cold is less felt; for though it is very Hot now, it has a short but severe Winter; for which cause, Roses, Lillies, and Jassemín, are Shaded under all these to defend them from each Extreme; and below these the Violet and Primrose, with what exalt not their Heads above the Grass.

In the midst of all a Banquetting-House, or House of Pleasure, with this Conveniency, that which side so-ever we cast our Eyes, most grateful Greens refresh our Prospect, and cooling Springs feed spouting Fountains, till they unite in a Full Sea, and thence are diverted into pleasant Streams, both for Diversion and benefit of the Place.

Here is beheld the Trembling Poplar, the Tall Sica-more, and the Humble Elm, contrary to what we see

*Token Cyr.*—Mr. Crooke states that Fryer's "*Token Cyr*" represents the "celebrated cypress tree of Tûn and Quâyín referred to by Marco Polo."

*Without any Assistance*—That is, virtually untended. All modern travellers can testify to the luxuriance of Persian "gardens," which, however, are not gardens in our sense, but large areas growing all manner of trees and fruits in profusion with next to no cultivation by the native "gardeners."

*Banquetting-House.*—Long since in ruins.

in *Europe*; the Pine and Ash are Natives of this Soil, by the diligence of the skilful Planters; but out of these Enclosures no Woods, nor Thickets of any of these accost us.

The Nightingal, the sweet Harbinger of the Light, is a constant Chearer of these Groves, Charming with its Warbling Strains the heaviest Soul into a pleasing Extasy.

We return'd back to the City, Lighted by Torches and Flambeaus over a noble Bridge, from whence the Street enlarges gracefully a good length, till we were received into straiter Allies, the rest of the Streets being mostly such, or else covered *Buzzars*; this Bridge serves only to pass over, when the sudden Showers, and Water falling from the Mountains, raise a Flood, at other times it being dry under it, here being no River, though Water is not lacking every where, flowing plentifully in Rills or Brooks, taking their source from the Mountains, with which it is invested on every part, except the *South-side*, which lies plain and open a great way.

These Mountains, as well as Vallies, are stocked with Vineyards, being disposed to bear good Grapes, out of which they press their Wine, and from the Wine-fat set it to Work in great Earthen Jars, from which it is drawn off into Flasks, and so packed up in Chests.

In this place only these Glasses, and some course Drinking-Glasses are made; as also Rose-Water Bottles, the best Water wherof is Distilled here; they likewise rectify Spirit of Wine very well: Moreover this City has the noted'st Coppersmiths in all *Persia*.

*The street*—Curzon draws a sumptuous picture of the broad avenue of older days, adorned with marble fountains, bordered with cypresses, and approached by arched pavilions. All traces have long since disappeared.

*Coppersmiths*—The copperware industry had decayed by the early nineteenth century.

It has neither Fortification nor Walls, neither Ditch nor Mounds, nor other Guard, save its own Soldiers, which are the only Bulworks.

The Chief Magistrate was the *Caun*, Governor of the City and all the Province; but he, poor Man, lately by the King's Tyranny, is Deposed and cast into Prison, laden with Irons, as a Capital Offender, for no other reason, but that of abounding with unheard of Treasures; all that he could not convey away the King Seized, and in his room has Nominated the Steward of the King's Household's Brother (who is Chief Favourite at Court) as Delegate for the time being, but not wholly Deprived the *Caun*, giving him hopes of Release, provided he confess his Wealth and consign it for the use of his Master.

In all the Cities of Persia, as well as this, there are abundance of the *Jewish Nation* (known only at *Lhor*, where the *Caun* is an *Hodge*, by the upper Garment, marked with a Patch of Cloth of different Colour); *Banyans* also, and *Armenian Christians*, with *Europe Roman Catholicks*; driving a Trade, and exercising the Superstitions of their several Religions with Freedom, being disturbed by none unless sometimes by the Bigotted Kindred of *Mahomet*; who presume on that account (knowing the Reverence every where paid to that Impostor) very often on open and extravagant Injustice, setting poor People at Work and never satisfying them; entitling themselves Lords Paramount, and all others by a servile Tie of Conscience to be their Slaves; which sort of People (though Cursed by all) must be appeased, or else

*Walls*.—The ancient walls were in existence in the early seventeenth century, but had disappeared by the time of Tavernier.

*Lhor*.—Here, Lahore.

*Hodge*.—Arabian, *Hazz*, pilgrimage.

*Patch of Cloth*.—This distinguishing badge, familiar in Shakespeare's *Skylock*, survives in Palestine to-day. Other travellers state that the Jews at Yezd, which is near Shiraz, were obliged to wear a distinctive patch in their coats.



all will be in a flame: Which sort of Behaviour of theirs, has wrought the most understanding among the *Persians* to a Diffidence of that Doctrine with its Author, they so mightily preach up, yet practise so little.

The Houses of *Siras* are Built with Brick, not Red, but better Hardned than they are, I mean theirs of the Better sort, not of the Common People, they agreeing with the rest elsewhere mostly, being composed of Mud and Clay. Pipes, or Conduits for Ventilation, are not so requisite here as in other parts, and therefore not so universal as in the Sandy Countries; here they are more Expensive on the Beautiful Adorning the Porches and Gatehouses leading to their Houses, taking care to Enclose them with huge high Walls, so that they are hid from the Streets; to which they are admitted by double Gates, over which are Folding Doors opening into Balconies.

Their Publick places of Worship are illustrated with Mosaick Work: Painted and Glazed Slates grace the outward Case, artificially disposed into Convex Towers, representing the bending Heaven about them: Panes of Glass for the more solemn Light are fetched from *Venice*, Tinctured with divers Colours; the Portuco's and lower Walks shine with polished Marble, supported by substantial Pillars of the same.

### ISPAHAUN

From this Avenue we had a fair Prospect of the City, filling the one half of an ample Plain, few Buildings (besides the High Towers of the Mosques and Palace Gates) shewing themselves, by reason of the high *Chinors*, or Sicaniores, shading the choicest of

*This Avenue*—The "undiscovered Mazes of the Mountains" between *Mirge* (that is, *Marg*) and *Ispahan*.

*Chinors*—Persian, *Chinar*, Eastern plane-tree, a tree like the *Arbre Sol* mentioned by *Marco Polo*, sacred to the Oriental.

them ; yet the Hills begin to keep a more decent distance, and we passed part of a spacious Field before we Saluted the City ; into which we entred by Two fair Rows of Elms, on each hand one, planted by the sides of the Chrystal Streams, reaching a long way through a broad Street, whose Paved Cawseys Conducted us to the River ; which River was Fifty Ells wide, but not Navigable, this Summers drought having made it Fordable in many places, especially now the Emperor fills this place with his Court and confluence of Military Men ; the great Commanders and Ministers of State diverting the Channel to their own private Commodity, and for want of this Years Rains, it is hardly sufficient (they Watering their Gardens therewith), by reason of which unkindly Nuture both the Beanty and Goodness of the Fruit and Trees do Flag this Autumn.

Here at the Foot of the Bridge waited to bid us Welcome the *Jelfeline* Christians, with the several *Europe* Residents, as *Dutch, French, Portugal, and Russian*, with their respective Trains, Trumpeters with their Ensigns, and Led Horses richly Trapped, with *Shotters* and Pages, besides those of our own, appearing in their greatest Glory ; thus Attended we were brought over a most Magnificent Bridge with Arches over our Heads, and on both sides Rails and Galleries to view the River, the Cloysters whereof were paved with broad Marble, in which were several Niches and open Portals ; the upper part was all Brick, the Foundations Black Marble with gradations to the bottom.

Which led us to a Stately large Street, continued on the other side with equal Gallantry of Buildings and Trees, till we were carried under their Lofty-Ceiled

*Foot of the Bridge.*—Built by Shah Abbas's general, Alvarda Khan, and known also as the Bridge of Julfa, spanning the Zendah-rud river (Cooke).

*Jelfeline.*—The Armenians of Julfa.

and Stately-Erected *Buzzars*; these Edifices running on to all the busy parts of the City in an almost-joined Stack of Structures (sometimes directly, other times interfering), not much unlike our *Westminster-Hall*, with Shops on either Hand, just like them, which is, I confess, the surprizingest piece of Greatness in Honour of Commerce the whole World can boast of, our *Burses* being but Snaps of Buildings to these famous *Buzzars*.

Through these we were directed to the *Midan*, or *Hypodrome*, an Oblong Square Court, where the Horses are exercised before the King's Palace, and where are upper and lower Walks, with open Arches for Spectators; not Inferior, though of different Shape, to the old Amphitheatres.

At the Entry the Royal Mosque, with its variagated Marble Pillars, possess the highest end, on whose left hand runs the Front of the Palace; the Gates whereof are guarded by several Brass Basilisks, where several Chevaliers Mounted, as well as Foot Soldiers, stood on Duty, over which is the Imperial Throne, all Covered with Gold: From whence the Emperor beholds the Combats between Lions and Bulls, or *Persian Rams* set to run at one another; the Tournaments of the Nobles Tilting at each other, or on Coursers full Speed, striving to Shoot backward with Bow and Arrow, (after the *Parthian Custom*) at a Golden Bowl fixed on an high Pole, which who Hits by Fixing his Dart, is not only extolled with threefold Praise, but carries the Prize away, and is taken notice of as a Candidate

*Burses*.—That is, bourses or exchanges.

*Midan*.—Or Maidan. The *Maidan*, or Great Market, was constructed by Shah Abbas in rivalry to the older market, which a certain Prince of Persia refused to give to Shah Abbas (Tavernier). Mr. Crooke cites Sykes's *Ten Thousand Miles* for the statement that the polo posts of stone, which marked the course, still survive.

*Royal Mosque*.—The Masjed i-Shah, erected by Shah Abbas in 1612, in the middle of the Maidan.

*Tournaments*.—Mr. Crooke quotes Tavernier, Erskine (*History of India*), and Curzon for descriptions of these games.

for the next Preferment : Where the Inferior Citizens have a share in their Diverting their Prince, by entering the list to Wrestle, and Gladiators sometime have the Honour to kill one another.

At the lower end the *Royal Exchange*, or *Queshery* (filled with Plate and Jewels, like our *Lombard street*), opens its folding Doors, over whose rising Porch, in stately Turrets, the King's Musick alternately resound and compleat this Noble Square, whose Court is so large, except on such Days as these, as to make room enough for a great Fair. Through this *Queshery* we passed under many Fine *Buzzars*, till we came to our own Palace, which was a noble one, both *Siras* and this being the King's Bounty ; nor are these mean, being as high as any bestowed under the Blood-Royal ; the Porches shining with Gilded Foliages, Architrave and Marble Pillars, as all the Palaces of their Nobles do ; here being resigned we returned Thanks with the best Entertainment this City could afford, before our Friends departed.

Thus we accomplish'd, on the Seventh of *August*, a tedious Journey in the hottest Season of the Year, over desolate parching Sands, and naked Rocks, through all *Persia* into the heart of *Parthia* to *Ispahann*, not only the Chief City of this vast Empire, where the present Emperor sets up his Standard, with all his moving Forces, but of *Parthia* especially ; in which Itinerary the Mountains never forsook us, nor for the greatest part met we with other Water than what was Impure and Filthy, being devoid of the shelter of thick Woods, or Forests to shade us from the Sultriness of the Sun ; which was the worst inconvenience that pursued us till within a few Days Journey of this City ; which though it appear a large

*Queshery*.—Fryer is here using an Indian term. Otherwise spelt *cutcherry* or *kachahri*, and meaning a court-house.

*Palace*.—Here means either a factory or other place of business, or commercial activity.

Wood spread over the Plain by reason of the abundance of Orchards and Gardens, yet it wants more on that account than any other (sending at least Twelve Days Journey for their Fuel, which is dearer than Victuals), and is Built with Brick and Mud for lack of Timber.

*Begin*

## BOMBAY PROVINCE TWO AND A HALF CENTURIES AGO

(From *A New Account of East India and Persia*,  
by John Fryer)

### THE CITY AND PEOPLE OF SURAT

GOING out to see the City of Surat, I passed without any incivility, the better because I understood not what they said; for though we meet not with boys so rude as in England, to run after strangers, yet here are a sort of bold, lusty, and most an end, drunken beggars, of the Musslemen Cast, that if they see a Christian in good clothes, mounted on a stately horse, with rich trappings, are presently upon their punctilio's with God Almighty, and interrogate Him, Why he suffers him to go a foot, and in rags, and this *Coffery* (Unbeliever) to vaunt it thus? And hardly restrained from running a muck (which is to kill who-

*City of Surat.*—Fryer speaks of the town as being in the East Indies; but then similarly he describes Bombaim (that is, Bombay) as being there, this being in his time the name by which India was known to Europeans.

*Most an end*—That is, "almost always."

*Coffery.*—Arabian, *Kafir*, or *Kaffer*.

*Vaunt it thus.*—Mr. Crooke notes that many contemporary writers comment on the insolence of the "liberated" Mussulman fakirs.

*Running a muck.*—More usually "run amok" (Malay, *amuk*)—attacking in frenzy or under the influence of opium or "bhanga."

ever they meet, till they be slain themselves), especially if they have been at Hodge, a pilgrimage to Mecca, and thence to Juddah, where is *Mahomet's Tomb*; these commonly, like evil Spirits, have their habitations among the tombs: Nor can we complain only of this libertinism, for the rich Moormen themselves are persecuted by these rascals.

As for the rest, they are very respectful, unless the seamen or soldiers get drunk, either with toddy or bang (a pleasant intoxicating seed, mixed with milk), then are they monarchs, and it is madness to oppose them; but leave them to themselves and they will vent that fury, by breathing a vein or two with their own swords, sometimes slashing themselves most barbarously.

The town has very many noble lofty houses, of the Moor-merchants, flat at top, and terassed with plaster. There is a Parsy, broker to the King of Bantam, has turned the outside of his pockets on a sumptuous house, a spacious fabrick, but ill contrived, as are many of the Banians. They, for the most part, affect not stately buildings, living in humble cells or sheds. Glass is dear, and scarcely purchaseable (unless by way of Stambole, or Constantinople, from the Venetians, from whom they have some panes of painted glass in Sash Windows), therefore their windows, except some few of the highest note, are usually folding doors, skreened with Cheeks, or latises, carved in wood, or isinglass, or more commonly oister-shells.

The habits and customs of this place are reconcil-

*Hodge*—Arabian, *hajj*, pilgrimage; Hebrew, *hagg*.

*Juddah*.—Variously spelt Juddah, Juddah or Jeddah, Djuddah.

*Mahomet's Tomb*—The tomb is at Al-Madinah.

*Toddy*.—Hindu, *tari* (tār-palm), juice or sap of palmyra tree and coconut.

*Bang*—*Bhang*, a drug distilled from hemp.

*Breathing a vein*—That is, lance.

*Parsy*.—Parsee.

*Cheeks*.—Persian, *chiq*, a bamboo screen blind.

able with them in the kingdom of Gulconda, only the Moguls being more absolute, and of a more puritanical sect than the Chia's; the Heathens are suppressed in respect of their barbarous rites, and reduced to a more civil garb, being more decently clothed.

The Moguls, who are Lords here, differ from them of Gulconda in point of their Caliph's succession, the first maintaining the sect of the Arabs, the others of the Suffean, or Persian. They have four expositors of the Law, to whom they give credit in matter of ceremonies—namely, Hanoffi, Shoffi, Hamaleech, Maluche. Their great scruple is about eating together among all sorts of these Eastern nations. All Musselmen (true believers), as they call themselves of this persuasion, communicate in that point; only *some punctilio's in respect of marriage remain undecided*; as for an Hanoffi to offer his daughter to a Shoffi is a great shame; but if the other request it first, he may comply without derogation. . . .

. . . At the first entrance into their houses, for the greater respect, they meet at the portal, and usher strangers to the place of Entertainment; where, out of common courtesy, as well as religion (when they enter

*Gulconda.*—Golconda.

*The Chia's*—The Shias and the Sunnis are the two cardinal divisions of Mohammedans. Persia is the leading Shia nation, but many Shutes exist also in India, though the Sunnites are there more numerous. The Shiites reject the Sunna or body of tradition regarding the prophet, while this is accepted by the Sunnites. The Shia was made the national religion of Persia under Shah Ismail, the first of the Sûfi monarchs, in 1499. The whole object of the establishment of the Sunni sect, which is Turkish in origin, was to attract Mohammedans to the tomb of Ali instead of to the Arabian places.

*Maluche.*—Hanafi, the Sunni sect founded by Imaum abu Hanifah in eighth century; Shafiyah, founded by Imaum Muhammad ibn Idris as-Shafil in ninth century; Hambaliyah, founded by Imaum abu ibn Hambal in ninth century; Malakiyah, founded by Imaum Malek in eighth century.

*Without derogation.*—Intermarriage between Sunnis and Shias involves no difficulties, whether in India, Persia, or Mesopotamia, to-day.

an Holy Place), they pull off their slippers, and after the usual Salams, seat themselves in choultries, open to some tank of purling water; commonly spread with carpets, or siturngees, and long round cushions of velvet to bolster their back and sides, which they use when they ride in their chariots, which are made to sit cross-legg'd on, not their legs hanging down as ours; it being accounted among them no good breeding to let their legs or feet be seen whilst sitting; in their palenkeens, coaches, or swinging cotts, which they affect for éase, are laid huge bolsters of state, and quilts of cotton to lie at length; their ceilings and posts are hung with Mechlapatan Pintado's, and adorned with other gallantry.

They go rich in attire, with a poniard, or catarre, at their girdle; as they are neat in apparel, they are grave in their carriage.

Their women wear the breeches, but in a most servile condition; yet they have their ornaments of head, with bracelets of pearl, ear-rings and nose-rings, to which they hang jewels, mostly set in silver, because gold is nigess, or unclean.

They are strict observers of the hours of prayer, when they strip off all their gorgeous habiliments to their shift, and after washing hands and feet, prostrate themselves during the time of devotion, when rising they salute their guardian-angels, according to the opinion of the Stoicks, who allotted every one his

*Choultries*.—Malay, *chāwati*, denoting a booth or lowly tenement.

*Siturngees*.—Hindu, *shitrangis*, striped cotton cloth.

*Mechlapatan*—Masulipatam.

*Pintado's*.—Spanish, painted. Here Fryer means "painted cloth or chintz." (Consult Evelyn's *Diary* and Yule's *Hobson-Jobson*.)

*Catarre*.—Hindu, *Katār*, dagger.

*Wear the breeches*.—This is taken from Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, a book with which Fryer was very well acquainted. Fryer is alluding to the Mussulman women's *pacjama* (whence our *pyjama*), which, being tight at the ankles, are extremely unbecoming.

*Nigess*.—Arabian, *najis*, unclean.



Juno and his Genius; having made their orisons, and purified themselves, they return to company as before.

They are great revellers by night, in the heat of the day they sleep and dally. . . .

. . . The Cazy, or Judge, after the match is made by the parents, marries them; from whence doubtless our Phanaticks borrowed their custom of marrying by a justice of peace; this is also a time of solemnity sometimes kept for several weeks together with illuminations on their houses, their garments tinged with saffron, riding triumphantly through the streets with trumpets and kettle-drums; fetching the bride from her kindred, and they sending banquets, household stuff, and slaves their attendants, with a great train through their streets, which is all their dowry; but the Cazy has a knack beyond those couplers of Europe; he can loose the knot when they plead a divorce. They have four wives if they can maintain them, and as many other women as they please; she that bears the first son is reckoned the chief.

At funerals, the Mullahs, or priests, make orations or sermons, after a lesson read out of the Alchoran, and lay them North and South, as we do East and West, when they are inhumed, expecting from that quarter the appearance of their prophet. Upon the death of any, in the hearing of the Outcry, which is great among the women, beating their breasts and crying aloud, they neither eat, nor shift their cloaths, till the Person be interred; the relations mourn by keeping on dirty cloaths, and a neglect of their apparel; neither washing nor shaving themselves; it is

*Carv.*—Arabian, *Qazi*; Turkish, *cadi*. Compare Spanish *cacique*, from Haytian word signifying a tribal chief.

*Four wives.*—This is noticed also by Marco Polo.

*Alchoran.*—The Koran.

*Their prophet*—The head lies north, with the face turned to the right, towards Mecca.

usual to hire people to lament, and the widow once a moon goes to the grave with her acquaintance to repeat the doleful dirge, after which she bestows *Holway*, a kind of sacramental wafer; and entreats their prayers for the soul of the departed; and for that reason the most store of graves are in cross-ways or high-roads, that the passengers may be put in mind of that office. They never enshrine any in their Moschs, but in the places adjoining them; where they build tombs, and leave stipends for Mullahs to offer petitions up for them.

### HINDU FAKIRS

Here are many monuments of their misled zeal; the most dreadful to remember is an extraordinary one erected by the river side, where they burn their dead, in honour of a woman who burnt herself with her dead husband. Several corps were flaming in their funeral piles; after which the fire has satisfied its self with, they cast the ashes up into the air, and some upon the water, that every element may have a share. Some of the devoutest desire to expire in this Water, giving in charge to their relations to lay them up to the chin in it at the article of death.

Those whose zeal transport them no farther than to

*Holway*.—Arabian, *halwa*, described by Curzon (*Persia*, II, 442) as a glutinous compound of flour, sugar, pistachio, and butter.

*Cross-ways or high-roads*.—The Moslem buries his dead near the high-roads, so that the spirits may hold converse with the living.

*Her dead husband*.—Suttee shrines, or shrines commemorating the immolation of Hindu widows. A famous instance of this grim custom was of a young Brahminee woman of Baroda in the time of Sir James Carnac. She dreamt that her husband, a public official who was absent from home at the time, had met his death, and becoming a prey to grief, eventually, and in spite of the efforts of Sir James to dissuade her, resigned herself to the flames. After three weeks, it is said, tidings came of her husband's death, which corresponded with the date of her dream.

*Corps*.—Corpses.

die at home, are immediately washed by the next of kin, and bound up in a sheet ; as many as go with him, carry him by turns on a colt-staff, and the rest run almost naked and shaved, crying after him, *Ram, Ram*, making all the haste they can to *Pulparra* to burn him ; which fire is often very costly, being maintain'd with wood of aloes ; sometimes they expend some thousands of rupees. The relations exclude themselves all society till the time of mourning be over ; the women crying, *O Si, O Si*, beating their breasts violently, and expostulating the reason of their departure, as if he had not a kind wife, loving children, good possessions, and the like. In the time of this mourning they bestow largely to redeem creatures appointed to die, to excuse oxen and *Buffola's* from labour, feeding them at their own charges, besides purchasing milch kine, and giving them to poor people, inviting them to funeral feasts, with other largesses to the Brachmins.

Here are out-acted all the boasted austerities I ever heard of. I saw a *Fakier* of the *Gentus*, whose nails by neglect were grown as long as my fingers, some piercing through the flesh. Another grave old man had a turbat of his own hair (which they all covet), sun-burnt towards the ends, grey nearer the roots, plaited like the *Polonian Plica*, but not so diseased, above four yards in length.

Others with their arms dislocated, so that the diarthrosis of the joints is inverted, and the head of the bone lies in the pit or valley of the arm ; in which case they are defrauded of their nourishment, and hang as useless appendices to the body ; that unless relieved

*Colt-staff*—Compare *cowl-staff* (*Merry Wives*, Act III, sc. 3).

*Ram*.—That is, Rama, King of Oude, hero of the *Ramayana*, one of the two great Indian epic poems.

*Gentus*.—Portuguese idiom for Gentiles or Aborigines. The term is used for Hindus as opposed to Moors or Mohammedans (*Hobson-Jobson*).

*Polonian Plica*—A scalp disease once prevalent in Poland.

by charity, they are helpless in all offices to themselves.

Others fixing their eyes upon heaven, their heads hanging over their shoulders, are incapable of removing them from the posture they are in, being accustomed to that uninterrupted rest, having contracted and stiffened the tendons of the muscles and ligaments of the neck, that both those belonging to the gullet, or the motion of the head, are unserviceable ; inso-much that no aliment, nor liquid, can pass, and that too with much difficulty.

Others by continual abstinence bring themselves into a strange emaciated habit of body, that they seem only walking skeletons.

At another time a *Gentu Fakier* was enjoined for forty days to endure the purgatory of five fires ; there being a great resort by reason of a festivity solemnized all that while ; when I came early in the morning (invited by the novelty and incredibility of the thing) he was seated on a four-square stage or altar, with three ascents, some two feet high, and as many feet square, ready to shew : While he was in a musing posture other *Fakiers* (whose duty it is daily to salute the sun at his height, rising and setting, with their musick of long hollow canes) blew them for an hour, or *Ghong* ; after which he fell to his mattins, which he continued till the Sun began to be warm ; then rising he blessed himself with Holy Water, and threw himself along on the lowest square, still muttering to himself on his knees, he at length, with one leg bowed upright between his thighs, rises on the other, telling his beads (which both *Moormen* and *Gentus* wear) which he had in his hands a quarter longer, and stands, like

*Five fires.*—For the modern form of the penance of the Panchagui consult Ward's *Hindoos*.

*Ghong* —Gong.

*Moormen* —I ryer uses Moor to describe persons of the Moham-medan faith in India.

a goose, unmoved all the time ; then casting himself down, he exercised himself, as wrestlers do here very briskly, but guarding the position of the leg, which he kept so fixed as if it had grown in that nature, as well when he rose as grovelled on the ground . . . and in this interim four fires being kindled (any of them able to roast an ox) at each corner of the upper and least square, he . . . Scaevola-like with his own hands increased the flames by adding combustible stuff as incense to it ; when removing from his neck a collar of great wooden beads, he made a coronet of them for his head ; then bowing his head in the middle of the flames, as it were to worship, holding the other beads in his hands, with his head encircled between his arms, his face opposite the sun, which is the fifth Fire, he mounted his body with his feet bolt upright, and so continued standing on his head the space of three hours very steadily, that is, from nine till twelve ; after which he seats himself down cross-legg'd after their way of sitting, and remains so without either eating or drinking all the rest of the day, the Fires still nourished, and he sweating (being one of a good athletick habit, and of a middle age) as if basted in his own grease.

This is imagined to be an imposture ; but if it be, it would make a man disbelieve his own eyes. Others more rationally impute the heat from the fires to be allayed by that overpowering one of the Sun ; which I cannot wholly incline to, since we daily when abroad roast our meat by fires made in a clear day without any shelter. But I rather conceive custom has inured his body to it ; for the very mountebank tricks declare it a practice ; and the other I think as feasible as to eat fire, tread on hot irons (which is here used), or for cooks to thrust their hands into scalding water without injury.

Another devotee had made a vow not to lye down in sixteen years, but to keep on his feet all that while ;

this came accompanied with two others under the same oath, the one had passed five, the other three years ; all three of them had their legs swoln as big as their bodies, exposed to view for the greater applause. Standing, they leaned on pillows hung in a string from the banyan tree, and had a pompous attendance of such ragged fakiers their admirers, with *musick, flags, and mirchals*. The eldest having undergone the compleat term, to crown all, was intombed in the same standing posture nine days without any sort of food ; and lest any pretext of that kind might lessen his undertaking, he caused a bank of earth to be heaped on the mouth of his cave, whereon was to be sown a certain grain which ears in nine days, which accordingly being done, eared before his being taken thence. I saw him presently after his resurrection, in great state raised on a throne under a canopy, before which was a fire made in the pit he had been, where he put his hands, being anointed with oyl, untouch'd by the flames : Which whether this may discover the Cheat of both this and the other, that such an unction may be to resist fire, naturalists have not agreed in ; and therefore I judge this rather a delusion, I having not been present at this experiment. But that this is none I am assured, that the banyans gave him divine honours, and saluted him prostrate, offering before him rice, and throwing incense into the fire : he had a red trident in his hand, and is enrolled one of the heroes or demigods in their superstitious Kalender.

*Mirchals*.—Hindu, *merchhal*, a peacock's tail.

## A VISIT TO TEHERAN

(From *A Journey through Persia, Armenia, and Asia Minor to Constantinople*, by James J. Morier.)

[Morier, who was Secretary of the British Embassy to the Court of Persia in 1810, enjoyed unequalled advantages for studying all things Persian, and his *Journey through Persia, Armenia, and Asia Minor to Constantinople* is as encyclopædic in its information as it is interesting. Unlike so many travellers, Morier was not prone either to credulity or to wilful mis-statement, and all that we know of Persian life since his day only goes to confirm his own statement that "he confined himself, with very few exceptions, to the relation of what he saw and heard." For the rest he was much indebted to Mirza Abul Hassan, ex-Persian Envoy Extraordinary, who accompanied him on his travels, not only for much information on subjects relating to Persia, but for facilities in acquiring proficiency in the language.

The following is his account of the reception at Teheran of the British Mission under Sir Harford Jones, which was sent out in 1808 to counteract the efforts of the French Military Mission which had been sent out by Napoleon to instruct and drill the Persian army.]

## COURT CEREMONIAL

It had been decided on the day of our arrival, that the first visit was to be paid by the owner of the house in which we lodged, Hajee Mahomed Hossein Khan, *Ameen-ed-Doulah*, or Lord Treasurer: but on the next day the Minister seemed to make some hesitation in according the compliment, and said that he rather expected it from the Envoy. Sir Harford Jones, however, immediately obviated the difficulty by representing that even among the uncivilized nations the host pays the first attentions to his guest. When this explanation was satisfactorily received the Minister

came, and with him the King's Chief Poet, and some other officers of State.

We went through the common routine of compliments and presentations. When the poet was introduced to the Envoy, the conversation turned on poetry and the works of the bard himself. He was extolled above the skies ; all exclaimed that in this age he had not an equal on earth, and some declared that he was superior even to Ferdousi, the Homer of their country. To all this the author listened with very complacent credulity, and at length recited some of his admired effusions. His genius, however, is paid by something more substantial than praise ; for he is a great favourite at Court, and, according to my Persian informers, receives from the King a gold *tomaun* for every couplet ; and once, indeed, secured the remission of a large debt due to the King by writing a poem in his praise. Yet the people, from whom the supplies of this munificence are drawn, groan whenever they hear that the poet's muse has been productive. . . .

The ceremonial of the Envoy's presentation to the King was then arranged ; and it was agreed that the audience should be exactly the same as that given to Ambassadors at Constantinople. On the morrow accordingly we made every preparation of form for our introduction, and each appeared in green slippers with high heels, and red cloth stockings, the court dress always worn before the King of Persia. Early in the morning we received a message desiring us to be in readiness. At about twelve o'clock we proceeded to the palace. The presents for the King were laid out on a piece of white satin over a gold dish. It (*sic*) consisted of His Britannic Majesty's picture set round

*Ferdousi*.—Variously spelt Firdausi, Firdusi, and Ferdousi. His real name was Abu 'l Kasim Mansur or Hasan (B. c. 940-1020). His epic, *Shahnama*, is a versiform history of Persia, and is said to have taken thirty years to write.

*Tomaun*.—Practically the equivalent to the pound sterling.



with diamonds ; a diamond of sixty-one carats valued at £20,000 ; a small box, on the lid of which Windsor Castle was carved in ivory ; a box made from the oak of the *Victory*, with the battle of Trafalgar in ivory ; and a small blood-stone mosaic box for opium. The King's letter (which was mounted in a highly ornamented blue morocco box, and covered with a case of white satin and an elegant net) was also laid on a piece of white satin. . . . Our presentation was to take place in the *Khalvet Khonéh*, or private Hall of Audience, for it was then the *Ashoreeh* of the month of *Moharrem*, a time of mourning, when all matters of ceremony or of business are suspended at Court ; the King of Persia therefore paid a signal respect to His Britannic Majesty, in fixing the audience of his Envoy so immediately after his arrival, and more particularly at a season when public affairs are so generally intermitted.

After we had sat here about half an hour, smoked, and drank coffee, the Master of the Ceremonies informed us that the King was ready, and we proceeded again. We entered the great court of the *Dewan Khonéh* (the Hall of Public Audience) on all sides of which stood officers of the household, and in the centre walk were files of the new-raised troops, disciplined after the European manner, who went through the platoon as we passed, while the little Persian drummers beat their drums. The line presented arms to the Envoy, and the officers saluted. In the middle of the *Dewan Khonéh* was the famous throne built at *Yezd* of the marble of the place, on which the King sits in public, but to which we did not approach sufficiently near for any accurate observation. We ascended two steps on the left, and then passed under

*Moharrem* —The first month of the Mohammedan year.

*Yezd*.—More commonly Yazd. It was famous also for its silk and felt. The people of this town enjoyed the privilege of exemption from military service.

arched ways into another spacious court filled in the same manner ; but the men were mostly sitting down, and did not rise as we approached. We crossed the centre of this court, and came to a small and mean door, which led us through a dark and intricate passage. When we arrived at the end of it we found a door still more wretched, and worse indeed than that of any English stable. Here Norooz Khan paused, and marshalled us in order : the Envoy, first, with the King's letter ; *I followed next with the presents, and then at the distance of a few paces the rest of the gentlemen.* The door was opened, and we were ushered into a court laid out in canals and playing fountains, and at intervals lined by men richly dressed, who were all the *grande*s of the kingdom. At the extremity of a room, open in front by large windows, was the King in person. . . .

The King is about forty-five years of age ; he is a man of pleasing manners and agreeable countenance, with an aquiline nose, large eyes, and very arched eye-brows. His face is obscured by an immense beard and mustachios, which are kept very black ; and it is only when he talks and smiles that his mouth is discovered. His voice has once been fine, and is still harmonious ; though now hollow, and obviously that of a man who has led a free life. He appeared much pleased at finding that the Envoy could talk to him in Persian, as he did indeed after the first introductory speech ; and when he was told that Sir Harford read and studied much, he asked many questions on literary subjects, for he professes to be a protector of learning and of learned men. He was seated on a species of throne, called the *tākht-e-taoo*s, or the throne of the peacock, which is raised three feet from the ground, and appears an oblong square of eight feet broad and twelve long. We could see the bust only of his

Majesty, as the rest of his body was hidden by an elevated railing, the upper work of the throne, at the corners of which were placed several ornaments or vases and toys. The back is much raised ; on each side are two square pillars, on which are perched birds, probably intended for peacocks, studded with precious stones of every description, and holding each a ruby in their beaks. The highest part of the throne is composed of an oval ornament of jewelry, from which emanate a great number of diamond rays. Unfortunately, we were so far distant from the throne, and so little favoured by the light, that we could not discover much of its general materials. We were told, however, that it is covered with gold plates, enriched by that fine enamel work so common in the ornamental furniture of Persia. It is said to have cost one hundred thousand *tomauns*.

We saw the whole Court to disadvantage during our first visit ; it was then the days of mourning, and the King himself did not at that time wear his magnificent and celebrated ornaments of precious stones. He appeared in a *catebee* of a very dark ground, embroidered with large gold flowers, and trimmed with a dark fur over the shoulders, down the breast and on the sleeves. On his head he wore a species of cylindrical crown covered with pearl and precious stones, and surmounted by a light feather of diamonds. He rested on a pillow embossed on every part with pearl, and terminated at each extremity by a thick tassel of pearl. On the left of the throne was a basin of water in which small fountains played ; and on its borders were placed vases set with precious stones. On the right, stood six of the King's sons, richly dressed : they were of different sizes and 'ages ; the eldest of them (brother by the same mother to the Prince of

*Catebee*.—A cloak or shawl (which word is from Persian *shāl*) lined with fur.

*Shiráz*) was the Viceroy of *Teheran*, and possessed much authority in the state. On the left behind the basin stood five pages, most elegantly dressed in velvets and silks: one held a crown similar to that which the King wore on his head; the second held a splendid sword; the third a shield and a mace of gold and pearls; and the fifth a crachoir similarly ornamented. When the audience was finished, the King desired one of his Ministers to inquire from Jaffer Ali Khan (the English Agent) what the foreigners said of him, and whether they praised and admired his appearance.

### THE MOHARREM

On the 23rd we were invited by the *Jemidars* (Indian officers) of the Envoy's guard, to see that part of the ceremony of the *Moharrem* which was appropriated to the day. We ascended an elevated platform, surrounded by a great crowd of Persians and Indians, and seated ourselves on *Nummuds* prepared for us. On one side was a small ornamented temple, in which was represented the tomb of the *Imaum*; and all around it the Indians, who had changed their regimentals for a variety of fantastical habits, after the fashion of their own country. As every Indian can turn *fakir*, the greater part had assumed that character to perform the ceremonial of this feast. Many of them arose, and made long speeches (for every man has this liberty) on the death of the *Imaum*, though they intermix much extraneous matter. After this a Persian *Mollah*, a young man of a brisk and animated appearance, ascended a temporary pulpit, and commenced a species of chaunted sermon proper for the day. At the very end of every period, he was answered in chorus by the multitude: and when he was nearly at the end, and had

Majesty, as the rest of his body was hidden by an elevated railing, the upper work of the throne, at the corners of which were placed several ornaments or vases and toys. The back is much raised ; on each side are two square pillars, on which are perched birds, probably intended for peacocks, studded with precious stones of every description, and holding each a ruby in their beaks. The highest part of the throne is composed of an oval ornament of jewelry, from which emanate a great number of diamond rays. Unfortunately, we were so far distant from the throne, and so little favoured by the light, that we could not discover much of its general materials. We were told, however, that it is covered with gold plates, enriched by that fine enamel work so common in the ornamental furniture of Persia. It is said to have cost one hundred thousand *tomauns*.

We saw the whole Court to disadvantage during our first visit ; it was then the days of mourning, and the King himself did not at that time wear his magnificent and celebrated ornaments of precious stones. He appeared in a *catebee* of a very dark ground, embroidered with large gold flowers, and trimmed with a dark fur over the shoulders, down the breast and on the sleeves. On his head he wore a species of cylindrical crown covered with pearl and precious stones, and surmounted by a light feather of diamonds. He rested on a pillow embossed on every part with pearl, and terminated at each extremity by a thick tassel of pearl. On the left of the throne was a basin of water in which small fountains played ; and on its borders were placed vases set with precious stones. On the right, stood six of the King's sons, richly dressed : they were of different sizes and 'ages ; the eldest of them (brother by the same mother to the Prince of

*Catebee*.—A cloak or shawl (which word is from Persian *shâl*) lined with fur.

*Shiráz*) was the Viceroy of *Teheran*, and possessed much authority in the state. On the left behind the basin stood five pages, most elegantly dressed in velvets and silks: one held a crown similar to that which the King wore on his head; the second held a splendid sword; the third a shield and a mace of gold and pearls; and the fifth a crachoir similarly ornamented. When the audience was finished, the King desired one of his Ministers to inquire from Jaffer Ali Khan (the English Agent) what the foreigners said of him, and whether they praised and admired his appearance.

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*Nummuds*.—Otherwise *nimads*, felts.

reached the most pathetic part of his harangue, he gave the signal for the people to beat their breasts, which they did accordingly with much seeming sincerity, keeping time to his chanting. When the *Mollah* had finished, a high and cumbrous pole was brought into the scene. It was ornamented with different coloured silks and feathers, and on the summit were fixed two curious weapons made of tin, and intended to represent the swords of Ali. This heavy machine was handled by a man who, having made his obeisance to it (by first bowing his head, then kissing it) took it up with both his hands, and then amidst increasing applauses balanced it on his girdle, on his breast, and on his teeth. Next, on a small temporary stage, appeared several figures, who acted that part of the tragedy of the history of the *Imaum* appointed for the day. It consisted of the death of the two children of his sister *Fatme*, who, at the close of the performance, were killed by *Ameer*, one of the officers of *Yezid*. The actors each held in their hands their speeches written on paper, which they read with great action and vociferation, and excited much interest in their audience, so that many sobbed and wept aloud; and when the ceremonial required the beating of breasts, many performed that part with a species of ferocious

*Swords of Ali.*—*Ali-Ben-abu-Talib*, the fourth of Mohammed's successors, and calif in 650. He was assassinated in 661. The age-old division of Mohammedans into Shiites and Sunnites originated during his caliphate from the opposed parties in the rebellion against him. Considering that Ali was an usurper who murdered the aged caliph *Othman*, he hardly deserves the sympathy here recorded, though he may well have earned his reputation for wisdom. These, however, were times of conflict, and indeed Persia has nearly always enjoyed this doubtful distinction, and *Morier*, in the opening words of his work, says, "The history of Persia from the death of *Nadir Shah* to the accession of the present king, comprehending a period of fifty-one years, presents little else than a catalogue of the names of tyrants and usurpers, and a succession of murders, treacheries, and scenes of misery."

*Yezid*, or *Yezid*, was the victor of *Kerbela*, in which defeat *Hoseyn* (*Hossein*), son of *Ali*, perished miserably (680 A.D.).

zeal, which seemed to be jealous of louder intonations from any breast than their own. In a part of the scene were then introduced water-carriers, who were emblematical of the thirst of the *Imaum* at his dying moments. They bore on their backs bullocks' skins filled with water, no inconsiderable weight; but in addition they each received five well-grown boys, and under the united burden walked round in a circle ten feet in diameter three times consecutively.

On the following night the Envoy and I visited the *Ameen-ed-Doulah*, Hajee Mohamed Hossein Khan. At his house, Mirza Sheffeea, Hajee Mohammed Hussein Khan Mervee, Fath Ali Khan the poet, and other great men assembled. The commemoration of the death of Hossein was performing in his court-yard; and when the *Mollah* began to read that part of the ceremonial appointed for the day, the windows of the room, in which we were seated, were thrown open, and we all changed our positions, and sat with our faces towards the *Mollah*. The preaching lasted about an hour, and was followed by the representation of that part of the history of Hossein's death, which succeeded the scene performed on the preceding evening. First came Hossein's horse, with his turban on the saddle. Then, in a row of chairs, were seated Yezid, with three others; one of whom, dressed in the European habit, represented an European Ambassador (*Elchee Firing*). Zain Labedeen, Hossein's brother, chained, and with a triangular wooden collar round his neck, appeared as a captive before Yezid, and was followed by his sister and children. Yezid's executioner treated them with much barbarity, repelling the women when they implored his protection; and using the captives with great insult, at the instigation of Yezid. When Zain Labedeen, by Yezid's *firman*, was brought to be be-

*Zain Labedeen*—Morier says this was probably Ali, youngest son of Hossein, called afterwards Zein Ala b'beddin, "the ornament of the religious."



headed, the *Elchee* Firing implored his pardon, which, instead of appeasing the tyrant, only produced an order for putting the *Elchee* himself to death. All this scene produced great lamentation among the spectators, who seemed to vie with each other in the excess of their weeping, and in the display of all the signs of grief. The Prime Minister cried incessantly; the *Ameen-ed-Doulah* covered his face with both his hands, and groaned aloud; Mahomed Hussein Khan Mervee made at intervals very vociferous complaints. In some I could perceive real tears stealing down their cheeks; but in most I suspect that the grief was as much a piece of acting as the tragedy which excited it. The King himself always cries at the ceremony; his servants therefore are obliged to imitate him. When the mob passed the window, at which we were seated, they again beat their breasts most furiously.

## MORIER'S JOURNEY ACROSS ASIA MINOR

[This was the least noteworthy part of Morier's famous journey, in that it was performed as much by night as by day, and prosecuted with too great speed to allow of as much observation as he would have wished. But his narrative gives an agreeable picture of the country through which he travelled, and one which, from the fact that the region has always been a dangerous one for travellers, added much to his reputation.]

THE inhabitants of *Amasia* are distinguished for their urbanity and attention to strangers; and their women particularly are celebrated as the fairest and most engaging of *Asia Minor*. Of this I had but a single and chance opportunity to form a judgment: in riding

through the streets, I saw an unveiled female who was joking at the door of her house with a black slave girl, and who was more beautiful than any whom I had long seen; nor as I passed did she shrink from my observation, for our curiosity was equal. We had a lodging assigned to us in the dwelling of an opulent Turk, close on the banks of the river. He had three brothers who lived in three houses contiguous to his own, and who severally came to pay their respects to us. They were all fairer than any Turks or Asiatics whom I had ever seen. Their manners were peculiarly mild and agreeable, and they treated us with the greatest civility. They spoke in raptures of their own city, although none of them had ever seen any other place.

[The narrative then describes the route to *Marciran*, and proceeds :]

Four hours from *Marciran*, on the left of the road is the large village of *Haji Kien*, where the great caravan roads from *Smyrna*, *Angora*, etc., meet. Shortly after we came to a house where travellers usually stop; but the inhabitants had now fled to the mountains, in consequence of the passage of the *Delhis*; and we found only one old man, who brought us some *yaourt* and *pillau*, and some bread that had been concealed. Then again proceeding, we struck into a steep mountain pass, at the foot of which led a torrent strewed with immense fragments of rocks, that (by an earthquake, or by the washing away of the soil beneath them) had been dislodged from the heights around: and vast masses, which seemed to threaten our destruction as

*Delhis*.—The *enfants perdus* of the Turkish army.

*Yaourt*.—Curdled milk.

*Pillau*.—Rice mixed with plums and almonds, and well withal.

we passed, were still sustained only by large poles or trunks of trees.

After this pass we entered into a rich but limited plain, thickly studded with trees of every kind, and abounding in corn. At its extremity we stopped at a delicious grove of immense walnut-trees, beautifully watered. In this charming spot was encamped a *bay-rack* or company of soldiers going from *Marcivan* on their road towards *Constantinople*. The passage of this species of troops is not dreaded by the country, as they are composed of respectable men, who go to the war through a spirit of religion.

From an eminence on the road we first discovered the rock of *Osmanjik*, forming a striking point amid the green and lively scenery of the plain. On this aspect no part of the town of *Osmanjik* appears, except a few houses on the skirts of the rock. The bridge, indeed, which leads out of the place, is a conspicuous object in the view. On a nearer approach, that which at a distance appeared an immense black mass is found to be broken into several detached heights, all of the same species of stone, and all originally connected by the art of man into one impregnable fortress. The walls and turrets, which still cover the various surfaces, appear the remains of Saracenic work. *Osmanjik* in its present state is only a large village. . . .

The passage of the *Delhis* through this place was marked with peculiar acts of hostility. The inhabitants, who found themselves outraged by their insolence, actually came to blows with them; and, when at length the troops departed, for several days kept closed the wooden gate on their bridge, until the soldiers were completely out of their neighbourhood.

We departed from *Osmanjik* about an hour before sunset, and paced the banks of the *Halys* as far as our next stage *Haji Hamza*, called eight hours from *Osmanjik*. The scenery of the river appears to partake of every quality which can make landscape admirable.

Very fine lands rise above it ; along which, still following the stream in all its windings, the road is carried, presenting to the travellers at every reach new and striking pictures. Here and there we came to fine collections of walnut-trees ; and then crossed large plantations of rice, which, for the facility of irrigation, were situated immediately on the borders of the water. At about two hours from *Osmanjik* we turned to the left, and ascended a very steep part of the mountains, on a broad paved road, which, as far as the dusk of the evening permitted me to observe, seemed good. On reaching the extreme eminence, I perceived that we were on the brink of an immense precipice, under which the river was winding, and that we were enclosed on all sides by stupendous heights. The obscurity and stillness of the night gave a solemnity to the scene which I cannot describe. We continued along this precipice, viewing the same grandeur of scenery for some time, but in perfect security ; for we were travelling on a road of a smooth and easy surface, and guarded on the side of the danger by a parapet wall. My *Janizary* told me that the road was cut into the vivid rock by the Genoese. He was probably right in the materials, as in the present age nothing but rock would have been in so good order ; perhaps he was right also in the founders, to whom he ascribed the original work ; but the darkness prevented me from forming any judgment of the correctness of his information.

*Janizary*—When Amurath I. instituted the Janizaries a celebrated Dervish pronounced this blessing over the new corps : " Let them be called Janizaries (*Yengi Cheris*, or new soldiers). May their countenance be ever bright ! their hand victorious ! their sword keen ! May their spears always hang over the heads of their enemies ! and wheresoever they go, may they return with a white face " (Gibbon). It is a common saying among the Persians that he who serves his master with zeal is " white-faced " (denoting honour), in contradistinction to " black-faced " (denoting disgrace).

[The narrative then describes the journey to *Haji Hamza*, and thence to *Tosia* and *Coja Hissar*, and proceeds :]

When we left *Coja Hissar* the weather portended a storm. Dark clouds were gathering over the mountains ; and as the night closed, we now and then only got a glimpse of a star. This proved very favourable to us, for we had not rode long before we discovered the numerous fires of the *Delhis* that illuminated the whole of the country to a considerable distance. They were encamped on the opposite side of the river to that on which our road lay, so that guarded by the water and by the darkness we passed them without being challenged by a single one.

On the 13th, about one o'clock in the morning, we reached *Carajol*, a distance of eight hours ; and departed again to *Carajalar*, distant four hours. It is remarkable that the country from *Carajol* is entirely destitute of trees ; losing, as it were by magic, all that variety of foliage which characterizes the preceding region. We were detained at *Carajalar*, from the morning till the evening, by a deficiency of horses. Although we gave five *piastres* for the hire of each, yet it was not till we had witnessed a scene of strife and contention amongst the villagers, in which there was some blood shed, that we were supplied. The post-house had been broken up for some time past ; and the burthen, in consequence, fell upon the people, who, in their several turns, furnished the travellers with horses at the rate of five *piastres* each ; though on every emergency there was a similar difficulty to enforce the regular levy in succession. As I was waiting for my horses, a deputation from the village returned, which had been sent to the chief of the *Delhis* for the purpose of offering him a certain sum of money, on condition that he did not remain there with his troops longer than one night. The object was attained, though I

could not learn the amount of the stipulated payment. In this manner the *Bey* commanding the *Delhis* enriches himself during his march.

[Morier then describes his journey to *Geredéh*, and proceeds:]

*Geredéh* is a large town ; at the entrance is a very extensive tannery. The shops and coffee-houses of the *bazars* seemed also well peopled by a great number of well-looking Turks, sitting down and enjoying themselves with their pipes. We had been taught to apprehend here also a second detention for horses, from the great number of *Tatars* who had been passing. One of them indeed had just preceded us ; and had left us a part of his meal of fried eggs and soup. The *Tatars* look upon themselves as great personages on the road ; and expect proportionate attention at the post-houses, which, as I observed, was scarcely ever denied to them. The *Tatar* who accompanied me was so tenacious of this consequence of his class that he always took the best things for himself, and treated me as his inferior. Whenever he arrived, a soft seat and a cushion were spread for him, and, as he lighted his pipe, a dish of coffee was prepared for him ; whilst to me he transferred an indifferent seat and the second dish. The fact is, indeed, that my appearance bespoke very little of the master ; and I could hardly wonder therefore that the *Tatar* was treated with all the respect which I might have expected as due to myself. My black skin cap was become very dusty ; my silk trousers were all torn ; my Persian boots were soaked with rain and twisted under the heel ; whilst my coat and greatcoat were all in dirt and rags. As I did not wish to travel

*Tatars*.—A variant of Tartar, which latter spelling is incorrect. Persian, *Tâdr*, a Scythian, or a native of Tartary. In a special sense the name denotes a courier employed by the Porte, and by European ambassadors in Constantinople, as in the text.

in my own character, knowing how extravagantly *Frangees* (and Englishmen in particular) are made to pay, I was well content to pass for a Persian ; and the little notice that was thus taken of one looking so miserable, gave me liberty to walk about and make my observations at my ease. Of all this contrast of our appearance, however, my *Tatar* profited ; travelling as a gentleman at my expense, whilst I as easily passed for his attendant.

From *Geredéh* to *Boli* is twelve hours. On quitting *Geredéh* we crossed one of the most beautiful regions that I had ever seen. It was a continual garden of vineyards and cornfields, shaded by walnut and oak trees, growing here to a greater size than any that I had hitherto found in the country. At very frequent intervals, on each side of the road, were large collections of blocks of stone, of different shapes, squares, oblongs, and pillars of five or six feet high ; several with Greek inscriptions upon them. That these spots were ancient places of burial is more certain, because there are now mixed among them many modern tombstones. There are two inscriptions near the *durand* or guard-house : one, on a column on the left of the road ; and one, inserted in a wall on the right. I did not care for the chance of deciphering them to stop the rapid progress of our journey, (for we now went generally on a full gallop ;) but on coming up to a very conspicuous pillar on the side of the road near a fountain, I could not neglect the opportunity of copying it, while our horses were drinking. It was terminated by a cross, which was an evidence that the monument had some connection with the primitive Christians. I wished much to have taken the other inscriptions, as, in general, they seemed legible ; but I found that any notice of Greek was incompatible with the character of a Persian, and might have excited a

suspicion of my disguise. As we approached *Beli*, the beauty of the country and the richness of cultivation increased. The plain, in which the town is situated, is quite a garden; and was then displaying all the lively green of the height of spring, except where the ripened corn broke in upon the general verdure. The quantity of rain, that had so lately fallen, had left this brilliant freshness on nature; but, even without this extraordinary supply, there is never any dearth of water. *Beli*, on the side by which we approached it, is not seen until we enter its very streets, as it is situated behind a hill. It is a large place surrounded by an open palisade, which indeed is its only defence. From the appearance of the streets and *bazars* the place is well peopled. As we galloped into the town in the true haste and style of couriers with our *sarajees* (or conductors), making a kind of hideous noise to announce our approach, a company of Turkish soldiers, with colours flying (and preceded by a man beating a sort of little kettledrum tied to his middle) entered at a very slow and admirably-contrasted pace. . . .

Having rode through the forest, we reached a small wooden hut, the station of the guards of the mountains. Here we determined to wait till morning, as my *Tatar* told me that the forest grew so much thicker as we advanced, that in so dark a night it became dangerous to proceed. We unloaded therefore our baggage, and seated ourselves among a party of a dozen Turks, the chief of whom, a merry fellow, did the honours of his hut very agreeably. He was seated in the corner, and his men were strewed around him on the floor. Pistols, swords and muskets, and every implement of a soldier, were hung along the walls. Whilst the oldest of the party made some coffee for us, the youngest took down a rude guitar from a peg, and broke the stillness of the night by a song, to which he applied the whole force of his lungs, and



which did not ill express the wild life of himself and his companions. I attempted to compose myself to sleep in a corner, but the heat of an immense wood-fire had given so much animation and impertinence to the fleas and vermin of the hut, that I was obliged to take refuge in an open shed on the outside, where I slept very soundly till the morning.

## THE RUINS OF BABYLON

(From *A Search after the Walls of Babylon*, by  
J. S. Buckingham.)

[The lure of ancient walls will plague mankind as long as mankind exists. But despite all that ingenuity of argument can accomplish or excavation reveal, Babylon will remain little beyond a name. In the vicinity of the modern Hillah are to be found walls and mounds, which are identified by orientalist with the famous Temple of Baal, and the equally celebrated Tower of Babel. But nothing certain can be stated of the city whether as to individual buildings, area, general appearance, height of walls, or population. To a traveller, coming upon these ancient mounds and fragments of walls over which blow the dust and winds of a parched desert, it is difficult to visualize the existence at some remote time of a multitudinous city, thronged with the beauty, wealth, and fashion of the antique world. Rather will he, shading his aching eyes from the intense glare of the sun, conclude that nothing more real existed than the imaginary pools and forests thrown up by the mirage—that illusion which mocks so frequently in this region.

Thus most of what may be taken from modern travellers remains of a speculative character. A fair approximation as to size is to be derived from Herodotus (as we have seen), and, indeed, as to appearance; yet, though it has generally been taken for granted that

Herodotus was an eye-witness of most of the things he describes, even this point is by no means certainly established. The very conjectural nature of all that we can ever know of this fascinating city of old is only too obvious from the descriptions and surmises of the English traveller, James Silk Buckingham, who in carrying out his investigations enjoyed the assistance of the most eminent of all authorities on Mesopotamia, Claudius James Rich, then British resident in Baghdad. Nothing has ever been discovered of the remains of the huge roofed bridge of iron-clamped hewn masonry, which is stated by Herodotus to have spanned the eastern and western portions of the city. Probably the earlier and more truly Babylonian part was the latter portion, for it was there that is supposed to have stood Birs Nimroud, the Temple of Baal. An important pile of ruins in the western area, which goes by the name of Mujellibé, are the remains either of some royal citadel or of the king's palace. In the eastern part were, it is said, the famous hanging gardens of Semiramis, accounted one of the wonders of the world. These, which belong to the neo-Babylonian period, are described in detail by Diodorus Siculus, who also has a laboured and probably hearsay description of the whole city.

Moderns are agreed that the town of Hillah most accurately represents the site of ancient Babylon.]

WE found this [*sc.* the hill Hheimar] to be a high mound of loose rubbish, so steep at the base as not to be ascended on horseback; and extremely difficult to get over even on foot. We went up on the western side, where the ascent was easiest; though there it was still steep, and on the eastern it was apparently much more so. The hill presented, at a short distance, the appearance of a pyramidal cone, the outline of which formed nearly an equilateral triangle, and its summit seemed to be crowned by a long and low piece of thick wall, rather like the battlements of a small fortress than a tower. The rubbish below consisted of burnt brick, with scarcely a fragment of pottery; and this circumstance, added to its steep ascent on

where all that it varies from a perpendicular seemed to have been caused by some originally slight slope in the building itself, and the fall of fragments from above, with the comparatively perfect and solid appearance of its summit, induced me, at first sight, to conclude that it was the remains of a solid and extensive wall, and formed no part of any open building. . . .

. . . In the extensive view afforded us from hence, we could still perceive detached mounds, nearly in a line with the mass on which we stood, both to the north and south of this. To the west, the whole extent of Babylon, as far as the eye could reach, was spread out before us, intersected by streets and canals, and studded with isolated masses, the remains no doubt of detached piles of dwellings ; while the level spaces, unmarked by any such vestiges, and evidently used only for cultivation, seemed to exceed the occupied part by an immense proportion of difference, perhaps of ten to one.

The mound of the Mujellibé, or royal palace, was high in sight from hence, and we found its bearing by compass to be west by north half north, its apparent distance from ten to twelve miles, and its computed distance by time two hours and three-quarters' ride, at a common walking-pace of our horses, who were fresh and light. . . . To the eastward of us, all was one bare *Desert of yellow sand*, occasionally blown into waves by the wind, and every where apparently of a loose and moving kind, though differing in its degrees of depth on the soil. We saw, beyond us, no vestiges of rivers in any shape, while, in a line with the eminence on which we stood, and every where within it, the remains of buildings and works were continually apparent. To the east-south-east, at a distance of four

or five miles, we noticed, on the yellow sands, two black masses, but whether they were the bodies of dead camels, the temporary hair-tents of wandering Bedouins, or any other objects magnified by the refraction, which is so strongly produced on the horizon of the Desert, we had no means of ascertaining. With the exception of these masses, all the eastern range of vision presented only one unbroken waste of sand, till its visible horizon ended in the illusive appearance of a lake and trees, formed by the heat of a mid-day sun



THE ARK ON ARARAT, AND THE CITIES OF NINEVEH  
AND BABYLON.

From Leonardo Dati's map of 1422.

on a nitrous soil, giving to the parched Desert the semblance of water, and reflecting its scanty shrubs upon the view, like a line of extensive forests; but in no direction was either a natural hill, a mountain, or other interruption to the level line of the plain, to be seen.

The ruins of Babylon may be said, therefore, to terminate at this spot, which marks the extreme eastern boundary of the city; and there is every reason to

*To be seen.*—"Her cities are a desolation, a dry land, and a wilderness, a land wherein no man dwelleth, neither doth any son of man pass thereby."—*Jeremiah* li. 43.

cient quantity was obtained, made into square bricks, and baked in a furnace. They used, as a cement, a composition of heated bitumen, which, mixed with the tops of reeds, was placed between every thirtieth course of bricks. Having thus lined the sides of the trench, they proceeded to build the wall in the same manner, on the summit of which, and fronting each other, they erected small watch-towers of one storey, leaving a space betwixt them, through which a chariot and a pair of horses might pass and turn."

*The leading facts to be collected from this, independent of the extent of the city-walls, are, their height, their thickness, and the mode of their construction. The height of three hundred feet for a solid wall is certainly prodigious, but still credible when compared with the temples and pyramids of Egypt as we now see them, and with the other public structures of Babylon as they are described to us, or as we find their decayed remains. The original height of the walls of Babylon was considerably reduced, however, at a subsequent period; for, according to the same historian, "Darius Hystaspes, on the taking of Babylon by the stratagem of Zopyrus, levelled the walls and took away the gates, neither of which Cyrus had done before." . . .*

*. . . The pile of Al Hheimar, as we have already seen, presents an appearance of being from seventy to eighty feet high, from eighty to one hundred feet thick at the base, the spread of which is considerably extended by the fallen rubbish, and from twelve to fifteen feet at the summit, where the thickness is considerably reduced by the bricks having fallen, and being broken away on each side. These dimensions (allowing for some error in an estimate taken in haste by the eye,*

*A pair of horses — See p. 27.*

*Cyrus had done before — Sennacherib razed the city to its foundations (690 B.C.) after defeating Suzub.*

as this of Al Hheimar necessarily was) correspond, therefore, with as much accuracy as can be expected at this remote period.

. . . The ditch itself would however become liable, from the first moment of the walls being neglected, to be gradually filled up. At the period of the walls being reduced, by Darius Hystaspes, from their original height, the ditch would offer itself as the nearest, the most capacious, and in every sense the most effectual receptacle for the portion of them that had been levelled; and nothing is more probable than that it became so. Every subsequent dilapidation of the remaining portion would add to the mass below; and, as it stood immediately on the edge of a sandy desert, every storm from that quarter would help to complete its filling-up, as such winds have continually done to the half-buried monuments of Egypt, when near the outer line of the cultivated land.

The disappearance of every trace of the ancient ditch can scarcely be regarded therefore as a powerful objection; when almost every trace of the wall itself is gone. After a lapse of so many ages, as have passed away even since Babylon has been deserted and in ruins, it is rather to be wondered at, that so many vestiges of its former greatness can be traced, than that any fragment of its walls should have hitherto eluded the most diligent search. In all the operations against the city by hostile forces, this would be the part most likely to suffer the destroying vengeance of the enemy; and when, from the general decline of wealth, population, and importance of the city, it ceased to become an object of public care to keep these walls in repair, their gradual dilapidation, by the mere effects of time, would be likely to be

*A sandy desert.*—It is generally conceded that Mesopotamia in ancient times enjoyed an admirable system of irrigation, and that if that system could be restored, the country might become fertile and prosperous.

cient quantity was obtained, made into square bricks, and baked in a furnace. They used, as a cement, a composition of heated bitumen, which, mixed with the tops of reeds, was placed between every thirtieth course of bricks. Having thus lined the sides of the trench, they proceeded to build the wall in the same manner, on the summit of which, and fronting each other, they erected small watch-towers of one storey, leaving a space betwixt them, through which a chariot and a pair of horses might pass and turn."

The leading facts to be collected from this, independent of the extent of the city-walls, are, their height, their thickness, and the mode of their construction. The height of three hundred feet for a solid wall is certainly prodigious, but still credible when compared with the temples and pyramids of Egypt as we now see them, and with the other public structures of Babylon as they are described to us, or as we find their decayed remains. The original height of the walls of Babylon was considerably reduced, however, at a subsequent period; for, according to the same historian, "Darius Hystaspes, on the taking of Babylon by the stratagem of Zopyrus, levelled the walls and took away the gates, neither of which Cyrus had done before." . . .

. . . The pile of Al Hheimar, as we have already seen, presents an appearance of being from seventy to eighty feet high, from eighty to one hundred feet thick at the base, the spread of which is considerably extended by the fallen rubbish, and from twelve to fifteen feet at the summit, where the thickness is considerably reduced by the bricks having fallen, and being broken away on each side. These dimensions (allowing for some error in an estimate taken in haste by the eye,

*A pair of horses* — See p. 27.

*Cyrus had done before* — Sennacherib razed the city to its foundations (690 B.C.) after defeating Sardanapalus.

as this of Al Hheimar necessarily was) correspond, therefore, with as much accuracy as can be expected at this remote period.

. . . The ditch itself would however become liable, from the first moment of the walls being neglected, to be gradually filled up. 'At the period of the walls being reduced, by Darius Hystaspes, from their original height, the ditch would offer itself as the nearest, the most capacious, and in every sense the most effectual receptacle for the portion of them that had been levelled; and nothing is more probable than that it became so. Every subsequent dilapidation of the remaining portion would add to the mass below; and, as it stood immediately on the edge of a sandy desert, every storm from that quarter would help to complete its filling-up, as such winds have continually done to the half-buried monuments of Egypt, when near the outer line of the cultivated land.

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hastened by the depredations of the very inhabitants who still remained within their enclosure.

From the great scarcity of fuel, and its consequent dearth, as well as from the appearance of many of the mounds of ruins which exist, there is reason to believe that the great mass of the common dwellings were built of unburnt bricks, which, except in such enormous piles as the palace and the hanging gardens, would be always more liable to decay than the burnt kind, independently of their being of inferior cost in the formation. . . .

. . . The writers who, after Herodotus and Pliny, give about the number of 365 stadia for the extent, seem, from the reason assigned by Clitarchus and others, to have shaped this as a favourite number, from its corresponding to the days of the year, as is still done in estimating the number of windows in large cathedrals, the number of doors in the Palace of Alhambra in Spain, the minarets in some of the large Oriental cities, and the ruined towns in the deserted districts of the Haurān. It is true that, in some cases, as Rennel has observed, the very act of connecting the number with that of the days contained in the year, seems to prove that it approached nearly to it. But in these countries sufficient instances could be cited, to show that this number is used indiscriminately to express an amount as frequently above as beneath the truth, and often, indeed, very far from it in either case. It would be underrating the veracity of the authorities cited, however, to suppose that some slight regard was not had to an approximation at least of the reported and the real number.

When Pliny and Solinus give their statement at sixty Roman miles, which, at eight stadia to a mile, agrees with Herodotus, it is said that they merely *follow* him. But though Strabo (whose number of 385 is thought, by Rennel, to have been corrupted from 365), Diodorus from Ctesias, Clitarchus who accom-

panied Alexander, and, lastly, Quintus Curtius, all hang round the number of the days in the year, with a tale affixed as a reason for that choice which itself would awake suspicion, it is nowhere suggested that this tale becoming current after the standard was first fixed by it, the others merely followed its authority, without correcting it by actual measurement. The remark of Mr. Rich on this subject includes all that need be said on the comparative value of these testimonies at such different periods of time: "Of all the ancient writers who have described Babylon," says that gentleman, "Herodotus and Diodorus are the most detailed, and much weight ought certainly to be placed on the accounts of the former of these historians, who was an eye-witness of what he himself relates, notwithstanding the exaggeration and credulity which may, in many instances, be laid to his charge, when he reports from the information of others. The accounts of late writers (he continues) are of comparatively small value; for though Strabo's general accuracy and personal experience render his description of great interest, as far as it goes, yet he could have seen Babylon only at a period when its public buildings had already become heaps of rubbish; and consequently must have depended upon more ancient authorities for particular accounts of most of them."

In short, the city, of which so extensive a traveller as Herodotus, who had seen all the great monuments of the age in which he lived, had said, "Its extent, its beauty, and its magnificence, surpass all that has come within my knowledge"; the city, which is characterized in a hundred places throughout the Scriptures, from the denunciations of judgment by the Prophets, to the dreamer of dreams in the Revelation, as emphatically and peculiarly "the Great"; the city, which is expressly called "The Glory of Kingdoms, and the Beauty of the Chaldees' excellency," must be

thought to have been at least *as great as* most of the large cities coeval with it in the East, whose enormous dominions are undisputed, admitting even that a considerable portion of its celebrity arose out of the conspicuous part which it bore in the wars and revolutions of the Eastern world.

## THE CITY OF ORFAH

(From the narrative of James Silk Buckingham.)

[The travels in Mesopotamia of James Silk Buckingham (1786-1855), the Falmouth seafarer and writer, acquire an added interest in these days, not only because numerous writers, great and minor, poet and prose-writer, *have before and since Buckingham's era ever contrived to awaken the liveliest sense of the romantic in this ancient land of mosque and minaret, but also from the fact that Englishmen in their tens of thousands, and even women, of all classes, have enjoyed a very close acquaintance with the country both during the Great War and afterwards, under the British occupation. It is no doubt true that many a spot spoken of by Hero-*

*Eastern world.*—It was under Nebuchadnezzar and his successors that Babylon became the wonder of the world, worthy of such detailed description by Greek writers. But owing to the destruction by Sennacherib, who flung the debris of temples, palaces, fortresses, and towers into the Araxes, it is improbable that much will ever be discovered on the site older than the buildings of Essar-haddon and Nebuchadnezzar. Alexander three centuries later is stated to have found the great Temple of Baal a formless ruin, while the rise of Seleucia in the neighbourhood of the city drew away its population, and ensured its final material decline and decay.

*Orfah.*—Otherwise Urfa; ancient name, Edessa. It is an old city of Northern Mesopotamia, in Aleppo. It was the capital of an independent kingdom before 137 B.C., when it was made tributary to Rome. Later it was a Christian seat of learning (fourth and fifth centuries), and from 1097 to 1144 it was held by the Crusaders. It was destroyed in 1147 by the Turks, into whose possession it eventually came.

dotus, Diodorus Siculus, Strabo, and other classical writers is as difficult of identification to-day as it was by Buckingham. Photographs are published purporting, and possibly with every justification, to be representations of the tomb of Zobeide and of the excavated walls of Babylon. Yet Buckingham, in his attempts to locate the Tower of Babel or those same walls, speaks with every caution, and always with an eye to the locations of Herodotus or Siculus. Cold archæology may dash the over-expectant hopes of the enthusiast whose ideas of Baghdad centre round the enchanting visions of the *Arabian Nights Entertainments*; and careful deduction may demur to the supposition that the Garden of Eden was actually situated on the Tigris where now stand the drab houses of El Qurnah. But romance dies hard, and the longer people stay in Mesopotamia the more do its grim, staring wastes and its river scenery grow upon the fancy. Posterity at least owes a debt to the narrative of Buckingham, a man whose regard for truth was so sensitive that when aspersions were cast upon his good faith he sued his assailants in the courts, with the result that the latter apologized for their libels, while one had to pay damages and costs to the extent of £5,000, a sum which in Buckingham's day was seldom recorded. The curious will find an account of these trials in the appendix to his *Travels in Mesopotamia* (1827).]

#### . MESOPOTAMIA A CENTURY AGO

THE business of the caravan being closed, and all the purchases and sales which had occasioned our detention here effected, we were preparing for our departure to-night, when information was brought us by some people who had themselves been robbed on the road, that the Beni-Saood, or Wahābees, had made an incursion to the northward, and were now encamped, in considerable numbers, by the way.

These predatory Arabs were represented to be in

*Wahābees.*—Even to-day the Wahabis are a very factor in the realm of Emir Abdullah, and are always

their persons, dress, manner of living, and religious tenets, everything that was hideous, frightful, and savage; their extraordinary capacity of going, like camels, two or three days without food or drink struck me, however, as the most surprising; but when I expressed my doubts on this head, it was confirmed by the united voices of all the assembly. In war, they are said to mount two on a camel, and to use, alternately, muskets, swords, and spears; but the chiefs, the look-outs, and the couriers, are mounted singly, and perform journeys of a hundred miles without once alighting. . . .

. . . Many of the tribes of the Great Desert, who have embraced the religion of the Wahābees, are said to be strangers even to the use of bread. It is affirmed, that they subsist entirely on dried dates and the milk of their camels, with the flesh of such of these animals as die of sickness or old age. These, it is said, they often eat in a raw state; and it is agreed, on all hands, that they have neither sheep, goats, nor other cattle, except their camels: their deserts furnishing neither water nor other sustenance for them.

Notwithstanding the permanent state of want in which these people live, being destitute of what, by others, are considered the bare necessities of life, they marry and multiply exceedingly; and their incursions upon the territories of others are chiefly in search of new pastures for their flocks, and food for their attendants. During the winter they retire into the depths of their own deserts, where the few shrubs that exist are then found, and where water is occasionally to be met with. At the commencement of summer, when the violent heats burn up every blade of verdure, and exhaust the sources of these wells, they disperse themselves over the edge of the cultivated country, scouring the eastern borders of Syria between Palmyra and Damascus, and the country east of the Jordan and the Dead Sea. They come up here also,

upon the southern edge of Mesopotamia, where they encamp in the spring, to the terror of all caravans passing this way, as, if their force be sufficiently strong, they never fail to plunder them. . . .



AN ARAB SHEIKH.

From Bruce's *Travels*.

. . . In consequence of the information we had thus received, a council was held among the parties interested in the safety of the caravan, to consult on the measures necessary to be taken for its security. Like a number of sea-captains, all bound to the same port, assembling to petition the Admiralty for a convoy, when their track is infested by privateers, so these

*Southern.*—This is an error. Urfa is in the north.

camel-drivers and land traders thought it best to apply to the government of Orfah for an escort, as far as Mardin, offering a fixed sum of money for the force required. The government, however, had the honesty to confess that no force which it could send would be at all equal to the protection of the caravan, the number of Arabs being estimated at a hundred thousand at least; and they therefore advised our waiting until they should disappear, or take another road.

On a second consultation, it was determined to dispatch a messenger to Sheikh Abu Aioobe Ibn Temar, Pasha of the tribe of Beni-Melān. The station of this chief was in the open plains, called, in Arabic, "Berreeah," and distant about two days' journey, or from forty to fifty miles. This chief, from having under his command about 20,000 horse, received regular tribute from all the caravans which passed near his domains, and was, in every sense, a very powerful man. When, therefore, a letter was addressed, imploring, in the most humble terms, his august protection through the camp of the robbers, his own justice and magnanimity were extolled, while the marauding character of the intruders on his dominion was painted in the darkest colours—and yet the only real difference between them seemed to be, that the one was a stationary robber, and the other roving ones; for in this very application, for his protection against the stronger enemy, it was carefully added, that an adequate compensation would be given to his followers for their convoy. . . .

. . . After a morning passed in gleaning such further news of the road as we could collect, and listening to the exaggerated tales of Wahābee prowess, we dined before noon, at the house of a wealthy

*Mardin.*—A town in the vilayet of Diarbekir, Asiatic Turkey, fifty-four miles south-east of Diarbekir. Picturesquely situated on a hill-side. Before the Great War it was the headquarters of an American Mission.

shereef; slept, for an hour, in his garden, beneath the shade of fig-trees, willows, and oleanders, and passed the remainder of the afternoon at the Birket Ibrahim el Khaleel.

The room at the eastern end of this lake being now open, we entered it, and found there a most agreeable retreat. In the centre, beneath a dome, was a square cistern, railed round, on a level with the pavement, and the body of the cistern descending below this about five feet. It was filled by the clearest water, the spring which supplied the lake being made to pass immediately through this cistern, and it was even more thickly crowded with fish than the canal without. On each side of the central pavement, which enclosed the cistern, was a raised divan, with carpets and cushions, for the accommodation of visitors. One of these divans looked out into a garden on the west, and had a sort of gallery above it, like the orchestra of an English ball-room; the other overhung the water, and commanded the whole range of the lake, as far as the Mosque of Abraham, to the east. The door of entrance was from an arched and paved way, on the south; and attached to the building, on the north, was a kitchen, with a chimney, cupboards, and other conveniences; and from thence a passage led out into the garden, on the north-west of the whole.

Within the principal room, below the dome, were some inscriptions in relief, by which it appeared, according to the reading of some of our party, that this building had been erected about two hundred and twenty years ago, by a Kadi, attached to the Mosque

*Shereef*.—Title given to the descendants of Mohammed through his daughter Fatima and Ali. They have the privilege of wearing green—the prophet's colour—the women wearing green veils and the men green turbans.

*Birket Ibrahim el Khaleel*.—That is, Lake of Abraham the Beloved.



of the Patriarch, near it. Around the walls, and on the doors of the recesses in them, were also many inscriptions, both in Turkish and Arabic, some of them written with peculiar care, and bearing evidence of the esteem in which this place had been held. In this, as is the case in most other Turkish works, the choice of situation was admirable, and the intention of the plan and arrangement happy, but the execution was as wretched as the disorder and neglect that reigned throughout it.

We went from hence into the grounds adjoining this building on the north-east, where, in a sunny walk, some workmen were bleaching cotton threads. In other parts of the garden were groups of females reposing on their carpets beneath the shade of wide-spreading trees, and surrounded by their slaves and servants. Among the trees, the cypress, willow, oleander, fig, and pomegranate were all seen; but the most abundant was the mulberry, which is here equal in size to the lofty sycamores of Egypt, near the banks of the Nile, or to any of our park or forest elms in England. By the payment of a few paras permission is obtained to range these grounds, and pluck the fruit in any quantity, and liberty to walk in them is freely granted to all. . . .

. . . On our return from the Lake of Abraham we halted during a shower of rain in the court of the mosque, called Jāmah el Wizeer, or the Mosque of the Vizier. It has a front of about a hundred and fifty feet, with a piazza running along it. Before the

*The Patriarch*—Abraham was the great patriarch of the Hebrew race, and it is with him that the history of Israel begins. His reputed birthplace, the ancient Ur of the Chaldees, located at the junction of the Euphrates and the Wad Rummein, is identified with the modern Mugheir.

*Paras*—From Persian *padrah*, a piece; it is one-fortieth of an Egyptian piastre, equivalent to about one-sixteenth of an English penny. The Serbian para (or fuddah) is the equivalent of the French centime.

whole, glides a branch of the waters of the lake, which are distributed through every part of the town, and which are here, as elsewhere, as clear as crystal, and crowded with carp. On the other side of it are seen the shafts of eight or ten small white marble columns, arranged at regular distances, and all erect. They are without capitals, but are no doubt the remains of Roman labours, now applied to decorate the court. These, and a few slabs of a stone resembling porphyry, of a less deep brown than the antique—which I saw in the bench of an ice-shop in the town—are all the fragments of fine stone that I had yet met with. That used in the mosques, and other large buildings of the city, is chiefly of a pale yellow lime-stone. Some of the caravanserais are built with alternate layers of this and of the black basalt of the Haurān, found also in these plains; but no granite had been anywhere used. As the most precious of the fragments of ancient ruins are, however, generally converted to the internal embellishments of the mosques, it is probable, that among the fifteen large buildings here, many architectural remains of Roman days may be preserved.

In the court of the Mosque of the Vizier, a venerable sheikh was teaching certain children of the town to read the Koran, and the most proficient among these were again teaching others beneath them, according to the Lancasterian mode, now so common in Europe. . . . One cannot, indeed, but be struck with the remarkable intelligence of the youths of this country, whose understandings seem to be matured before the

*Haurān*—(Hebrew, *chauran*—that is, hollow land.) A district in Syria comprising the rugged plateau extending in the east from the Jordan to south of Tiberias. It is full of the remains of ancient cities and monuments, and is now inhabited only by Bedouins and a few settlements of Druses.

*Lancasterian*—Joseph Lancaster (1771–1838), a Borough Road schoolmaster, who, after being well received by King George III., travelled as an educationist from 1807 to 1811. He was the advocate of the “monitorial system” of education.

age at which it first unfolds itself in more northern regions. Their acuteness of perception is often followed up by a corresponding power of reasoning, which very soon fits them for the society of their elders, so that, notwithstanding they are kept at a very humble distance by their own immediate parents, they are admitted to a great equality with grown-up strangers. When men salute them, a proper answer is always sure to be returned ; and if they in their turn address a stranger, it would be considered an unpardonable rudeness for the stranger not to return them some complimentary expression. It is thus, that they become early habituated to social intercourse, and I scarcely remember an instance of what we call "*mauvaise honte*" among them, though this is so common among the children of our own country. . . .

Our morning was loitered away in rambling over the town, in which, among other new objects that arose to excite inquiry, I remarked, that the fronts of all the best houses in the principal streets were covered with the marks of musket-balls, some of which even still remained imbedded in the plaster. These, I learnt, were the effects of a very recent civil war among the Janissaries and Shereefs of the town, in a dispute on the pre-eminence of their respective classes.

These Janissaries were originally the regular troops of the Turkish Empire. When peace rendered their services no longer necessary, they were not disbanded, though suffered to depart to their own homes, and to distribute themselves in the towns to which they properly belonged. They were still considered as the Sultan's troops, and were granted certain privileges and exemptions on that account, on condition that they should hold themselves always in readiness to be called out in time of war ; but, as they were suffered to follow their own occupations as artisans and traders, they received no pay during their absence from actual service. . . .

. . . At Aleppo, the disputes for pre-eminence have been chiefly between the Janissaries and the Shereefs, or nobles claiming to be the descendants of the Prophet. Here, however, though the Shereefs are also numerous, the most violent struggles have been between the different corps of the Janissaries themselves. These, it would seem, were not contests for the government of the town, since they have generally been content to leave this in the hand of the Motesëllem, appointed by the Pasha of Diarbekr; but they have obstinately contended for the idle honour of precedence in matters of ceremony, and for the mere boast of being the first in distinction by name only, without caring whether that distinction was deserved by honourable deeds or not.

At noon, when the Hadjee and his guards went into the Mosque of Abraham to prayer, I was suffered to accompany them into the inner court, which presented an appearance of as great regularity as the exterior of the edifice. In the wing buildings, we saw several venerable muftis, or doctors of the church and the law, each occupying a small carpeted apartment looking over the waters of the lake, and all of them occupied in reading.

Fronting the inner façade of the mosque, was a large square court, formed by uniform ranges of buildings on three of its sides, and closed on the fourth by the mosque itself. These buildings were apparently colleges attached to the mosque; for, in the chambers of them, were male youths of different ages, from ten to twenty, all occupied in studying under masters, and divided by their ages into classes. Their studies here

*Motesëllem*—The title of the governor of Mardin at that time; he was a dependant of the Pasha of Baghdat. Such governors were previously styled "Waiwode."

*Muftis*.—Arabic, *mufti*, a magistrate. The term denotes (1) the high priest or chief of the ecclesiastical order among the Moham-medans; (2) a doctor of laws; (3) a magistrate.

are purely theological, being confined to reading the Koran, learning the prayers, precepts, doctrines, and traditional history of their prophet, and his faith. . . . The open square of the court is filled with trees, among which are several towering cypresses, from amid the dark spires of which the whitened domes and tall minarets rise with the finest effect. The other trees are so thickly planted as to yield a constant and welcome shade, and the whole is one of the most agreeable spots that can well be conceived.

We went from hence along the southern side of the lake, where we now observed, through a grated window, the tomb of a saint, it being opened on this day, peculiarly devoted to his memory, for the prayers of the devout. Our party went into this, and repeated their orisons, the tomb itself being included in a mosque. The minaret of this was a square tower, in which were four open windows at the top, having a Corinthian pilaster on each side, and a pillar in the centre, supporting the springs of a double arch. The pilasters and columns were all on high pedestals, and the capital badly executed, while the arches were of the horse-shoe form, so that this had been probably a Christian church of the Lower Empire, and not originally a Mohammedan or a Turkish building.

The noonday sleep of the Hadjee and his followers was enjoyed on the sofa of the room that overhangs the Lake of Abraham, at its eastern end; and after this, on our way back to the town, we halted to take a pipe and nargeel at a public coffee-house. The great bench in front of the house, on which the principal guests generally sat, was a seat of raised masonry, smoothly plastered, railed around with open woodwork at the back and sides, and spread over with clean straw mats. It overhung a clear stream, run-

*Nargeel*—Generally spelt *narghile* or *nargileh*, a smoking apparatus having a long stem which passes through water.

ning from the Birket el Ibrahim, crowded with playful fish, and was capable of accommodating fifty persons, who might sit here at their ease, to watch the current of the brook. On the opposite side was a garden, so thickly planted with trees, that the lofty and ruined walls of the castle could be but here and there perceived through their openings, though appearing, from its elevated site, to be almost right above our heads. A beautiful weeping willow, the trunk of which reared itself from the banks of the stream, within a few feet of where we sat, spread its falling branches over the waters, and completely shaded us from the heat of the sun; while the scarlet blossom of the pomegranate, and the finest combinations of summer-green in the various trees that vied in richness and beauty with each other, delighted the eye, and helped to complete the charm of this lovely spot.

## BAGHDAD A CENTURY AGO

(From the *Travels* of James Silk Buckingham.)

DURING the nights of the Ramazān, I visited most of the mosques, at the hour of evening prayer, and passed several hours afterwards until midnight in rambling through the bazārs, reposing at the coffee-houses, and making one in most parties of diversion at the public places.

Among all the mosques of Bagdad, I saw not one that could be compared to many at Cairo, or to the great

*Ramazān*.—Generally *Ramaddn*, the ninth month of the Moham-medan year, and the month in which Mohammed received the revelation of the Koran. Hence it is of peculiar sanctity, and during it the orthodox Moslem fasts rigidly from sunrise to sunset, not permitting water, or even a pipe of tobacco, to pass his lips. But at sunset he is released from his abstinence till next morning, so that the whole night is given up to enjoyment.

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ones at Jerusalem, Damascus, Aleppo, or Diarbekr. The Mosque of the Maidān, which has lately received many external embellishments, and has a handsome dome and minaret, adorned with coloured tiles, paintings, and inscriptions, is not of corresponding beauty within; and, except that it was clean and well-lighted, it had nothing to deserve peculiar description.

The Mosque of the Vizier, which is close by the banks of the Tigris, and just above the bridge, is also of considerable size, and has a handsome dome, which makes a fine appearance from without; but its interior is dirty, and in great want of repair.

The Mosque of the Pasha, which is very near to the last, was better lighted than all the others, the lamps of its exterior gallery being the only ones throughout the city that continued to burn until day-light; but, in other respects, the building possessed no remarkable features, its architecture is in bad taste, and its minaret had such an inclination from the perpendicular, that it seemed to threaten a speedy fall.

The Mosque of Abass el Kaddr is the largest, and, on the whole, perhaps the best in Bagdad; but this has little, except its five flat domes, to attract admiration. It is greatly inferior to the Mosque of Solomon, on the site of the Jewish Temple at Jerusalem, as well as to most of the noble mosques of Damascus and Aleppo.

The place of the Maidān never failed to be crowded every night, with people of all classes; and every mode of diversion in use here, singing, dancing, and music, with blazing fires, lamps, etc., were called in, to add to the effect of the general rejoicing.

The bazārs, which were mostly deserted during the day, were thronged at night by a multitude of idlers, all arrayed in their best apparel; and, as the light shalloons of Angora are generally used for the outer

garments, these never failed to produce a brilliant assemblage of colours, though the turbans were almost invariably white.

The peculiar gloom, which reigned throughout these dark brick-vaulted passages during the morning, was now removed by a profusion of lamps and torches, with which every shop, and bench, and coffee-shed, was illuminated, and all was life and gaiety. It was on these nights of the Ramazān only, that the bazārs of Bagdad equalled the idea which one would form of them on reading the descriptions of Oriental cities in Arabian tales; and dull and uninteresting as they seemed to me, on my first passing through them by day, I was amply compensated for my original disappointment, and constantly delighted by rambling through them, and mixing in their gay crowds, at night.

But the scene which pleased me more than all, was that presented at midnight, from the centre of the bridge of boats across the Tigris. The morning breeze had, by this time, so completely subsided, that not a breath was stirring, and the river flowed majestically along, its glassy surface broken only by the ripple of the boats' sterns, which divided the current as it passed their line. In this resplendent mirror was seen, reflected back, another heaven of stars, almost equal in brilliance to that which spread our midnight canopy; not a cloud veiled the smallest portion of this deep blue vault, so thickly studded with myriads of burning worlds. The forked galaxy, with its whitened train of other myriads, too distant to be distinctly seen, formed a broad and lucid band across the zenith; and even the reflection of this Milky Way, as belting the seeming heaven below us, was most distinctly marked upon the bosom of the silent stream.

The only persons seen upon the bridge, at this late hour of the night, were some few labourers, who, exhausted with the riot of the feast, had stolen into the

bows of the boats, and coiled themselves away like serpents between the timbers, to catch there, undisturbed, the short repose which was necessary to fit them for the morrow's burthens. It is the rich alone who can devote the night throughout to revelry, and the day to uninterrupted ease ; the poor are obliged, though fasting, to earn by labour their daily portion of food. Excepting here, where I came often by night during the Ramazân, and sat for an hour in silent admiration of the beautiful heaven above, and placid stream below, without a creature near me except the weary sleepers already described, the voice of joy was heard on every side. The whole of the river's banks were illuminated, as far as the eye could follow the Tigris in its course. The large coffee-house near the *Medrâssee el Mostanser*, or College of the Learned, so often mentioned in Arabian story, presented one blaze of light on the Eastern side. The still larger one, opposite to this, illuminated by its lamps the whole western bank ; and as these edifices were both facing the separate extremities of the bridge of boats, a stream of light extended from each, completely across it, even to the centre of the stream ; and on the surface itself were seen floating lighted lamps, and vessels filled with inflammable substances, to augment the general blaze. . . . During the remainder of my stay at Bagdad, my time was divided between looking out for occasions of departure, and seeing as much as I could of the state of society in this city, my Asiatic dress, beard, and language, easily procuring me admission to the company of all classes.

*Medrâssee el Mostanser*—Or *Medrassee el Mostanseree*. It is frequently mentioned by Arabian authorities as a sort of college and place of retreat for the learned, but was by 1816 in a state of great decay, part of it then being used as a *khan* or caravanserai. From the inscription on its front, deciphered by Niebuhr during his stay in Baghdad, it appears that the edifice was built by the Khalif Mostanser in the year of the Hejra 630, or, of the Christian era, 1232.

From my first entry into Bagdad, I was surprised to find the Turkish language much more generally spoken and understood than the Arabic, notwithstanding that this city is more surrounded by Arabs on all sides than either Damascus, Aleppo, or Mousul, in each of which Arabic is the prevailing tongue. The Turkish

spoken here is said, however, to be so corrupt, both in idiom and pronunciation, that a native of Constantinople is always shocked at its utterance, and on his first arrival finds it almost unintelligible. I had sufficient evidence myself of the Arabic being very bad, taking that of Cairo, of Mecca, and of the Yemen as standards of purity in pronunciation; for scarcely anything more harsh in sound, or more



A KHALIF ON HIS THRONE.

From the Ancona map, 1497.

barbarous in construction and the use of foreign words can be conceived, than the dialect of Bagdad. Turkish, Persian, Koord, and even Indian expressions, disfigure their sentences; and such Arabic words as are used are scarcely to be recognized on a first hearing, from the corrupted manner in which they are spoken.

Literature is at so low an ebb here, that there is no one known collection of good books or manuscripts in the whole city, nor any individual Moollah distinguished above his contemporaries by his proficiency in the learning of his country. I had hoped to procure at

Bagdad a copy of the *Thousand and One Nights*, particularly as this capital of the Abassides had been so much the scene of its story, and the Tomb of Zobeida was still popularly known and pointed out by its inhabitants. But I learnt, with regret, that not a perfect copy of this work was thought to exist throughout all Bagdad, as inquiries had frequently been made after one without success, though sufficiently large sums had been offered for the work to tempt its being brought out from any private collection, if it had existed in any such.

In this, as in all other respects as an Oriental city, Bagdad is infinitely inferior to Cairo, and the interior of its streets and bazars presents nothing like the faithful pictures which are constantly met with in Egypt, to remind the traveller of the scenes and manners described in the Arabian Tales. From this circumstance, added to the detection of many phrases in the language of the *Thousand and One Nights*, which are purely Egyptian, the best judges on this subject are of opinion that the work was originally composed, and first brought into circulation, at Cairo, though its deserved popularity soon extended its fame over all the Eastern world.

The police of Bagdad is extremely defective. That quarrels should arise, and disputes be terminated in blood, among the Arabs who occupy the skirts of the city within the walls, and this without any cognizance of such affairs by the government, was not so surprising as that murders should take place at the very gates of the palace, and of the great mosque, without

*Abassides.*—A family of sovereigns who occupied the throne of the Arabian Empire from A.D. 750 to A.D. 1258, the name being derived from their ancestor, Abbas ben Abd al-Motaleb, a paternal uncle of Mohammed. One of the most famous of the Abbasides was Haroun-al-Raschid (786–808), under whom the prosperity of the empire reached its zenith.

*Zobeida*—The consort of Haroun-al-Raschid, who is supposed to have died A.D. 831.

the criminals being so much as even sought after to be brought to justice. Since the period of Mr. Rich's return from Europe to Bagdad, which was hardly six months since, no less than twelve murders had been committed within the city, one of which was close to the Pasha's residence, and another in the very porch of the Mosque of Abd-ul-Khadder. The latest instance of these atrocities was only a few days before my departure ; and though committed in the public streets, and before the faces of a hundred witnesses at mid-day, no one thought either of punishing the murderer on the spot, or of apprehending him for the common safety. " It is an affair of blood," said they, " which the relatives of the dead may revenge, and which the Pasha may investigate, but it is no business for us to meddle with."

Robberies, too, had been of late committed with impunity, in various parts of the town. They were generally effected during the night, by private gangs, who escaped without detection. But in one instance, a combination of a more extensive nature than usual was discovered to exist, for the carrying these daring outrages into execution ; and one of the leading merchants of the city was found to be concerned in the encouragement of its depredations by purchasing their acknowledged plunder. This man, however, stood too high, by his wealth only, to be called to account, and the rest, though mostly known, were, by his influence alone, suffered to escape. The Pasha, it was said, had formed the determination of going about the city in disguise ; but by some, this was thought to be a mere report, given out to alarm the offenders ; while others laughed at such a weak alternative, intended to

*Mr. Rich.*—Claudius James Rich (1787-1820) was British resident for the East India Company in Bagdad at this time. He was a distinguished orientalist and traveller, and displayed literary talents of a high order in his two memoirs on the ruins of *Bat*, and on the site of ancient Nineveh.

be substituted for what alone could quell the evil, an active and vigorous police.

The women of Bagdad invariably wear the chequered blue covering, used by the lower orders of females in Egypt ; *nor among those of the highest rank here are ever seen the black and pink silk scarfs of Cairo, or the white muslin envelopes of Smyrna and Damascus.* This, added to the stiff black horse-hair veil which covers the face, gives an air of great gloom and poverty to the females occasionally seen in the streets. When at home, however, their dress is as gay in colours, and as costly in materials, as in any of the great towns of Turkey ; and their style of living, and the performance of their relative duties in their families, are precisely the same.

As the view from our lofty terrace at an early hour in the morning laid open at least eight or ten bedrooms in different quarters around us, where all the families slept in the open air, domestic scenes were exposed to view, without our being once perceived, or even suspected to be witnesses of them. Among the more wealthy, the husband slept on a raised bedstead, with a mattress and cushions of silk, covered by a thick stuffed quilt of cotton, the bed being without curtains or mosquito net. The wife slept in a similar bed, but always on the ground, that is, without a bedstead, and at a respectful distance from her husband, while the children, sometimes to the number of three or four, occupied only one mattress, and the slaves or servants each a separate mat on the earth. . . . After dressing, the husband generally performed his devotions, while the slave was preparing a pipe and coffee ; and, on his seating himself on the carpet, when this was done, his wife served him with her own hands, retiring at a proper distance to wait for the cup, and always standing before him, sometimes, indeed, with the hands crossed, in an attitude of great humility, and even kissing his hand on receiving the

cup from it, as is done by the lowest attendants of the household.

While the husband lounged on his cushions, or sat on his carpet in an attitude of ease and indolence, to enjoy his morning pipe, the women of the family generally prayed. In the greater number of instances, they did so separately, and exactly after the manner of the men; but on one or two occasions, the mistress and some other females, perhaps a sister or a relative, prayed together, following each other's motions, side by side, as is done when a party of men are headed in their devotions by an *Imaum*. None of the females, whether wife, servant, or slave, omitted this morning duty; but among the children under twelve or fourteen years of age, I did not observe any instance of their joining in it.

Among the women to be occasionally seen in Bagdad, the Georgians and Circassians are decidedly the handsomest by nature, and the least disfigured by art. The high-born natives of the place are of less beautiful forms and features, and of less fresh and clear complexions; while the middling and inferior orders, having brown skins, and nothing agreeable in their countenances, except a dark and expressive eye, are sometimes so barbarously tattooed as to have the most forbidding appearance. With all ranks and classes, the hair is stained a red colour by henna, and the palms of the hands are so deeply dyed with it, as to resemble the hands of a sailor when covered with tar.

Those only who, by blood, or habits of long intercourse, are allied to the Arab race, use the blue stains so common among the Bedouins of the Desert. The

*Imaum*.—A priest charged with the ceremonies of public worship. There is generally one to each massdjid, or second-rate mosque, and three to each principal mosque. The Imaums are naturally chosen in most cases from among the ulemas (collective name of the hierarchical corporation of learned men in Turkey, comprising doctors of law and administrators of justice and ministers of religion).



passion for this method of adorning the body is carried, in some instances, as far as it could have been among the ancient Britons ; for, besides the staining of the lips with that deadly hue, anklets are marked around the legs, with lines extending upwards from the ankle, at equal distances, to the calf of the legs ; a wreath of blue flowers is made to encircle each breast, with a chain of the same pattern hanging perpendicularly between them ; and, among some of the most determined belles, a zone, or girdle, of the same singular composition, is made to encircle the smallest part of the waist, imprinted on the skin in a manner as to be for ever after indelible. There are artists, in Bagdad, whose profession is to decorate the forms of ladies with the newest patterns of wreaths, zones, and girdles, for the bosom or the waist ; and as this operation must occupy a considerable time, and many " sittings," as an English portrait-painter would express it, they must possess abundant opportunities of studying, in perfection, the beauties of the female form, in a manner not less satisfactory, perhaps, than that which is pursued in the Royal Academies of Sculpture and Painting in Europe.

## ERZERUM IN 1843

[Armenia, the " cradle of the human family, inoffensive and worthless of itself," has from the earliest times been a bone of contention between conflicting Powers ; and the mournful aspect of its scenery and of its buildings, no less than the rigour of its dreaded winters, are, in some sort, symbolical both of its tragic history and of the fatalism inherent in the national character. It is curious that the inhabitants have never impressed the imagination of their Western sympathizers, however anxious these latter may have been to exert themselves in securing for the afflicted race some of the blessings

of tranquillity and peace. But the Armenians have been unfortunate, in that their masters, the Turks, as the ruthless champions of Islam, are, and have always been, peculiarly fitted both by military skill and by administrative ability, to make their overlordship a reality. After the Great War, however, the age-long period of Armenian suffering bade fair to come to an end with the establishment of an independent Armenian Republic.

The following description of Erzerum, the chief town of Armenia, and of its vicinity, is taken from the pages of Curzon's *Armenia*. The Hon. Robert Curzon (afterwards Baron Zouche), son of the first Viscount Curzon, went out to Armenia in January 1843 as one of the British members of a mission whose purpose was to bring an end to the outrages incidental to the border warfare carried on between the Kurdish tribes on the confines of Turkey and Persia, by defining the boundaries between those two countries. The Hon. Robert harboured a decided preference for roaming about the interesting Oriental places to doing his official work, though, so far from shirking his duties, he worked so well that the Shah bestowed upon him the decorations, the Lion and Sun of Persia and the Nishan (*Pour le Mérite*) of Turkey. His impressions of Armenia, derived from a year's residence, are couched in a flowing style and exhibit a fine taste for matters archæological. The following passage introduces us to Erzerum as it was eighty years ago ]

We were hospitably entertained at the British Consulate till the Pasha could get a house prepared for us to occupy during our stay ; but, as Mr. Pepys says, " Lord, to see ! " what a place this is at Erzeroom ! I have never seen or heard of anything the least like it. It is totally and entirely different from anything I ever saw before. As the whole view, whichever way one

*Erzeroom*—Now always spelt Erzerum. The Russians took it in 1829 and again in 1878, while during the Great War it was taken and retaken by the Turks and the Russians. It is a principal station on the trade route from Trebizond to Teheran, and a halting-place for caravans from Teheran to Mecca.

looked, was wrapped in interminable snow, we had not at first any very distinct idea of the nature of the ground that there might be underneath ; the tops of the houses being flat, the snow-covered city did not resemble any other town, but appeared more like a great rabbit-warren ; many of the houses being wholly or partly subterranean, the doors looked like burrows. In the neighbourhood of the Consulate there were several large heaps and mounds of earth, and it was difficult to the uninitiated to discriminate correctly as to which was a house and which was a heap of soil or stones. Streets, glass windows, green doors with brass shutters, areas and chimney-pots, were things only known from the accounts of travellers from the distant regions where such things are used. Very few people were about, the bulk of the population hibernating at this time of the year in their strange holes and burrows. The bright colours of the Oriental dresses looked to my eye strangely out of place in the cold dirty snow ; scarlet robes, jackets embroidered with gold, brilliant green and white costumes, were associated in my mind with a hot sun, a dry climate, and fine weather. A bright sky there was, but his rays gave no heat, and only put your eyes out with its glare upon the snow. This glare has an extraordinary effect, sometimes bringing on a blindness called *snow-blindness*, and raising blisters on the face precisely like those which are produced by exposure to extreme heat. Another inconvenience has an absurd effect : the breath, out of doors, congeals upon the mustaches and beard, and speedily produces icicles, which prevent the possibility of opening the mouth. My mustaches were converted each day into two sharp icicles, and if anything came against them it hurt horribly ; and those who wore long beards were often obliged to commence the series of Turkish civilities in dumb show ; their faces being fixtures for the time, they were not able to speak till their beards thawed. A curious

phenomenon might also be observed upon the door of one of the subterranean stables being opened, when, although the day was clear and fine without, the warm air within immediately congealed into a little fall of snow; this might be seen in great perfection every morning on the first opening of the outer door, when the house was warm from its having been shut up all night.

Erzeroom is situated in an extensive elevated plain, about thirty miles long and about ten wide, lying between 7,000 and 8,000 feet above the level of the sea. It is surrounded on all sides with the tops of lofty mountains, many of which are covered with eternal snow. The city is said to contain between 30,000 and 40,000 inhabitants, but I do not myself think that it contains much more than 20,000; this I had no correct means of ascertaining. The city is said to have been, and probably was, more populous before the disasters of the last Russian War. It stands on a small hill, or several hills, at the foot of a mountain with a double top, called Devé Dag, the Camel Mountain. The original city is nearly a square, and is surrounded by a double wall with peculiarly shaped towers, a sort of pentagon, about twenty towers on each side, except on the south side, where a great part of the walls is fallen down. Within these walls, on an elevated mound, is the smaller square of the citadel, where there are some curious ancient buildings and a prison. . . .

The palace of the Pasha, that of the Cadi and other functionaries, are within the walls of the town; the doorways are the only parts of the houses on which any architectural ornaments are displayed; many of these are of carved stone, with inscriptions in Turkish beautifully cut above them. There are said to be seventeen baths, but none of them are particularly handsome, though the principal apartment is covered with a dome, like those in finer towns. The . . .

amount, it is said, to forty-five : I never saw half so many myself. Many of them are insignificant edifices ; the principal one, or cathedral, as it may be called, is of great size, its flat turf-covered roof supported by various thick piers and pointed arches. The finest buildings are several ancient tombs : these are circular towers, from twenty to thirty feet in diameter, with conical stone roofs beautifully built and ornamented.

The most beautiful buildings of Erzeroom are two ancient medressés or colleges, or perhaps they may be considered more as a kind of almshouses, built for the accommodation of a certain number of Mollahs, whose duty it was to pray around the tomb of the founder, adjoining to which they were erected. One of these stands immediately to the left hand on entering the principal gateway of the town ; above its elaborately-sculptured door are two most beautiful minarets, known by the name of the iki chîfteh. These are built of an exceedingly fine brick, and are fluted like Ionic columns, the edges of the flutings being composed of turquoise-blue bricks, which produces on the capitals or galleries, as well as on the shafts, the appearance of a bright azure pattern on a dark-coloured ground.

There are one or two Greek churches and two Armenian churches here, both very small, dark, cramped places, with immensely thick walls, and hewn, stone roofs. They appear to be of great antiquity ; but can boast of no other merit. Adjoining the principal one, in which is a famous miraculous picture of St. George, they were building a large and handsome

*Mollahs.*—Mollah, mullah, or muhla (Arabic, *maula*) is a title of respect given among Mohammedans to one learned in theology and law, and indeed to other prominent personages. It is especially used for one of the higher order of Turkish judges, who *expounds* both civil and criminal law and the religion of the state. The "Cadi," who *administers* the law, is below the Mollah.

church, which is now completed in the Basilica form, with an arched stone roof. Cut stone being very expensive, and indeed, from the want of good masons very difficult to procure, the priests bethought themselves of a happy expedient to secure square hewn stone for the corners, doorway, windows, etc., of the new cathedral. They told their flock that, as the ancient tombstones were of no use to the departed, it would be a meritorious act in the living to bring them to assist in the erection of the church. They managed this so well, that every one brought on his own back, or at his own expense, the tombstones of his ancestors, and those were grieved or offended who could not gain admission for the tombstones of their families to complete a window or support a wall. The work advanced rapidly during the summer, and any large, flat slabs of stone were reserved for the covering of the roof. It promised to be, and I hear now is, a handsome church, strong and solid enough to resist the awful climate and the snow which lies there for months every year.

In course of time a house was ready for our reception. It was situated in a very good position on the top of a hill, close to the house of the Russian Commissioner, and on the same side of the town as those of the English and Russian Consuls. From its small, doubly-glazed windows we looked, over a narrow valley covered with houses, on the walls and towers of the Citadel, which stood on the hill directly opposite. . . . Our house, like most of the others, was built with great solidity, of rough stone with large blocks at the corners; the roof was flat, and covered with green turf. The windows were small, like port-holes, but the door was a large arch, through which we rode into the gloomy sepulchral-looking hall, out of which opened

*Now completed — 1854.*

*Basilica form* — In the old Roman period a basilica was a public building in the Forum, with double aisles, used both as a tribunal and as a mercantile exchange.

the stables on the right hand, the kitchen and offices and some other rooms on the left, while in front a dark staircase of square stones and heavy beams looked as if it had tumbled through the ceiling, and gave access to the upper floor. There was a little garden or yard under the windows, where we planted vegetables, and in one part of which several English dogs, two Persian greyhounds, and an Armenian turnspit, walked about in the daytime. The railing between this and the garden part of the yard was a triumph of art, accomplished by a Turkish guard, who turned his sword into a ploughshare when not wanted to look terrific. We had also nineteen lambs, who grazed on the top of the highest part of the house, where they were carried up every morning, except occasionally when there was such a wind that they would be in danger of being blown away. We had I know not how many sheep with large tails; these took a walk every day with a shepherd, who led out all the sheep belonging to the inhabitants of that part of the town. Every house having a few, they are marked, and all come home every evening to their respective houses, and go out again the next morning, and eat what they can get upon the mountains.

All the building except the hall and stable had a garden on the roof, that part only being two stories high. The kitchen and some of the other rooms were lit by a skylight, the earth at the back of them being on a level with their ceilings. The walls of the upper floor were not exactly over those below, but were supported by immense beams, some of which had given way, and the principal room leant over to the left frightfully. Those rooms which are lit by windows have two rows of them one above the other, except the dining-room and ante-room, which had only one row, too high from the floor to look out of, but very convenient for looking into from the upper garden and the terrace of the next house. The rooms had all white-

washed walls, wooden flat ceilings curiously carved and painted. On the floors there was blue cloth instead of carpets, and divans of red cloth.

The country houses of Armenia are constructed somewhat differently from those of the towns. . . . In a large house there are often two stables. The space of ground taken up by a rich man's house is prodigious, the turfed roof forming a small field. The lesser rooms in this subterranean habitation are divided from the stable and from each other by rough stone walls well filled up with clay or mud ; their ceilings are contrived by laying beams across each other, two along and two across, in the form of a low pyramid, so that the ceiling is a kind of low square dome : the smaller rooms form store-rooms and apartments for the women. Each room has a rough stone fireplace opposite the door ; and in the roof, generally over the door, there is one window about eighteen inches square, glazed with a piece of oiled paper. Outside, these windows look like large molehills with a bit of plaster on one side surrounding the oiled paper, or glass, which transmits the light. Inside, the window is perceived at the end of a funnel, widening greatly towards the room, and contrived so as to throw the light to the centre of the apartment opposite the fireplace, where a fire of *tezek*, or dried cow-dung and chopped straw, is constantly smouldering. Over the chimney-piece hangs an iron lamp of simple construction, which with the help of the fire produces a dim light in the long nights of winter. There is a divan, usually covered with most beautiful Koordish carpets which last for ever, on each side of the fireplace ; and large wooden pegs, projecting from

*Tezek*—Compare "Mongolia." Hue refers to this organic fuel in the Gobi Desert, where it is called "arghol" or "argol."

*Koordish carpets*.—The Koords, or Kurds, as they are now called, used to subscribe to a nominal adherence to the Mohammedan religion. The Great War and its aftermath brought great changes to the Middle East, and the autonomy of Kurdistan was recognized, after the Armistice, by both Turkey and Persia.



the walls, serve to hang up guns, pistols, cloaks, and anything else. Some of these rooms are rather roughly pretty in appearance ; the floors are covered with *tekkè*, a thick grey felt, and, among smart people, Persian carpets are laid over the felt, their beautiful colours producing a rich and comfortable effect. About half-way up the chimney is a wooden door or damper, which is opened and shut by means of a spring ; and when it is very cold weather, and they want to be snug and fusty down below, this door is shut, and the room becomes as hot as an oven ; the chimney does not rise more than two feet above ground, and has a large flat stone on the top to keep the snow from falling in, as well as the lambs and children ; the smoke escapes by apertures on the sides just below the coping-stone. The chimneys look like toadstools from the outside, rising a little above the snow or the grass which grows upon the roof. These subterranean habitations are constructed, not on the side of a hill, but on the side of a gentle slope ; and all the earth excavated for the house is thrown back again upon the roof in such a manner that on three sides there is often no sign of any dwelling existing underneath. The entrance is on the lower side of the slope, and there the mound is often visible, as it is raised four or five feet above the level of the hill-side. There are no fences to keep people off the roof, which has no appearance different from the rest of the country. It is often only the dirt opposite the doors, the cattle, and people standing about, which gives information of a small village being present ; particularly during the eight months of snow and ice and intense cold, when no one stirs abroad, except for matters of importance. When a house is ruined and deserted, these holes are sometimes rather dangerous, as the horse you are riding may put his foot into an old chimney and break his leg, there being very frequently no appearance of a habitation below, while you are passing through the open desolate country, of

which the roof seems to be a part. There are stories, perhaps founded on fact, of hungry thieves lifting the flat stone off the top of the chimney and fishing up the kettle in which the supper was stewing over the fire below, with a hooked stick—a feat which would not be at all difficult if the cook was thinking of something else, as sometimes will happen even in the best regulated families.

## ANIMALS AND BIRDS OF ARMENIA

(From *Armenia*, by the Hon. Robert Curzon.)

### ANIMALS

OF four-footed beasts the most illustrious is the bear, of which there are a good many in the wooded sides of the mountains in the neighbourhood of Kars. Near the strange, unearthly lake of Tortoom, I saw the fresh footprint of a real *Ursa Major*—a thundering old bear he must have been. He had only just departed, and the mark of one of his paws was large enough to hold more than both of mine. In another place I came upon the ruins of one of the string of Genoese castles, which, in former days, reared up their lordly towers at distances of not more than eight or ten hours apart the whole way from Trebizond to Teflis. Their splendid ruins have been my admiration on many an imposing

*Hon. Robert Curzon.*—See Introductory Note to “Erzerum in 1843” (p. 118).

*Genoese castles*—Compare Marco Polo: “On the sea-coast there is a city named Lalassus [Lajazzo], a place of considerable traffic. Its port is frequented by merchants from Venice, Genoa, and many other places, who trade in spices and drugs. . . .” (Chapter II. of *Armenia Minor*.)

*Teflis.*—Now generally spelt Tiflis.

rock, growing over an unknown valley. Even the names of most of these are lost, while we only know from the history of their founders that once upon a time there were such merchant princes. In the bottom of a broken turret a bear had taken lodgings, but he was not at home when I called. Others, not far off on another hill, had given a small party, and had been amusing themselves by rolling about a piece of rock about five feet in diameter—a game of roulette, on a large scale, which showed their wondrous strength. The mud from their paws upon the stone was wet when I came up to join the party, but, perhaps luckily for me, they declined the honour of my acquaintance, and the society had broken up. Some sturdy peasants of Lazistaun, hearing of my partiality for strange creatures, brought me two young bears one day, who lived in our house for some time; they were very sensible, the she-bear keeping her brother in remarkable order: they became very tame. They were, in some respects, different from the European bear, and of a light cinnamon colour. I sent them to England. They were great favourites with the sailors on board ship, and arrived safely at the Tower-stairs, when some white paint being left out for the beautification of the vessel, the poor bears eat it all up, and not only died of the unwholesome feast, but the poison was so strong as to bring the fur off their skins, so that they could not be stuffed and immortalized in a glass case.

After the bear the next animal is the lynx, the fur of whose belly is of the highest value in Turkey, while that of the back is worth very much less. These animals are not rare in Armenia, and Enveri Effendi prided himself on a splendid robe of this valuable fur,

*Lazistaun.*—South-east of the Black Sea. Part of it, with Batum, came under Russian control in 1878. The inhabitants (Lazes) are mostly Mohammedans, and their language resembles the Georgian.

which he paid for by selling the skins of the backs of the lynxes at Constantinople for more than he had given for the precious under-fur at Erzeroom. The lynx is famed for the quickness of his sight, but Enveri Effendi had a sharper eye than he in all affairs relating to his own benefit.

In the spring of the year, soon after the women and children, the lemmings come out, and sit upon their hind legs, and wipe their eyes with their fore-paws, and seem to wonder quietly at those who pass by, taking a header, or somerset, down their holes if you stop suddenly to look at these curious little beasts.

A soft, cozy, fat little quadruped, called *cara guz* (black eyes), about the size of a young guinea-pig, and much of the same shape—only his colour is grey, and he has a most wonderfully soft coat—comes out too about this time. He is so fat that he cannot walk very fast, and is easily taken, and in his captivity prefers almonds and raisins to any other bill of fare which I was able to put before him. This little fellow eats his breakfast, luncheon, dinner, and supper slowly and respectably, without testifying any alarm for mankind. I could not make out his scientific name; he is probably some kind of little marmotte, and he falls readily into the manners and habits of the society in which Providence has placed him.

After *cara guz*, the *gerboa* comes out of his hole, and hops about on his long tail and hind legs; a miniature kangaroo, in whose acquaintance I have rejoiced in the burning deserts of Africa as well as in

*Lemmings*.—A small rodent, belonging, like the short-tailed English field-mouse and the water-rat, to the sub-family of voles. It has a brownish-yellow fur, a short head, short partially-concealed ears, and a very short tail, and measures about five inches in length. It is also found among the pine belts of Scandinavia.

*Marmotte*.—A squirrel-like animal, found chiefly in the Alps, Pyrenees, and in Canada.

*Gerboa*.—Or *jerboa*, a rodent (genus *Dipodida*), characterized by long tail, naked ears, short, five-fingered fore limbs, and very long hind limbs with only three toes.

the frozen regions of the highlands of Erzeroom. In this country the number of quadrupeds is very limited; the fox is occasionally seen, as well as the grey beaver (*kondooz*), badgers, and wolves. At the melting of the snow the wolves come even into the towns, and devour the dogs with which every town is amply supplied. There are awful stories of their carrying off the little, peeping, blear-eyed children, who creep out of their holes in the beginning of spring, and who are occasionally washed away in the torrents of melted snow—the only washing attended to hereabouts. Wolves are not very unfrequently started out of the inside of one of the numerous dead horses, whose over-worked bodies have been frozen into the consistency of flint during the winter, and which form savory banquets for the famished wolves when the snow and ice recede, and display these dainty morsels to their haggard eyes.

The wild sheep frequent the inaccessible rocks of the lower mountains, where a scanty herbage may be browsed beneath the line of perpetual snow. No two animals can be more different, both in appearance and habits, than the wild and tame sheep. The wild sheep of Armenia (*Ovis gemellii*) is in size, shape, and colour like the doe of the fallow-deer, only it has two short horns bending backwards, like those of a goat. The strength and agility of this most nimble creature are astonishing; they are more difficult of approach than the chamois of the Alps. I have usually seen them in pairs, but was never able to get a shot. I brought three skins and several heads of this rare animal to Europe, out of which one stuffed specimen was made up in the British Museum; it is, I believe, the only one extant. The method employed to hunt this sheep is to climb to the highest summit of a mountain, and then cautiously approaching the edges of the cliffs, to peep down with a telescope into the gorges and ravines below, where, if you have luck,

you may see the sheep capering about on the ledges of the precipice, jumping, standing on a stone on their hind legs to reach a little tuft of herbage, and playing the most curious antics, for no perceptible reason, unless it is that they find their digestion improved by taking a *considerable deal of exercise*. In these gymnastics the hunter must participate to a great extent in following the tracks of the jumpingest creatures (excepting fleas) that he can ever have to deal with. It requires much activity, and a good head for looking over a height, to attempt to come up with them, and many a sad accident has occurred to the adventurous sportsman in this pursuit. . . .

. . . One more quadruped nearly concludes the short catalogue of the mammalia of Erzeroom—the capricorn, many specimens of whose enormous horns are nailed up over the doors of houses in the city; but I never saw this last animal at Erzeroom, alive or dead.

Innumerable camels accompany the caravans from hence to Persia, looking very much out of place in the deep snow. They are the Arabian camel with one hump, and I had no notion that my old acquaintance of Arabia could bear the tremendous cold of Erzeroom. Great quantities of corn and meal are brought here from the more prolific countries of the neighbourhood. This is the staple merchandise of the city, which is the only place on the road between Persia and Turkey where caravans can recruit their thousands of jaded horses, and procure provisions for their journey. In this consists the political importance of an otherwise worthless and infertile spot. The number of camels, horses, mules, and beasts of burthen assembled sometimes at Erzeroom is immense, and they have here a peculiar method of feeding the camels by opening their mouths with the left hand, and with the other shoving down the poor beast's throat a ball of dough about the size of a cricket ball.

One peculiarity of the domestic animals in this fearful climate is, that they are dwarfed and dwindled in size to an extraordinary degree. A bull used to run about the lower regions of my house, which was barely eighteen inches high; the sheep were so small that grown up mutton looked like lamb. The same occurred with the fruit; none at all grew at Erzeroom, but we had from villages some miles off, on the edges of the plain, plums the size of damsons, and apricots the size of walnuts, and other fruits in proportion.

### BIRDS

The number of various kinds of birds which breed on the great plain of Erzeroom, is so prodigious as to be almost incredible to those who have not seen them, as I often have, covering the earth for miles and miles so completely, that the colour of the ground could not be seen; particularly at one period, when the whole country had a rosy appearance, from the countless flocks of a sort of red goose, which I take to be the ruddy sheldrake—a splendid bird, though not good to eat. It is about the size of a small goose or a muscovy duck; almost entirely clothed in various shades of red. Troops of the two varieties of the wild *grey goose* form whitish spots in the animated landscape, their wild cries and noises sounding in every direction. So closely covered was the plain with this prodigious multitude of every kind of wild fowl, that I have galloped among them for some distance, the birds getting up about one hundred yards in a circle round my horse, and settling again behind me with loud cries, while the air rustled with the beating of innumerable wings of those birds which had been disturbed by my approach. The sportsman may imagine what shooting there is at Erzeroom, for when one genus has reared its young and flown away to far and

distant lands, another takes its place. Quails are at one time almost as thick as flies; and numerous varieties of small birds, among which the *horned lark* and the red-winged finch flew in clouds. That beautiful variety, the rosy starling, has been often shot, as well as the merops, and so many other little fowls of varied plumage, that I must refer the reader to the accompanying list, for it would fill a book to give even a slight description of them all. On the banks of the river I used to shoot all sorts of waders, particularly spoonbills, and that most delicate of birds, the egret or white heron, famous for its plumes. I must own to being a bad shot, having been more accustomed to the rifle, but these white herons afforded me great practice; as they flapped along I shot numbers of them, as well as many and many a quaint fellow with long legs whom I brought home merely to make out who he was, and to write down his name. Later in the year I risked my neck by riding as hard as I could tear over the rocky or rather stony plains at the foot of the mountains after the great bustard. I have more than once knocked some of the feathers out of these glorious huge birds as they ran at a terrible pace, half flying and scrambling before my straining horse, but I never succeeded in killing one, though I have constantly partaken of those which had fallen before more patient gunners, who stalk them as you would a deer, and knock them over with a rifle or swan-shot from behind a stone or bank.

I had more success with the great cinereous crane, which runs much faster than a horse. I shot one at full gallop with a rifle, in a place overgrown with reeds. This was a mighty triumph, for, though my game was about five feet high, he was so very long in the legs

*The accompanying list.*—The list, which closes the chapter, prizes over one hundred and seventy species.



and neck, that the body offered but a small mark to be brought down under such circumstances, and the pace he was going at the time, and I after him, was, as they say, "a caution." This is a bird with whom it is requisite to be wary: if he is down and not killed outright, like the heron and the stork he makes a dart with his sharp long bill at the eyes of his enemy, and its strength is such, that it might easily, I should think, penetrate the brain; at any rate the eye would be picked out at once, and that would suffice for that time.

A man brought in a crane, which he had winged, and we turned him out in the yard with the poultry, where he stalked up and down with a proud indignant air. He soon became pretty quiet, and ate his corn with the rest, while he had a deep bucket of water for his own use, into which he used to poke his head continually. One day a stupid heavy servant went into the yard, and, not knowing that the bucket was placed there for the stork, he took it up to carry it away, when the bird flew at him and pecked at his face, but missing his eye, seized him tightly by the nose, and there he held him for a good while. The poor man halloed loud enough, but those who came to his assistance could not help him at first for laughing; and though he kept beating at the crane with the bucket, which he held in his hand, his long neck enabled him to keep so far off, that he escaped all the frantic attempts of his prisoner to reach him. The man's nose was swelled and very sore for some time, and he never got over the ridicule which attached to him for his perilous adventure with the crane. It was touching to watch this crane: when the time for its emigration arrived, a flock of its magnificent companions every day used to fly high up in the air, in a wheeling circle, above its head. This circle of flying birds has a very striking effect. The cranes above called to their friend to join them for their distant journey to a

Tolon-Noor (which means Seven Lakes), whence, having completed his final arrangements, he set out for the sandy steppes of the Ortoos, accompanied by his fellow-Lazarist, Joseph Gabet, and a young Tibetan neophyte who had embraced Christianity.

The following translated passages will give some idea of his picturesque and racy style.]

DURING our stay at Tolon-Noor we had frequent opportunities of visiting lamaseries, and of getting into communication with the idolatrous priests of Buddhism. The Lamas seemed to us to possess very limited ideas. Generally speaking, their symbolism is hardly more refined than the beliefs of the vulgar. Their teaching is always vague and floundering in the midst of a vast pantheism which they do not in the least understand. Any precise or positive question on our part was extremely embarrassing to them, and reduced them to the expedient of falling back on each other. The disciples said their masters knew everything; the latter invoked the omniscience of the Grand Lamas; while the Grand Lamas regarded themselves as *ignoramuses* compared with the "Saints" of certain famous lamaseries. But disciples and masters, and great and little Lamas alike, were in accord in the statement that their doctrine came from the West; they were unanimous on that point. Yet the further

Yet these observations after all are no more than confirmation of a fact which is readily observable everywhere in Tartary. There is not a single lama-serie of any pretensions whose Grand Lama or Superior is not a man who has come from Tibet. "Any Lama who makes a journey to Lhasa is certain, upon his return, of securing the confidence of all Tartars. He is looked upon as a superior man, as a seer before whose eyes have been unveiled all the mysteries of past and future life, even to the very bosom of the "eternal sanctuary," and the "land of spirits." . . .



TWO EMPERORS OF TARTARY.

From the Catalan map, 1375.

On the next day, after striking our tent, we departed from this sanctuary where we had sojourned for some hours. We felt no regrets in leaving it, for we had not selected or occupied it out of any peculiar sentiment of partiality. Nevertheless, before deserting this hospitable place where we had slept for one night of our lives, we wished to leave some souvenir of our halt, a votive offering of gratitude: and so we planted a small wooden cross on the spot which had

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*Lamaseries*—In Tibet and Mongolia, religious societies presided over by a lama. A lama (Tibetan for "lord" or "teacher of souls"), a priest belonging to the variety of Buddhism known as Lamaism.

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been our hearth of the last evening. Indeed, we made this a rule of conduct at all our other encampments. What other traces of their rapid progress across the desert could a missionary leave ?

We had not been more than an hour on our way, when we heard behind us a noise as of the stamping of numerous horses, and the confused indeterminate sound of voices. On turning, we saw in the distance a well-thronged caravan approaching us at a rapid pace. Very soon three horsemen came up, and one of them, whom we recognized by his clothing to be a Tartar Mandarin, cried in a deafening voice :

" Noble Lamas, what country do you hail from ? "

" We come from the West. "

" Over what land have you cast the benevolence of your shadows ? "

" We have just come from the city of Tolon-Noor. "

" Have you had a peaceful journey ? "

" Hitherto we have had good luck for our companion. . . . And you, have you enjoyed peace ; and what country is yours ? "

" We are Khalkhas of the kingdom of Mourguevan. "

" Is the rain plentiful, and are your flocks flourishing ? "

" All is well with our pastures. "

" Whither is your caravan bound ? "

" We go to prostrate ourselves before the Five Towers. "

In the course of this rapid interchange of blunt questions, the rest of the caravan reached us. We

*The desert*.—The Gobi or Shamo. "Robbers," says Huc, "ravaged this unhappy land without cessation. The Chinese long ago began to invade it, and made it a land of refuge for malefactors. . . . It may be said that, in this country, Nature has regretfully seen mankind trample her rights in the dust. Wherever the plough has passed, the soil has become mournful, dry, and sandy " (Vol. I., chap. 1).

*Khalkhas*.—The chief of the tribes inhabiting the north of the desert. They formed the link of communication between Europe and Eastern Asia.

were close to a stream the banks of which were fringed with brushwood. The leader of the caravan gave the order to halt ; and at once, the camels coming up in single file, formed a huge circle, in the centre of which a four-wheeled equipage took its place. " Sok ! sok ! " cried the camel-drivers, and the animals, obedient to the word of command, dropped to their knees as if struck by one all-embracing blow.

While the numerous tents were springing up as if by enchantment on the banks of the stream, two Mandarins, decorated with the order of the blue ball, approached the carriage, and opened the door. From it there issued a Tartar woman, clothed in a long robe of green silk. She was some queen of the Khalkhas country, who was on a pilgrimage to the famous Iamasery of Five Towers, in the province of Chan-Si. On seeing us, she greeted us by raising both hands. " Noble Lamas," she observed, " we propose to camp here. Is the spot well chosen ? "

" Royal pilgrim of Mourguevan," we replied, " you can kindle your fires here in peace. As for us, we are about to continue our journey ; for the sun was already high in the heavens when we struck our tents."

Upon which we took our leave of the crowded Tartar caravan of Mourguevan.

But the sight of that queen with her numerous retinue, pursuing their way in the desert on their far-off pilgrimage, filled our minds with manifold reflections. Neither expense nor danger could stop these pilgrims ; neither fatigue nor the privations incident to a long journey. For these good Mongols are essentially religious souls ; the future life occupies their minds unceasingly ; the things of to-day are as nothing in their eyes ; and so they live in this world as if they were not living at all. They neither till their soil nor build habitations ; rather do they look upon themselves as strangers who are just passing by ; and this lively sentiment, with which they are deeply

imbued, generally manifests itself in these lengthy journeys. . . .

We had left far behind us the pilgrims of Mourguevan, and had already begun to entertain regrets that we had not camped with them on the banks of the delightful stream and among the wide pastures where they had pitched their tents. In our hearts arose unbidden fears, as we saw huge clouds mounting the horizon, stretching across and darkening the heavens.

[At this point Huc narrates how the storm burst upon them, compelling them eventually to camp by a small lake]

The rain was running off our clothes, when we reached a little lake, the surface of which was agitated and swollen by the storm. There was no need to discuss where we were to raise our tent, for we had no choice; the soil everywhere was soaked to a great depth.

The violence of the rain had appreciably diminished, but the fury of the wind had grown more intense. We had horrible difficulty in unrolling our wretched tent, which now resembled a bundle of linen pulled out of a copper. Our difficulties were aggravated when we set about stretching it; and but for the help of the extraordinary physical strength with which Samdachiemba was endowed, we should never have

*The storm burst.*—Elsewhere Huc tells of the fury of the storms in this country, where hailstones frequently run to twelve pounds in weight, wiping out whole flocks of sheep. Once, in 1843, there fell, "in a field not far from our house, a piece of ice larger than a millstone. We broke it up with hatchets, and although the weather was then very hot, the ice was not entirely melted before the expiration of three days."

*Samdachiemba.*—Tibetan name for the missionaries' camel-driver. He had escaped from the rigours of a lamasery, and, after a life of vagabondage in Chinese towns and Tartar deserts, had received education and been baptized by M. Gabet. From that time he had voluntarily devoted himself to the service of the French missionaries.



succeeded. At last however we secured some kind of shelter from the wind and from an unceasing shower of icy rain. As soon as our camping arrangements were complete, Samdachiemba apostrophized us in the following consoling words :

" My spiritual fathers, I predicted that we should not die of thirst to-day . . . ; -but as for dying of hunger, I'll not answer."

For the fact was we were without the means of making a fire. Look where we would we could find neither branches nor roots. Searching for argols would have been lost labour, for the rain had reduced to pulp this, the sole fuel of the desert.

[Here Huc relates how two Tartars, driving a camel, came up and offered them the necessary fuel in exchange for a supper.]

During our frugal repast one of these Tartars was the object of the constant attentions of the other. We asked him what his military rank was under the blue banner.

" When the banners of the Chakhar were borne aloft, two years ago, against the rebels of the south, I had the rank of Chouanda."

" What ! You were in the famous war of the South ! But how comes it that you shepherds could have the courage of soldiers ? Accustomed as you are to a peaceful life, you ought to have been strangers to that terrible trade which consists in killing others or in getting oneself killed."

" Yes, yes, we are shepherds in good truth : but we do not forget that we are also soldiers, and that

*Argols.*—The name given by Tartars to the dung of animals when it has become dry enough for fuel.

*Chakhar.*—The country north-west of the Ortus territory, which was formerly occupied by the Mongol royal family.

*Famous war of the South.*—The British, who were then at war with China, were generally called by the Tartars "rebels of the South."

the eight banners comprise the reserve forces of the Grand-Master (the Emperor). You know the rule of the empire: when the enemy appears the *Kitat* militia is sent out first. Then next are mobilized the units of the Solon country. If they do not finish off the war, then we have only to give the signal to the Chakhar units—the ‘rumour of their being on the march is always sufficient to convert the rebels to an orderly state of mind.’”



A CARAVAN IN CATHAY.

From the Catalan map, 1375.

“Were all the units of the Chakhar called out for that war?”

“Yes, all of them. At first, the affair was deemed quite trifling; people said that no one would venture to harm the Chakhar. The *Kitat* militia set out first, but they accomplished nothing. The divisions of Solon also sallied forth, but they could avail nothing against the fires of the South: then the Emperor issued his holy ordinance to us. One and all of us rushed to seize his best horse; we shook from our

*Eight banners.*—Out of consideration for the royal descent of their chiefs, the Chinese emperors have always placed the Mongols in a privileged position, and have incorporated the eight banners or military divisions of the Chakhars as one of the eight banners of the imperial Manchu army.

*Kitat*—Chinese.

bows and quivers the dust with which they were covered; and we scraped the rust from our lances. In every camp sheep were killed for farewell feasts. Our women and children wept; but we spoke the words of reason to them. 'For do you not see,' we said to them, 'that for six generations we have enjoyed the benefits of the Holy Master, while he has asked nothing of us. To-day he has need of our help. Are we then going to hold back? He has given us the fine land of the Chakhar whereon to depasture our flocks, and to serve him at the same time, as a barrier against the Khalkhas. Now, since it is from the South whence are coming the rebels, we ought to march south to meet them.' Is there not good sound sense, noble Lamas, in such words? Yes, we were bound to set out. . . ."

"And you were defeated? Did you see the enemy?" asked Samdachiemba.

"No, he did not dare to appear. The Kitat kept on saying, everywhere, that we were marching to certain and futile death. 'What will you do,' they asked us, 'against these sea monsters? They live in the water, like fish; when one least expects to see them, up they come to the surface, and hurl their flaming *Si-kona*. The moment you bend the bow to shoot your arrows, they plunge into the water again like frogs.' Thus, they tried to frighten us; but we soldiers of the eight banners, we had no fear. Before our departure the Grand Lamas had consulted the books of celestial secrets, and assured us that the affair would have a happy issue. The Emperor had assigned to each Chouanda a Lama skilled in medicine and initiated in all the holy spells; these were to heal us of diseases incidental to weather and to protect us against the magic of the sea monsters. What, then, had we to

*Si-kona* ~Literally, "pumpkin." The Chinese called a European bomb a "water-melon," from its fancied resemblance to that fruit!

fear? The rebels, learning that the invincible militia of the chakar were approaching, took fright and sued for peace. The Holy Master, out of his great mercy, granted it to them, and so we returned to our prairies to tend our flocks."

The narration of this illustrious epic was of such absorbing interest to us, that we forgot, for the time being, the misery of our state in the heart of the desert. . . . But alone once more, our thoughts became sad and dark. We shuddered to think of the long night which as yet had scarcely begun. How were we to get any rest? The interior of our tent was like a quagmire, and the big fire we had kindled so long a time had not served to dry the clothes which we were actually wearing.

. . . With what pleasure then did we behold the end of that long and mournful night. At dawn the sky, uniformly blue, presaged a welcome compensation for our misery of the preceding night. . . . Never in finer weather have we traversed a finer country. The desert is sometimes hideous and horrible; but equally it has its charms, charms appreciated the more for their rarity, and because you will look for them in vain in inhabited lands.

*Done. begin*

## LHASSA AND THE LAMAS

(From *Souvenirs d'un Voyage dans la Tartarie, le Thibet, et la Chine*, by Evariste-Régis Huc.)

[The narrative of Huc, the French missionary traveller, of his adventures in Tibet—then a country only imperfectly known to Europeans—afforded his contemporaries a fund of novel and queer information, which however it may lose from the lack of precise scientific data, gains from its obvious sincerity and lucid manner

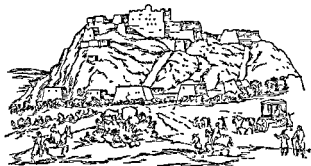
of statement. Huc's sufferings on the Ortus steppes, during his travels in Tartary across the Shamo Desert, prompted him to hesitate before lightly resuming his projected journey from Tang-Kiul, on the frontier, to Lhasa. He and his coadjutor, Gabet, therefore waited for several months until the arrival of a Tibetan embassy on its return journey to Lhasa from Peking. This time they spent in studying the Tibetan language in the celebrated Kounboun Lamasery, though, as he subsequently narrates, neither their knowledge of the tongue nor their disguise detracted from the curiosity with which they were regarded by the Tibetans. After crossing the desert of Koko-Noor and ascending the snow-clad mountain of Chuga they eventually entered Lhasa at the end of January 1846, whence, however, through the intrigues of the Chinese ambassadors, they were soon deported. The following extracts are from Huc's famous *Souvenirs*.]

## LHASSA

THE day following our arrival at Lhasa we took a Tibetan guide and searched the various districts of the city for a room to let. The houses of Lhasa are for the most part large, containing several storeys, and ending off in a terrace which is slightly inclined so as to allow the rain to run off. They are whitewashed with lime-water over the whole exterior, with the exception of a few edges and door and window frames, which latter are painted red or green. Your reformed Buddhist has a very special regard for these two colours : these are so to speak sacred in his eyes, and are styled "lamanesk colours." The inhabitants of Lhasa are accustomed to paint their houses annually, and hence the houses are ordinarily beautifully clean and always look as if recently built ; but the interiors are far from being in harmony with the brave appearance of the outside. The rooms are dirty, smoky, evil smelling, and lumbered with furniture and utensils scattered here and there in unpleasant disorder. The Tibetan habitations are, in a manner of speaking, nothing more

than large white sepulchres . . . veritably a symbol of Buddhism and of all false religions which are ever careful to disguise, with certain dogmatic truths and moral principles, the rottenness and lies which they harbour.

The Tibetans belong to the great family which we are accustomed to call the Mongolian race ; they have black hair, scanty beard, small and slit-like eyes, prominent cheek bones, short nose, wide mouth and thin



THE POTALA AT LHASA : A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY VIEW.

From Kircher's *China Illustrata*. The only good representation of the Potala until photographs were obtainable in the twentieth century.

lips ; the skin is only slightly sunburnt, but, among the upper class, you often see faces as white as in Europe. The Tibetan is of middle stature, possesses all the agility and suppleness of a Chinaman, added to the strength and vigour of a Tartar. Gymnastic exercises and, above all, dancing, seem to be their special diversion, and their gait is rhythmical and springy. When out in the streets they may be heard ceaselessly humming prayers or popular songs ; brave in war, they face death courageously ; they are as religious, but less credulous than the Tartars. Cleanliness is

held in but little esteem by them ; which fact, however, does not prevent them from a fondness for luxury and for costly clothing.

The Tibetans do not shave the head, but allow the hair to fall over the shoulders, merely shortening it from time to time with scissors. The fops of Lhasa have for the last few years adopted the *Chinese* fashion of plaiting the hair, and of attaching to the middle of the plaits golden gewgaws ornamented with precious stones and coral beads. The ordinary coiffure is a blue cap with a wide brim in black velvet, crowned with a scarlet tassel ; on festal occasions, they wear a big red hat, which has some resemblance in shape to the Basque bonnet, only it is larger and edged with long tasselled fringes. A baggy robe fastened on the right with four eyes and gathered in at the waist with a red girdle, and boots of red or violet cloth complete the simple yet not ungraceful costume of the Tibetans. Generally they attach to their girdles a bag of yellow taffeta, and a couple of small oval purses richly embroidered, which however contain nothing and only serve for ornament.

The dress of the Tibetan women is rather like that of the men ; over and above the robe, they add a short tunic, bedizened in colours ; their hair they divide into two plaits, which are left hanging over the shoulder. Women of the lower class wear a little yellow bonnet something like the liberty bonnet which was worn at the time of the French Republic. The sole head adornment of the *grandes dames* is an elegant and dignified crown fashioned of fine pearls. The women of Tibet in the matter of their toilette submit to a custom, or rather to a regulation which is difficult of belief, and doubtless unique throughout the world. Before leaving home they smear the face with a kind of black and sticky varnish, very like jam. Inasmuch as their object in so doing is to make themselves ugly and hideous, they spread this disgusting

stuff over the face at random, and besmear themselves in such a way as no longer to resemble human beings. Now this is what we were told as to the origin of this monstrous practice : nearly two years ago, the Nomekhan, or Lama-king, who ruled over old Tibet, was a stern man and of most austere habits. At that time the Tibetan women were not accustomed, any more than the women of any other country, to make themselves ugly ; on the contrary they had, it is said, a passion for luxury and adornment ; hence resulted fearful disorders, and an immorality which knew no bounds. The contagion spread gradually even to the holy family of the Lamas ; the Buddhist convents relaxed their former strict discipline, and were afflicted with an evil which soon hurled them into complete dissolution. In order to stop the progress of a libertinage which had become well-nigh general, the Nomekhan issued an edict, by which it was forbidden to women to appear in public unless their faces were smeared in the way I have indicated. High moral and religious considerations motivated this curious law, and, moreover, threatened the contumacious with dire pains and penalties, and, above all, with the anger and indignation of Buddha. Extraordinary courage was undoubtedly required to issue such an edict ; but the more astonishing thing is that the women showed themselves obedient and resigned to it. Those who smudged themselves in the most disgusting way are reputed the most pious. In the provinces the edict is scrupulously observed, and in such a manner that the censors can find nothing to complain about ; but at Lhassa you may often meet women in the streets who, in contempt for laws and conventions, venture to show their faces in public undaubed and as nature endowed them. But those who permit themselves this licence, enjoy a very bad reputation, and they do not hesitate to hide themselves whenever they catch sight of a police officer. . . .



... The Tibetans know how to enliven their New Year's festivals with noisy rejoicings, when song and dance always play a prominent part. Groups of children, with numberless bells tied to their green dresses, run about the streets, or go from house to house, giving concerts which are not devoid of a certain harmony. Their singing, generally sweet and melancholy, is broken with sudden choruses full of fire. During the stanza, all the little singers keep time, imparting to their bodies a slow and regular motion, like the swinging of a pendulum, but, when the chorus comes, they burst into stamping, striking the ground in rhythmical vigour. The jingling of the bells and of their metal-shod footwear produce a sort of wild accompaniment, which falls agreeably on the ear, especially when heard at a certain distance. The young *dilettanti* having finished their concert, those for whom they have given the entertainment are accustomed to hand out cakes fried in nut oil together with little bowls of butter.

In the principal open spaces, and in front of the public monuments, bands of comedians and tumblers from morning till evening amuse the people with their tricks. But, unlike the Chinese, the Tibetans have no repertories of plays; their comedians are on the boards the whole time and all together, sometimes singing and dancing, sometimes giving exhibitions of strength or skill. The ballet is the diversion in which they seem most to excel. They waltz, leap, and pirouette with truly astonishing agility. The costume of these comedians is a cap ornamented by long pheasants' plumes, a black mask adorned with a white beard of prodigious length, baggy white trousers, and a green jacket, knee-length and girdled with a yellow belt. To the jacket are tied at certain intervals long cords from the ends of which dangle big white woollen tassels. Whenever the performer swayed in rhythm all these tassels wagged in graceful harmony with the movements of his body, and when he whirled ..

they stood out horizontally, making a wheel round him, which somehow or other seemed to accelerate the rapidity of his twists and turns.

You may still see at Lhasa a form of gymnastic exercise called "the spirits' dance." A long rope, made of strips of leather firmly plaited together, is attached to the top of the Buddha-La and made to reach to the foot of the mountain. The spirit dancers go up and down this rope with a dexterity which is only comparable to that of cats or monkeys. Sometimes, when they reach the top, they stretch out their arms as if preparatory to diving into the water, when they suddenly let themselves glide along the entire length of the rope with the speed of an arrow. The inhabitants of the Ssang province are reputed to be the cleverest at this form of exercise.

### THE LAMAS

The strangest thing we saw at Lhasa during the New Year's festivities was what in Tibet is called the *Lhasa-Moru*, or invasion of the whole city and of its environs by innumerable bands of Lamas. The *Lhasa-Moru* begins on the third day of the first quarter of the moon. All the Buddhist convents of the province of Oui then open their doors to their numerous inhabitants; when, by every road leading to Lhasa, you will see the tumultuous arrival of great troops of Lamas, some on foot, some on horseback, some mounted on asses and others on groaning oxen, each carrying with him his prayer book and cooking implements. Very soon the city is covered in every

*Buddha-La*—Divine mountain (*la*) of Buddha. *Ld* is usually understood to mean mountain *pass*.

*Ssang*—The modern Chang

*Lamas*.—That is, monks. The *lamaseries* are the educational as well as the religious institutions of Tibet. At the head of each is a living Buddha in the person of a Chubul Khan or priest.

*Oui*.—The modern Yu or Wei.

quarter by this avalanche of Lamas, who may be seen hurrying down from all the neighbouring mountains. Those who are not fortunate enough to find room in private houses, or in the public buildings, establish their encampments in the squares and in the streets, or pitch their small travelling tents in the open country. The Lhasa-Moru lasts six whole days, and during that time the courts are closed, the ordinary course of justice is suspended, the ministers and public functionaries are to a certain extent deprived of their authority, and the whole power of the government is abandoned to this formidable mob of Buddhist monks. Disorder then reigns supreme in the city, and a scene of indescribable confusion. The Lamas scour the streets in tumultuous mobs, uttering hideous yells, chanting prayers, jostling each other, quarrelling, and, on occasion, giving themselves over to heavy fisticuffs and bloody battles.

Although the Lamas, generally speaking, show but little reserve or modesty during these festal days, it must not be supposed that they repair to Lhasa merely for the sake of indulging in profane amusement, or in diversions out of keeping with their condition of monks; devotion, on the contrary, is the great inspiring force of their journey. Their object is to entreat the blessing of the Dalai-Lama and to make a pilgrimage to the famous Buddhist convent of Moru in the heart of the city. Whence it comes that the name of Lhasa-Moru has been given to this six-day festival.

The convent of Moru is remarkable for its luxury and for the riches stored in its temples. The order and propriety which prevail there at all times make it the pattern and exemplar of all the provincial

*Dalai-Lama.*—The Dalai-Lama ("ocean priest," or "sea of wisdom"), who resides at Lhasa, the headquarters of Lamaism (a corrupt form of Buddhism), is held to be the incarnation of Avalokitesvara, and enjoys supremacy in all temporal matters.

convents. On the western side of the principal temple is to be seen a large garden surrounded by a peristyle. Here you will find the printing shops. Numberless workers attached to the lamasery are occupied daily in engraving blocks or in printing Buddhist books. The processes followed are like those of the Chinese, which are so well known as to require no further description. The Lamas who come annually to the fête of Lhasa-Moru are wont to take advantage of the occasion by making purchases of books.

## AL-MADINAH

(From Sir Richard Burton's *Pilgrimage to Al-Madinah and Mecca* )

[The following account of intimate life in the heart of Moslem Arabia is from the pages of Captain Sir Richard F. Burton's narrative of his pilgrimage to Al-Madinah and Mecca, the publication of which at once made him famous. His expedition was made in 1853, a period when travel in the land of the fanatical and suspicious Mohammedans was fraught with manifold dangers; but being somewhat of an "amateur barbarian" and a polyglot to boot, he overcame all difficulties by making the journey disguised as an Indian Pathan. It was in every way, as Lady Burton describes it, "one of his most splendid and dangerous expeditions," and posterity has been satisfied of the authenticity of everything he wrote. Our extracts recount his adventures after he had finished the Yambu-Bir Abbas stage of his journey, and was approaching Al-Madinah, to all Europeans a veritable city of mystery.]

*Peristyle*—An interior open court within a building, generally surrounded by a colonnade.

partly built upon an outcropping mass of rock : its ramparts and embrasures give it a modern and European appearance, which contrasts strangely with its truly Oriental history. In the suburb *Al-Manakhah*, the "kneeling-place of camels," the bran-new domes and minarets of the Five Mosques stand brightly out from the dull grey mass of house and ground. And behind, in the most easterly part of the city, remarkable from afar, is the gem of *Al-Madinah*—the four tall substantial towers, and the flashing green Dome under which the Apostle's remains rest. Half-concealed by this mass of buildings, and by the houses of the town, are certain white specks upon a green surface, the tombs that adorn the venerable cemetery, *Al-Bakia*. From that point southwards begins the mass of palm groves celebrated in *Al-Islam* as the "Trees of *Al-Madinah*." . . .

. . . After a few minutes' rest I remounted and slowly rode on towards the gate. Even at this early hour the way was crowded with an eager multitude coming out to meet the Caravan. My companions preferred walking, apparently for the better convenience of kissing, embracing, and shaking hands with relations and friends. Truly the Arabs show more heart on these occasions than any Oriental people I know; they are of a more affectionate nature than the Persians, and their manners are far more demonstrative than those of the Indians. . . .

acquaintances gave each other a cordial "*poignée de mains*," and then raising the finger tips to their lips kissed them with apparent relish.

Passing through the Bab Ambari we defiled slowly down a broad dusty street, and traversed the *Harat* (quarter), Al-Ambariyah, the principal in the Manakhah suburb. The thoroughfare is by no means remarkable after Cairo; only it is rather wider and more regular than the traveller is accustomed to in Asiatic cities. . . .

. . . The Shaykh had preceded us early that morning, in order to prepare an apartment for his guests, and to receive the first loud congratulations and embraces of his mother and the "daughter of his uncle." Apparently he had not concluded this pleasing duty when we arrived, for the camels were kneeling at least five minutes at his door, before he came out to offer the usual hospitable salutation. I stared to see the difference of his appearance this morning. The razor had passed over his head and face; the former was now surmounted by a muslin turband of goodly size, wound round a new embroidered cap; and the latter, besides being clean, boasted of neat little moustaches turned up like two commas, whilst a well-trimmed goat's beard narrowed until it resembled what our grammars call an "exclamation point." The dirty, torn shirt, with the bits of rope round the loins, had been exchanged for a *Jubbah* or outer cloak of light pink merino, a long-sleeved *Caftan* of rich-flowered stuff, a fine shirt of *Halaili*, silk and cotton, and a sash of plaid pattern, elaborately fringed at both ends, and, for better display, wound round two-thirds of his body. His pantaloons were also of

*Congratulations and embraces.*—An Arab on returning home from a journey is usually greeted by the female part of his household with effusive demonstrations of joy.

*Caftan.*—The national dress of the Turks, usually of white woollen or silk material, with yellow flowering design.

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. . . The general mode of saluting was to throw one arm over the shoulder and the other round the side, placing the chin first upon the left and then upon the right collar-bone, and rapidly shifting till a "*jam salis*" suggested itself to both parties. Inferiors recognized their superiors by attempting to kiss hands, which were violently snatched away; whilst mere

*Flashing green Dome*—The impressive mosque containing the tomb of Mohammed.

acquaintances gave each other a cordial "*poignée de mains*," and then raising the finger tips to their lips kissed them with apparent relish.

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*Cafsan.*—The national dress of the Turks, usually of white woollen or silk material, with yellow flowering design.



*Halaili*, with tasteful edging about the ankles, like a "pantilette's," while his bare and sun-burnt feet had undergone a thorough purification before being encased in new *Mizz* (inner slippers,) and *Papush* (outer slippers), of bright lemon-coloured leather of the newest and most fashionable Constantinopolitan cut. In one of his now delicate hands the Shaykh bore a mother-of-pearl rosary, token of piety; in the other a handsome pipe with a jasmine stick and an expensive amber mouthpiece; his tobacco-pouch, dangling from his waist, like the little purse in the bosom pocket of his coat, was of broadcloth richly embroidered with gold. In course of time I saw that all my companions had metamorphosed themselves in an equally remarkable manner. As men of sense they appeared in tatters where they were, or when they wished to be, unknown; and in fine linen where and when the world judged their prosperity by their attire. . . .

. . . The Shaykh, whose manners had changed with his garments, from the vulgar and boisterous to a certain staid courtesy, took my hand, and led me up to the *Majlis* (parlour), which was swept and garnished, with all due apparatus, for the forthcoming reception-ceremony. . . . It is customary for all relations and friends to call upon the traveller the very day he returns, that is to say, if amity is to endure. The pipes therefore stood ready filled, the *Diwans* were duly spread, and the coffee was being boiled upon a brazier in the passage. Scarcely had I taken my place at the cool window-sill,—it was the best in the room,—when

*Mizz*.—The "mizz" was worn as a stocking inside the outer slipper so as always to be clean when the latter was removed.

*Majlis*.—The "place of sitting," or reception chamber.

*Diwans*.—The "diwan" is a line of flat cushions ranged round the room, either on the ground or on benches. The seat of honour is denoted by a small square cotton-stuffed silk coverlet placed in one of the corners.

the visitors began to pour in, and the Shaykh rose to welcome and embrace them. . . .

. . . . The Jihad (Holy War), as usual, was the grand topic of conversation. The Sultan had ordered the Czar to become a Moslem. The Czar had sued for peace, and offered tribute and fealty. But the Sultan had exclaimed, "No, by Allah! Al Islam!" The Czar could not be expected to take such a step without a little hesitation, but "Allah smites the faces of the Infidels!" Abd al-Majid would dispose of the "Moskow" in a short time; after which he would turn his victorious army against all the idolaters of Feringistan, beginning with the English, the French, and the Arwam or Greeks. Amongst much of this nonsense, —when applied to for my opinion, I was careful to make it popular,—I heard news foreboding no good to my journey towards Maskat. The Badawin had decided that there was to be an "Arab contingent," and had been looking forward to the spoils of Europe: this caused quarrels, as all the men wanted to go, and not a ten-year-old would be left behind. The consequence was that this amiable people was fighting in all directions. At least so said the visitors, and I afterwards found that they were not far wrong.

The Samman is a great family, in numbers as in dignity; from 8 a.m. till mid-day therefore the Majlis was crowded with people, and politeness delayed our breakfast until an unconscionable hour.

To the plague of strangers succeeded that of children. No sooner did the parlour become, comparatively speaking, vacant than they rushed in *en masse* treading upon our toes, making the noise of a nursery of madlings, pulling to pieces everything they could lay their hands upon, and using language that would have alarmed an old man-o'-war's man. In fact,

*Jihad*.—More usually, Jihad.

*Moskow*.—That is, the Russians.

no one can conceive the plague' but those, who have studied the "*enfants terribles*" which India sends home in cargoes.

One urchin, scarcely three years old, told me, because I objected to his perching upon my wounded foot, that his father had a sword at home with which he would cut my throat from ear to ear, suiting the action to the word. By a few taunts, I made the little wretch furious with rage; he shook his infant fist at me, and then opening his enormous round black eyes to their utmost stretch, he looked at me and licked his knee with portentous meaning. . . .

. . . They had redeeming points, however; they were manly angry boys, who punched one another like Anglo-Saxons in the house, whilst abroad they were always fighting with sticks and stones. And they examined our weapons,—before deigning to look at anything else,—as if eighteen instead of five had been the general age. . . .

Hamid's abode is a small corner building, open on the north and east to the Barr al-Manakhah: the ground floor shows only a kind of vestibule, in which coarse articles, like old Shugdufs, mats and bits of sacking, are lying about; the rest are devoted to purposes of sewerage. Ascending dark winding steps of rugged stone covered with hard black earth, you come to the first floor, where the men live. . . . The Majlis has dwarf windows, or rather apertures in the northern and eastern walls, with rude wooden shutters and reed blinds, the *embrasures* being garnished with cushions, where you sit, morning and evening, to enjoy the cool air. . . . The centre of the room is never without one or more Shishas (water-pipes), and in the corner is a large copper brazier containing fire, with all the utensils for making coffee either disposed upon its

*Shishas*—The Arab shisha was merely a large cocoanut on a tall wooden stem, brightened with varied brass ornamentation, and mounted on a tripod.

broad brim or lying about the floor. The passage, like the stairs, is spread over with hard black earth, and is regularly watered twice a day during the hot weather.

The household consisted of Hamid's mother, wife, some nephews and nieces, small children who ran about in a half-wild and more than half-nude state, and two African slave girls. When the Damascus Caravan came in, it was further reinforced by the arrival of his three younger brothers. . . .

. . . Our life in Shaykh Hamid's house was quiet, but not disagreeable. I never once set eyes upon the face of woman, unless the African slave girls be allowed the title. Even these at first attempted to draw their ragged veils over their sable charms, and would not answer the simplest question; by degrees they allowed me to see them, and they ventured their voices to reply to me; still they never threw off a certain appearance of shame. I never saw, nor even heard, the youthful mistress of the household, who stayed all day in the upper rooms. The old lady, Hamid's mother, would stand upon the stairs and converse aloud with her son, and, when few people were about the house, with me. She never, however, as afterwards happened to an ancient dame at Meccah, came and sat by my side. . . .

. . . At dawn we arose, washed, prayed, and broke our fast upon a crust of stale bread, before smoking a pipe, and drinking a cup of coffee. Then it was time to dress, to mount, and to visit the Harim or one of the Holy Places outside the city. Returning before the sun became intolerable, we sat together, and with conversation, Shishas and Chibuks, coffee, and cold water perfumed with mastich-smoke, we whiled away the time till our "Ariston," a dinner which appeared at the primitive hour of 11 a.m. The meal, here called Al-Ghada, was served in the Majlis on a large copper tray, sent from the upper apartments. Ejaan, "Bismillah"—the Moslem "grace"—we all sat round

it, and dipped equal hands in the dishes set before us. We had usually unleavened bread, different kinds of meat and vegetable stews ; and, at the end of the first course, plain boiled rice eaten with spoons ; then came the fruits, fresh dates, grapes, and pomegranates. . . .

. . . Whatever may be the heat of the day, the night at Al-Madinah, owing, I suppose, to its elevated position, is cool and pleasant. In order to allay the dust the ground before the Shaykh's door was watered every evening, and the evaporation was almost too great to be safe,—the boy, Mohammed, suffered from a smart attack of lumbago, which, however, yielded readily to frictions of olive oil in which ginger had been boiled.

Our greatest inconvenience at night-time was the pugnacity of the animal creation. The horses of the troopers tethered in the Barr were sure to break loose once in twelve hours. Some hobbled old nag, having slipped the headstall, would advance with kangaroo-leaps towards a neighbour against whom it had a private grudge. Their heads would touch for a moment, then came a snort and a whinny, a furious kick, and lastly a second horse loose and dashing about with head and tail viciously cocked. This was the signal for a general breaking of halters and heel-ropes. . . .

. . . The dogs at Al-Madinah are not less pugnacious than the horses. They are stronger and braver than those that haunt the streets at Cairo ; like the Egyptians, they have amongst themselves a system of police regulations, which brings down all the *posse comitatus* upon the unhappy straggler who ventures into a strange quarter of the town. They certainly met in Al-Barr upon common ground, to decide the differences which must arise in so artificial a state of canine society. . . .

. . . When the Damascus Caravan entered Al-Madinah, our day became a little more amusing.

From the windows of Shaykh Hamid's house there was a perpetual succession of strange scenes. A Persian nobleman, also, had pitched his tents so near the door that the whole course of his private life became public and patent to the boy Mohammed, who amused his companions by reporting all manner of ludicrous scenes. The Persian's wife was rather a pretty woman, and she excited the youth's fierce indignation by not veiling her face when he gazed at her,—thereby showing that, as his beard was not grown, she considered him a mere boy. "I will ask her to marry me," said Mohammed, "and thereby rouse her shame!" He did so, but, unhappy youth! the fair Persian never even ceased fanning herself. The boy Mohammed was for once confounded.

## AROUND MECCA

(From Sir Richard Burton's *Pilgrimage to Al-Madinah and Mecca*.)

"There at last it lay, the bourn of my long and weary pilgrimage, realizing the plans and hopes of many and many a year," writes Burton, in that part of his romantic and absorbing narrative where he comes to describe Mecca. Although he travelled in many other regions, including East and West Africa, it is with Arabia and all things Arabian that the English reader naturally associates his name. Every line of his narrative is instinct with the spirit of the fatalistic and superstitious Arabs whose life he has portrayed with a copiousness of detail and wealth of illustration that render every chapter as fascinating as a good novel. The following citation is from the chapter entitled "The Ceremonies of the Yaum al-Tarwiyah" (or first day of the pilgrimage.)

AT 10 a.m. on the 8th Zu 'l Hijjah, A.H. 1269 (Monday, September 12, 1853), habited in our Ihram, or pilgrim garbs, we mounted the litter. Shaykh Mas'ud had been standing at the door from dawn-time, impatient to start before the Damascus and the Egyptian caravans made the road dangerous. Our delay arose from the tyrannical conduct of the boy Mohammed, who insisted upon leaving his little nephew behind. It was long before he yielded. I then placed the poor child, who was crying bitterly, in the litter between us, and at last we started.

We followed the road by which the caravans entered Meccah. It was covered with white-robed pilgrims, some few wending their way on foot, others riding, and all men barefooted and bareheaded. Most of the wealthier classes mounted asses. The scene was, as usual, one of strange contrasts: Badawins bestriding swift dromedaries; Turkish dignitaries on fine horses; the most picturesque beggars, and the most uninteresting Nizam. Not a little wrangling mingled with the loud bursts of Talbiyat. Dead animals dotted the ground, and carcasses had been cast into a dry tank, the Birkat al-Shami, which caused every Badawi to hold his nose. Here, on the right of the road, the poorer pilgrims, who could not find houses, had erected huts, and pitched their ragged tents. Traversing this suburb Al-Ma'b'dah (Ma'abadah), in a valley between the two barren prolongations of Kayka'an and Khan-damah, we turned to the north-east, leaving on the left certain barracks of Turkish soldiery, and the negro

*Badawins.*—Bedouins.

*Talbiyat*—From "Labbayka" ("Here I am"); it was the common exclamation on approaching Mecca. A "single Talbiyah is a positive condition, the repetition of which is a custom of the Prophet."

*Birkat al-Shami.*—An artificial cistern or a natural basin of hewn stone.

*Al-Ma'b'dah*—A cutting through the last ridge before reaching Mecca.

militia here stationed, with the *Saniyat Kuda'a* in the background. Then advancing about three thousand paces over rising ground, we passed by the conical head of *Jabal Nur*, and entered the plain of many names. It contained nothing but a few whitewashed walls, surrounding places of prayer, and a number of stone cisterns, some well preserved, others in ruins. All, however, were dry, and water-vendors crowded the roadside. Gravel and lumps of granite grew there like grass, and from under every large stone, as Shaykh Mas'ud took a delight in showing, a small scorpion, with tail curled over its back, fled, Parthian-like, from the invaders of its home. At 11 a.m., ascending a *Mudarraj*, or flight of stone steps, about thirty yards broad, we passed without difficulty, for we were in advance of the caravans, over the *Ākahah*, or Steeps, and the narrow, hill-girt entrance, to the low gravel basin in which *Muna* lies.

*Muna*, more classically called *Mina*, is a place of considerable sanctity. Its three standing miracles are these: The pebbles thrown at "the Devil" return by angelic agency to whence they came; during the three Days of Drying Meat rapacious beasts and birds cannot prey there; and, lastly, flies do not settle upon the articles of food exposed so abundantly in the bazars. During pilgrimage, houses are let for an exorbitant sum, and it becomes a "World's Fair" of Moslem merchants. At all other seasons it is almost deserted, in consequence, says popular superstition, of the *Rajm*

*Jabal Nur*.—Ancient name *Hira*, reputed to be the place where the first verse of the Koran descended.

*The plain of many names*.—*Al-Abtah* ("low ground"), or *Al-Muhassib*, corrupted to *Mihṣab*.

*Steeps*.—Where *Kusay* fought, and where *Mohammed* made his covenant.

*Mina*.—Possibly *Ptolemy's* "*Minaei*." Some, however, derive the name from "*Muna*," meaning "desire," because *Adam* here desired *Paradise of Allah*.

*By angelic agency to whence they came*.—According to *Mohammed*, the pebbles of the accepted are removed by angels.



or (diabolical) lapidation. Distant about three miles from Meccah, it is a long, narrow, straggling village, composed of mud and stone houses of one or two stories, built in the common Arab style. Traversing a narrow street, we passed on the left the Great Devil, which shall be described at a future time. After a quarter of an hour's halt, spent over pipes and coffee, we came to an open space, where stands the Mosque "Al-Khayf." Here, according to some Arabs, Adam lies, his head being at one end of one long wall, and his feet at another, whilst the dome covers his omphalic region. Grand preparations for fireworks were being made in this square; I especially remarked a *fire-ship*, which savoured strongly of Stambul. After passing through the town, we came to *Batn al-Muhassir*, "The Basin of the Troubler" (Satan) at the beginning of a descent leading to *Muzdalifah* (the Approacher), where the road falls into the valley of the Arafat torrent.

At noon we reached the Muzdalifah, also called Mashar al-Harâm, the "Place dedicated to religious Ceremonies." It is known in Al-Islam as "the Minaret without the Mosque," opposed to Masjid Nimrah, which is the "Mosque without the Minaret." Half-way between Muna and Arafat, it is about three miles from both. There is something peculiarly striking in the distant appearance of the tall, solitary tower, rising abruptly from the desolate valley of gravel, flanked with buttresses of yellow rock. No wonder that the ancient Arabs loved to give the high-sounding name of this oratory to distant places in their giant Caliph-Empire.

Here, as we halted to perform the mid-day prayer, we were overtaken by the Damascus caravan. It was a grand spectacle. The Mahmil, no longer naked as upon the line of march, flashed in the sun all green and

"*The Basin of the Troubler*."—So called, it is said, because here Satan appeared to tempt Adam, Abraham, and Ishmael.

gold. Around the moving host of white-robed pilgrims hovered a crowd of Badawin, male and female, all mounted on swift dromedaries, and many of them armed to the teeth. As their drapery floated in the wind, and their faces were veiled with the "Lisam," it was frequently difficult to distinguish the sex of the wild being, flogging its animal to speed. These people, as has been said, often resort to Arafat for blood-revenge, in hopes of finding the victim unprepared. Nothing can be more sinful in Al-Islam than such deed—it is murder, "made sicker" by sacrilege; yet the prevalence of the practice proves how feeble is the religion's hold upon the race. The women are as unscrupulous: I remarked many of them emulating the men in reckless riding, and striking with their sticks every animal in the way.

Travelling Eastward up the Arafat Fiamara, after about half an hour we came to a narrow pass called Al-Akhshabayn or the "Two Rugged Hills." Here the spurs of the rock limited the road to about a hundred paces, and it is generally a scene of great confusion. After this we arrived at Al-Bazan (the Basin), a widening of the plain; and another half-hour brought us to the Alamayn (the "Two Signs"), white-washed pillars, or rather, thin, narrow walls, surmounted with pinnacles, which denote the precincts of the Arafat plain. Here, in full sight of the Holy Hill, standing boldly out from the deep blue sky, the host of pilgrims broke into loud Labbayks. A little beyond, and to our right, was the simple enclosure called the Masjid Nimrah. We then turned from our eastern course northwards, and began threading our way down the main street of the town of tents which clustered about the southern foot of Arafat. At last, about 3 p.m., we found a vacant space near the Matbakh, or kitchen, formerly belonging to a Sharif's palace, but now a ruin with a few shells of arches.

Arafat is about six hours' very slow march, or

miles, on the Taif road, due east of Meccah. We arrived there in a shorter time, but our weary camels, during the last third of the way, frequently threw themselves upon the ground. Human beings suffered more. Between Muna and Arafat I saw no fewer than five men fall down and die upon the highway: exhausted and moribund, they had dragged themselves out to give up the ghost where it departs to instant beatitude. The spectacle showed how easy it is to die in these latitudes; each man suddenly staggered, fell as if shot; and, after a brief convulsion, lay still as marble. The corpses were carefully taken up, and carelessly buried that same evening, in a vacant space amongst the crowds encamped upon the Arafat plain. . . .

. . . Arafat, anciently called Jabal Ilal, "the Mount of Wrestling in Prayer," and now Jabal al Rahmah, the "Mount of Mercy," is a mass of coarse granite split into large blocks, with a thin coat of withered thorns. About one mile in circumference, it rises abruptly to the height of a hundred and eighty or two hundred feet, from the low gravelly plain—a dwarf wall at the Southern base forming the line of demarcation. It is separated by Batn Arnah, a sandy vale, from the spurs of the Taif hills. Nothing can be more picturesque than the view it affords of the azure peaks behind, and the vast encampment scattered over the barren yellow plain below. On the North lay the regularly pitched camp of the guards that defend the unarmed pilgrims. To the Eastward was the

*Instant beatitude.*—Those who die on the pilgrimage become martyrs

*Arafat plain*—Contrary to the Occidental custom of burying the dead so as to preserve the body as far as consistent with the decaying process of time, the Moslem tries to secure rapid decomposition, and therefore makes the graveyard a dangerous and disagreeable place.

*Arafat*—Mount Arafat, or Jebel-en-rahm, is a granite hill, fifteen miles south of Mecca. It is much visited by Mohammedans to this day, and, as Burton says, is supposed to be the meeting-place of Adam and Eve after their expulsion from Eden.

Sharif's encampment, with the bright Mahmils and the gilt knobs of the grandees' pavilions; whilst on the Southern and Western sides the tents of the vulgar crowded the ground, disposed in *Dowar*, or circles. After many calculations, I estimated the number to be not fewer than 50,000 of all ages and sexes; a sad falling off, it is true, but still considerable.

Ali Bey (A.D. 1807) calculates 83,000 pilgrims; Burckhardt (1814), 70,000. I reduce it, in 1853, to 50,000; and in A.D. 1854, owing to political causes, it fell to about 25,000. Of these at fewest 10,000 are Meccans, as every one who can leave the city does so at pilgrimage-time. The Arabs have a superstition that the numbers at Arafat cannot be counted, and that if fewer than 600,000 mortals stand upon the hill to hear the sermon, the angels descend and complete the number. Even this year my Arab friends declared that 150,000 spirits were present in human shape. It may be observed that when the good old Bertrand de la Brocquière, esquire-carver to Philip of Burgundy, declares that the yearly caravan from Damascus to Al-Madinah must always be composed of 700,000 persons, and that this number being incomplete, Allah sends some of his angels to make it up, he probably confounds the caravan with the Arafat multitude.

The Holy Hill owes its name and honours to a well-known legend. When our first parents forfeited Heaven by eating wheat, which deprived them of their primeval purity, they were cast down upon earth. The serpent descended at Ispahan, the peacock at Kabul, Satan at Bilbays (others say Semnan and Seistan), Eve upon Arafat, and Adam at Ceylon. The

*Mahmils*.—A vehicle. On the march, the Mahmil, stripped of its embroidered cover, is borne on camel-back, and is then a mere framework.

*Holy Hill*.—By some the derivation is thus explained: When Gabriel taught Abraham the ceremonials, he ended by saying, "A '*arafala*,'" etc.—"hast thou learned thy pilgrim rites?" To which Abraham replied, "*Arafala*"—"I have."

latter, determining to see his wife, began a journey, to which earth owes its present mottled appearance. Wherever our first father placed his foot—which was large—a town afterwards arose; between the strides will always be “country.” Wandering for many years, he came to the Mountain of Mercy, where our common mother was continually calling upon his name, and their *recognition* gave the place the name of Arafat.

Upon its summit, Adam, instructed by the archangel Gabriel, erected a *Mada'a*, or place of prayer; and between this spot and the Nimrah Mosque the couple abode till death. Others declare that after recognition, the first pair returned to India, whence for 44 years in succession they visited the Sacred City at pilgrimage-time.

From the Holy Hill



THE GARDEN OF EDEN WITH  
ITS FOUR RIVERS.

From the Hereford map of the World. I walked to look at the camp arrangements. The main street of tents and booths, huts and shops, was bright with lanterns, and the bazars were crowded with people and stocked with all manner of Eastern delicacies. Some anomalous spectacles met the eye. Many pilgrims, especially the soldiers, were in laical costume. In one place a half-drunken Arnaut stalked down the road, elbowing peaceful passengers and frowning fiercely in hopes of a quarrel. In another part, a huge dimly-lit tent, reeking hot, and garnished with cane-seats, contained knots of Egyptians, as their red Tarbushes, white turbands,

and black za'abuts showed, noisily intoxicating themselves with forbidden hemp. There were frequent brawls and great confusion; many men had lost their parties, and, mixed with loud Labbayks, rose the shouted names of women as well as of men. I was surprised at the disproportion of female nomenclature—the missing number of fair ones seemed to double that of the other sex—and at a practice so opposed to the customs of the Moslem world. At length the boy Mohammed enlightened me. Egyptian and other bold women, when unable to join the pilgrimage, will pay or persuade a friend to shout their names in hearing of the Holy Hill, with a view of ensuring a real presence at the desired spot next year. So the welkin rang with the indecent sounds of O Fatimah! O Zaynab! O Khayz-ran! Plunderers, too, were abroad. As we returned to the tent we found a crowd assembled near it; a woman had seized a thief, as he was beginning operations, and had the courage to hold his beard till men ran to her assistance. And we were obliged to defend by force our position against a knot of grave-diggers, who would bury a little heap of bodies within a yard or two of our tent.

One point struck me at once—the difference in point of cleanliness between an encampment of citizens and of Badawin. Poor Mas'ud sat holding his nose in ineffable disgust, for which he was derided by the Meccans. I consoled him with quoting the celebrated song of Maysunah, the beautiful Badawi wife of the Caliph Mu'awiyah. Nothing can be more charming in its own Arabic than this little song; the Badawin never hear it without screams of joy.

“O take these purple robes away,  
Give back my cloak of camel's hair,

*O take these, etc.*—Burton in a footnote remarks: “The British reader will be shocked to hear that by the term ‘fatted ass’ the intellectual lady alluded to her husband; and that, according to the story, the caliph, overhearing the song, sent back his wife to her cousin and native wilds.”

And bear me from this tow'ring pile  
 To where the Black Tents flap i' the air.  
 The camel's colt with salt'ring tread,  
 The dog that bays at all but me,  
 Delight me more than ambling mules—  
 Than ever art of minstrelsy;  
 And any cousin, poor but free,  
 Might take me, fatted ass ! from thee."

The old man, delighted, clapped my shoulder, and exclaimed, " Verily, O Father of Mustachios, I will show thee the black tents of my tribe this year ! "

At length night came, and we threw ourselves upon our rugs, but not to sleep. Close by, to our bane, was a prayerful old gentleman, who began his devotions at a late hour and concluded them not before dawn. He reminded me of the undergraduate my neighbour at Trinity College, Oxford, who would spout Aeschylus at 2 a.m. Sometimes the chant would grow drowsy, and my ears would hear a dull retreating sound ; presently, as if in self-reproach, it would rise to a sharp treble, and proceed at a rate perfectly appalling. The coffee-houses, too, were by no means silent ; deep into the night I heard the clapping of hands accompanying merry Arab songs, and the loud shouts of laughter of the Egyptian hemp-drinkers. And the guards and protectors of the camp were not " Charleys " or night-nurses.

## J TERRA SANTA

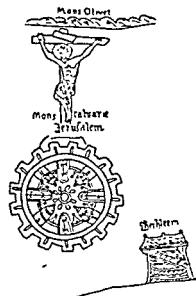
(From *Eothen*, by A. W. Kinglake)

[The following description of Jerusalem some eighty years ago, from Kinglake's *Eothen*, conjures up a vivid picture of the tumultuous scenes which were annually enacted in the vicinity of the holy places just before Easter. Then it was that countless pilgrims from

(notwithstanding the common taunt against pilgrims) that they do this rather as a mode of paying the expenses of their journey, than from a spirit of mercenary speculation. They generally travel in families, for the women are of course more ardent than their

husbands in undertaking these pious enterprises, and they take care to bring with them all their children, however young. They do this because the efficacy of the rites is quite independent of the age of the votary, and people whose careful mothers have obtained for them the benefit of the pilgrimage in early life, are saved from the expense and trouble of undertaking the journey at a later age.

The superior veneration so often excited by objects that are distant and unknown, shows—not perhaps the wrong-



JERUSALEM, THE CENTRE OF THE WORLD.

From the Hereford map of the World, thirteenth century.

headedness of a man, but rather the transcendent power of his imagination. However this may be, and whether it is by mere obstinacy that they force their way through intervening distance, or whether they come by the winged strength of fancy, quite certainly the pilgrims who flock to Palestine



from remote homes are the people most eager in the enterprise, and in number, too, they bear a very high proportion to the whole mass.

The great bulk of the pilgrims make their way by sea to the port of Jaffa. A number of families will charter a vessel amongst them, all bringing their own provisions: these are of the simplest and cheapest kind. On board every vessel thus freighted, there is, I believe, a priest, who helps the people in their religious exercises, and tries (and fails) to maintain something like order and harmony. The vessels employed in the service are usually Greek brigs or brigantines, and schooners, and the number of passengers stowed in them is almost always horribly excessive. The voyages are sadly protracted, not only by the land-seeking, storm-flying habits of the Greek seamen, but also by the endless schemes and speculations, for ever tempting them to touch at the nearest port. The voyage, too, must be made during winter, in order that Jerusalem may be reached some weeks before the Greek Easter.

When the pilgrims have landed at Jaffa, they hire camels, horses, mules, or donkeys, and make their way as well as they can to the Holy City. The space fronting the Church of the Holy Sepulchre soon becomes a

*Jaffa.*—Jerusalem is now connected with its port, Jaffa, by a carriage road forty miles long, and by a metre-gauge railway, fifty-four miles, the construction of which was completed thirty years ago.

*Brigantines.*—Two-masted sailing vessels of the period. The journey from, say, Athens, would now take at the most two or three days. Probably the speed of modern means of transit has had something to do with the relative decline in the numbers of pilgrims.

*Church of the Holy Sepulchre.*—The church is situated north-east of the Jaffa Gate, and between the Third and First Walls of the city. Between it and the Jaffa Gate is the Pool of Hezekiah, and about a quarter of a mile eastward is the fortress of Antonia, the Dome of the Rock, and the Temple site. A full account of the discovery of the Holy Sepulchre is given in Eusebius's *Life of Constantine*. The church was completed circa 336 A.D.

rounded him : there were so many stones absolutely requiring to be kissed, that he rushed about happily puzzled, and sweetly teased, like " Jack among the maidens."

A Protestant familiar with the Holy Scriptures, but ignorant of tradition and the geography of modern Jerusalem, finds himself a good deal " mazed " when he first looks for the sacred sites. The Holy Sepulchre is not in a field without the walls, but in the midst, and in the best part of the town, under the roof of the great church which I have been talking about. It is a handsome tomb of oblong form, partly subterranean, and partly above ground, and closed in on all sides, except the one by which it is entered. You descend into the interior by a few steps, and there find an altar with burning tapers. This is the spot held in greater sanctity than any other in Jerusalem. When you have seen enough of it, you feel perhaps weary of the busy crowd, and inclined for a gallop ; you ask your dragoman whether there will be time before sunset to send for horses and take a ride to Mount Calvary. Mount Calvary, signor ?—*Eccolo !* it is *up-stairs—on the first floor*. In effect, you ascend, if I remember rightly, just thirteen steps, and then you are shown the now golden sockets in which the crosses of our Lord and the two thieves were fixed. All this is startling, but the truth is, that the city, having gathered round the Sepulchre (the main point of interest), has gradually crept northward, and thus in

*Holy Sepulchre.*—From very early times doubts have been entertained as to whether the tomb discovered by Bishop Macarius was the original sepulchre. In 754 the pilgrim Wildebald said that Calvary was once outside the city, but that the empress (mother of Constantine) arranged that place so that it should be within the city. Others explain the conflict by assuming that Hadrian had enclosed it within the walls, but that it was outside them before he rebuilt Jerusalem. There seems little doubt that the present site is that adopted by Macarius ; but there is not adequate evidence to prove that it was the tomb in which the body of Christ was laid.

great measure occasioned the many geographical surprises that puzzle the "Bible Christian."

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre comprises very compendiously almost all the spots associated with the closing career of our Lord. Just there, on your right, He stood and wept ;—by the pillar on your left He was scourged ; on the spot, just before you, He was crowned with the crown of thorns ;—up there He was crucified, and down here He was buried. A locality is assigned to even the minutest event connected with the recorded history of our Saviour ; even the spot where the cock crew when Peter denied his Master is ascertained and surrounded by the walls of an Armenian convent. Many Protestants are wont to treat these traditions contemptuously, and those who distinguish themselves from their brethren by the appellation of "Bible Christians" are almost fierce in their denunciation of these supposed errors.

It is admitted, I believe, by everybody, that the formal sanctification of these spots was the act of the Empress Helena, the mother of Constantine ; but I think it is fair to suppose that she was guided by a careful regard to the then prevailing traditions. Now the nature of the ground upon which Jerusalem stands is such that the localities belonging to the events there enacted might have been more easily and permanently ascertained by tradition than those of any city that I know of. Jerusalem, whether ancient or modern, was built upon and surrounded by sharp, salient rocks, intersected by deep ravines. Up to the time of the siege, Mount Calvary, of course, must have been well enough known to the people of Jerusalem ; the destruction of the mere buildings, could not have obliterated from any man's memory the names of those steep rocks and narrow ravines in the midst of which the city stood. It seems to me, therefore, highly



JERUSALEM AND THE PILGRIMS' WAYS TO IT IN THE  
TWELFTH CENTURY.

From a map of the twelfth century at Brussels.

probable that in fixing the site of Calvary the Empress was rightly guided. Recollect, too, that the voice of tradition at Jerusalem is quite unanimous, and that Romans, Greeks, Armenians, and Jews, all hating each other sincerely, concur in assigning the same localities to the events told in the Gospel. I concede, however, that the attempt of the Empress to ascertain the sites of the minor events cannot be safely relied upon. With respect, for instance, to the certainty of the spot where the cock crew, I am far from being convinced.

Supposing that the Empress acted arbitrarily in fixing the holy sites, it would seem that she followed the Gospel of St. John, and that the geography sanctioned by her can be more easily reconciled with that history, than with the accounts of the other Evangelists.

The authority exercised by the Mussulman Government in relation to the holy sites, is in one view somewhat humbling to the Christians; for it is almost as an arbitrator between the contending sects (this always, of course, for the sake of pecuniary advantage), that the Mussulman lends his contemptuous aid; he not only grants, but enforces toleration. All persons, of whatever religion, are allowed to go as they will into every part of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre; but in order to prevent indecent contests, and also from motives arising out of money payments, the Turkish Government assigns the peculiar care of each sacred spot to one of the ecclesiastic bodies. Since this guardianship carries with it the receipt of all the coins deposited by the pilgrims upon the sacred shrines, it is strenuously fought for by all the rival churches, and the artifices of intrigue are busily exerted at Stamboul, in order to procure the issue or revocation of the firmans, by which the coveted privilege is

*Firmans.*—An imperial edict issued for a special purpose, or, in other words, a permit or licence.

granted. In this strife the Greek Church has of late years signally triumphed, and the most famous of the shrines are committed to the care of their priesthood. They possess the golden socket in which stood the cross of our Lord, whilst the Latins are obliged to content themselves with the apertures in which were inserted the crosses of the two thieves. They are naturally discontented with that poor privilege, and sorrowfully look back to the days of their former glory—the days when Napoleon was emperor, and Sebastiani ambassador at the Porte.

Although the pilgrims perform their devotions at the several shrines with so little apparent enthusiasm; they are driven to the verge of madness by the miracle displayed before them on Easter Saturday. Then it is that the heaven-sent fire issues from the Holy Sepulchre. The pilgrims assemble in the great church, and already, long before the wonder is worked, they are wrought by anticipation of God's sign, as well as by their struggles for room and breathing space, to a most frightful state of excitement. At length the Chief Priest of the Greeks, accompanied (of all people in the world) by the Turkish Governor, enters the tomb. After this there is a long pause, but at last and suddenly, from out of the small apertures on either side of the Sepulchre, there issue long shining flames. The pilgrims now rush forward, madly struggling to light their tapers at the holy fire. This is the dangerous moment, and many lives are often lost. . . .

. . . Formerly the Latin Catholics concurred in acknowledging (but not, I hope, in working) the annual miracle of the heavenly fire; but they have for many years withdrawn their countenance from this exhibition, and they now repudiate it as a trick of the

*Sebastiani*—Count Horace François Sebastiani (1772–1851) was French ambassador at Constantinople (1802). As a soldier he directed the defence of that city against Admiral Duckworth's squadron.

Greek Church. Thus, of course, the violence of feeling with which the rival Churches meet at the Holy Sepulchre on Easter Saturday is greatly increased, and a disturbance of some kind is certain. In the year I speak of, though no lives were lost, there was, as it seems, a tough struggle in the church. I was amused at hearing of a taunt that was thrown that day upon an English traveller. He had taken his station in a convenient part of the church, and was no doubt displaying that peculiar air of serenity and gratification with which an English gentleman usually looks on at a row, when one of the Franciscans came by, all reeking from the fight, and was so disgusted at the coolness and placid contentment of the Englishman, that he forgot his monkish humility, as well as the duties of hospitality (the Englishman was a guest at the convent), and plainly said, "You sleep under our roof—you eat our bread—you drink our wine,—and then, when Easter Saturday comes, you don't fight for us!"

When the solemnities of Easter are concluded, the pilgrims move off in a body to complete their good work by visiting the sacred scenes in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem, including the Wilderness of John the Baptist, Bethlehem, and above all the Jordan,—for to bathe in these sacred waters is one of the chief objects of the expedition. All the pilgrims—men, women, and children—are submerged *en chemise*, and

*Are submerged.*—The bathing-place of the Christian pilgrims, called "El Meshra," is the ford which is reputed to be the place where the Israelites passed over the Jordan with the ark, and where Christ was baptized. Compare Lynch's description: ". . . Copts, Russians, Poles, Armenians, Greeks, and Syrians from all parts of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, of every age and hue, and in every variety of costume, screaming, shouting in almost every known language under the sun. On they rushed, heedless of all obstacles. Hastily undressing, they threw themselves into the stream, each pilgrim plunging himself, or being dipped by another, three times, in honour of the Trinity, and each filled a bottle from the river." (Richardson's *Adventurous Boat Voyages*, 1834)

the saturated linen is carefully wrapped up and preserved as a burial dress that shall inure for salvation in the realms of death.

If you stay in the Holy City long enough to fall into anything like regular habits of amusement and occupation, and to become, in short, for the time "a man about town" at Jerusalem, you will necessarily lose the enthusiasm which you may have felt when you trod the sacred soil for the first time, and it will then seem almost strange to you to find yourself so entirely surrounded in all your daily pursuits by the signs and sounds of religion. Your hotel is a monastery—your rooms are cells—the landlord is a stately abbot, and the waiters are hooded monks. If you walk out of the town you find yourself on the Mount of Olives, or in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, or on the Hill of Evil Counsel. If you mount your horse and extend your rambles, you will be guided to the Wilderness of St. John, or the birthplace of our Saviour. Your club is the great Church of the Holy Sepulchre, where everybody meets everybody every day. If you lounge through the town, your Pall Mall is the Via Dolorosa, and the object of your hopeless affections is some maid or matron all forlorn, and sadly shrouded in her pilgrim's robe. If you would hear music, it must be the chanting of friars. If you look at pictures, you see Virgins with mis-foreshortened arms, or devils out of drawing, or angels tumbling up the skies in impious perspective. If you would make any purchases, you must go again to the church doors; and when you

*Mount of Olives*—The mount "which is before Jerusalem on the East." The name might equally have been given to all the range on the eastern horizon of Jerusalem, as it was all planted with olives. Greek tradition placed the scene of Christ's ascension at a spot on the summit, over against the Temple, where ruins now form a fourth top to the mountain.

*Valley of Jehoshaphat*.—In Joel this vale or lowland is placed in the wide depression which forms the head of the Cheesemakers' Valley (called by some "Tyropæon").



inquire for the manufactures of the place, you find that they consist of double-blessed beads and sanctified shells. These last are the favourite tokens which the pilgrims carry off with them. The shell is graven, or rather scratched, on the white side with a rude drawing of the Blessed Virgin, or of the Crucifixion, or some other Scriptural subject; having passed this stage it goes into the hands of a priest; by him it is subjected to some process for rendering it efficacious against the schemes of our ghostly enemy; the manufacture is then complete, and is deemed to be fit for use.

## THE DEAD SEA

[It is a far cry from the almost legendary era of the Crusades to the practical administration in the twentieth century of a British High Commissioner. Yet if the chivalrous devotion of the mediæval Knights Templars finds in the nineteenth century a rather grotesque counterpart in the shape of mercenary Mussulman custodians holding the sacred spots for the behoof of mobs of fanatic pilgrims from the Danube, Syria, Russia, and Armenia, no such changes wrought by time will ever destroy the attractions, illusory or real, which Palestine will always exercise over Western imagination. An Englishman, however orthodox a Christian he be, may not fall to kissing the stones in the Holy Sepulchre; but that does not prevent him from exercising his rights as a conqueror, in the twentieth century, in the true spirit of a Christian. When General Sir E. Allenby, at the head of the British troops, entered Jerusalem on December 11, 1918, he did so on foot. The Mosque of Omar was placed under Moslem control and guarded by Indian Mohammedan troops; after which wise concession to Islam susceptibilities, it was announced that in the Holy City every sacred building and spot would be maintained and protected. There was a time, spoken of by Kinglake, when none but a Mussulman durst ven-

ture on the upper ways of Damascus. That was but eighty years ago. Yet in the year of grace 1923 the people of both that city and of Jerusalem welcomed the British with demonstrations of joy.

Perhaps something of the secret of British success in dealing with Orientals may be gathered from the pages of Kinglake's *Eothen*, from which the following citations are taken. Throughout the narrative of his travels in Turkey, Egypt, and Palestine breathes the essential spirit of a tolerant Englishman, a spirit which would seem to have charmed both the wild Arab of the desert and the furtive cosmopolitans of the towns, while it secured him the constant devotion of his own party.

*Eothen* (the word signifies "from the early dawn"—that is, the East) was published in 1844, or nine years after Kinglake's travels in his student days in the East. The book is full of literary graces; and the obvious talents of its author, who was at the Battle of the Alma in 1854, so appealed to Lord Raglan that the British general suggested that Kinglake should write a history of the Crimean War with the aid of the general's private dispatches. Monumental and able as the resultant work was, it is by *Eothen* that non-military readers will always cherish the memory of this nomad Etonian, who by his shrewd observation, his love of humankind, and scholarly attributes has handed down to us as fascinating a book of travels as was ever penned.]

THE grey light of the morning showed us, for the first time, the ground we had chosen for our resting-place. We found that we had bivouacked upon a little patch of barley, plainly belonging to the men of the caves. The dead bushes which we found so happily placed in readiness for our fire, had been strewn as a fence for the protection of the little crop. This was the only cultivated spot of ground which we had seen for many a league, and I was rather sorry to find that our night-fire, and our cattle, had spread so much ruin upon this poor solitary slip of corn-land.

The saddling and loading of our beasts was a work which generally took nearly an hour, and before this

was half over, daylight came. We could now see the men of the caves. They collected in a body, amounting, I thought, to nearly fifty, and rushed down towards our quarters with fierce shouts and yells. But the nearer they got the slower they went ; their shouts grew less resolute in tone, and soon ceased altogether. The fellows, however, advanced to a thicket within thirty yards of us, and behind this " took up their position." My men without premeditation did exactly that which was best : they kept steadily to their work of loading the beasts, without fuss or hurry ; and, whether it was that they instinctively felt the wisdom of keeping quiet, or that they merely obeyed the natural inclination to silence, which one feels in the early morning, I cannot tell, but I know that, except when they exchanged a syllable or two relative to the work they were about, not a word was said. I now believe that this quietness of our party created an undefined terror in the minds of the cave-holders, and scared them from coming on : it gave them a notion that we were relying on some resources which they knew not of. Several times the fellows tried to lash themselves into a state of excitement which might do instead of pluck. They would raise a great shout, and sway forward in a dense body from behind the thicket ; but when they saw that their bravery, thus gathered to a head, did not even suspend the strapping of a portmanteau, or the tying of a hat-box, their shout lost its spirit, and the whole mass was irresistibly drawn back, like a wave receding from the shore.

These attempts at an onset were repeated several times, but always with the same result. I remained under the apprehension of an attack for more than half an hour, and it seemed to me that the work of packing and loading had never been done so slowly. I felt inclined to tell my fellows to make their best speed, but, just as I was going to speak, I observed that every one was doing his duty already ; I there-

fore held my peace, and said not a word, till at last Mysseri led up my horse, and asked me if I were ready to mount.

We all marched off without hindrance.

After some time, we came across a party of Ibrahim's cavalry, which had bivouacked at no great distance from us. The knowledge that such a force was in the neighbourhood may have conduced to the forbearance of the cave-holders.

We saw a scraggy-looking fellow, nearly black, and wearing nothing but a cloth round the loins: he was tending flocks. Afterwards I came up with another of these goatherds, whose helpmate was with him. They gave us some goat's milk, a welcome present. I pitied the poor devil of a goatherd for having such a very plain wife. I spend an enormous quantity of pity upon that particular form of human misery.

About mid-day I began to examine my map; and to question my guide. He at first tried to elude inquiry, then suddenly fell on his knees, and confessed that he knew nothing of the country. I was thus thrown upon my own resources, and calculating that, on the preceding day, we had nearly performed a two days' journey, I concluded that the Dead Sea must be near. In this I was right; for at about three or four o'clock in the afternoon I caught a first sight of its dismal face.

I went on, and came near to those waters of death; they stretched deeply into the southern desert, and before me, and all around, as far away as the eye could follow, blank hills piled high over hills, pale,

*Ibrahim's cavalry.*—Ibrahim Pasha (1789-1848), viceroy of Egypt, a real or adopted son of Mehemet Ali, and the victor of Konieh, when he routed Resheed Pasha's army of 60,000 men. To such a pitch of discipline had he organized his turbulent forces, that by his own prowess he threatened the overthrow of the man Empire.

yellow, and naked, walled up in her tomb for ever the dead and damned Gomorrah. There was no fly that hummed in the forbidden air, but, instead, a deep stillness—no grass grew from the earth—no weed peered through the void sand; but, in mockery of all life, there were trees borne down by Jordan in some ancient flood, and these, grotesquely planted upon the forlorn shore, spread out their grim skeleton arms all scorched, and charred to blackness, by the heats of the long, silent years.

I now struck off towards the debouchure of the river; but I found that the country, though seemingly quite flat, was intersected by deep ravines, which did not show themselves until nearly approached. For some time my progress was much obstructed; but at last I came across a track leading towards the river, and which might, as I hoped, bring me to a ford. I found, in fact, when I came to the river's side, that the track reappeared upon the opposite bank, plainly showing that the stream had been fordable at this place. Now, however, in consequence of the late rains, the river was quite impracticable for baggage-horses. A body of waters, about equal to the Thames at Eton, but confined to a narrower channel, poured down in a current so swift and heavy, that the idea of passing with laden baggage-horses was utterly forbidden. I could have swum across myself, and I might, perhaps, have succeeded in swimming a horse over. But this would have been useless, because in such case I must have abandoned not only my baggage, but all my attend-

*The long, silent years.*—Compare the description by Commander Lynch of the United States Navy, who performed the journey in two metallic boats in 1847: "The dreariest waste they had ever seen. . . . The air, tainted with sulphuretted hydrogen of the stream, gave a tawny hue even to the foliage of the cane; except the cane-brakes there was no vegetation whatever—barren mountains, fragments of rocks blackened by the sulphureous deposit, and an unnatural sea, with low, dead trees upon its margin."

ants, for none of them were able to swim, and, without that resource, it would have been madness for them to rely upon the swimming of their beasts across such a powerful stream. I still hoped, however, that there might be a chance of passing the river at the point of its actual junction with the Dead Sea, and I therefore went on in that direction.

Night came upon us whilst labouring across gullies and sandy mounds, and we were obliged to come to a standstill, quite suddenly, upon the very edge of a precipitous descent. Every step towards the Dead Sea had brought us into a country more and more dreary; and this sandhill, which we were forced to choose for our resting-place, was dismal enough. A few slender blades of grass, which here and there singly pierced the sand, mocked bitterly the hunger of our jaded beasts, and, with our small remaining fragment of goat's-milk rock by way of supper, we were not much better off than our horses; we wanted, too, the great requisite of a cheery bivouac—fire. Moreover, the spot on which we had been so suddenly brought to a standstill was relatively high, and unsheltered, and the night wind blew swiftly and cold.

The next morning I reached the debouchure of the Jordan, where I had hoped to find a bar of sand that might render its passage possible. The river, however, rolled its eddying waters fast down to the "sea," in a strong, deep stream that shut out all hope of crossing.

It now seemed necessary either to construct a raft of some kind, or else to retrace my steps, and remount the banks of the Jordan. I had once happened to give some attention to the subject of military bridges—a branch of military science which includes the construction of rafts and contrivances of the like sort—and I should have been very proud, indeed, if I could have carried my people and my baggage across by

dint of any idea gathered from Sir Howard Douglas or Robinson Crusoe. But we were all faint and languid from want of food, and besides, there were no materials. Higher up the river there were bushes and river plants, but nothing like timber; and the cord with which my baggage was tied to the pack-saddles amounted altogether to a very small quantity—not nearly enough to haul any sort of craft across the stream.

And now it was, if I remember rightly, that Dthe-metri submitted to me a plan for putting to death the Nazarene, whose misguidance had been the cause of our difficulties. There was something fascinating in this suggestion; for the slaying of the guide was, of course, easy enough, and would look like an act of what politicians call "vigour." If it were only to become known to my friends in England that I had calmly killed a fellow-creature for taking me out of my way, I might remain perfectly quiet and tranquil for all the rest of my days, quite free from the danger of being considered "slow"; I might ever after live on upon my reputation, like "single-speech Hamilton" in the last century, or "single-sin ——" in this, without being obliged to take the trouble of doing any more harm in the world. This was a great temptation to an indolent person; but the motive was not strengthened by any sincere feeling of anger with the Nazarene. Whilst the question of his life and death was debated, he was riding in front of our party, and there was something in the anxious writhing of his supple limbs that seemed to express a sense of his false position, and struck me as highly comic. I had no crotchet at that time against the punishment

*Sir Howard Douglas.*—Sir Howard Douglas (1776–1861), a British general who in 1816 published an essay on the *Principles and Construction of Military Bridges and the Passage of Rivers in Military Operations*.

*"Single-speech Hamilton."*—William Gerard Hamilton (1729–1796), a one-time Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, whose sole speech in the Commons was his maiden effort in 1754.

of death, but I was unused to blood, and the proposed victim looked so thoroughly capable of enjoying life (if he could only get to the other side of the river), that I thought it would be hard for him to die, merely in order to give me a character for energy. Acting on the result of these considerations, and reserving to myself a free and unfettered discretion to have the poor villain shot at any future moment, I magnanimously decided that for the present he should live, and not die.

I bathed in the Dead Sea. The ground covered by the water sloped so gradually that I was not only forced to "sneak in," but to walk through the water nearly a quarter of a mile before I could get out of my depth. When at last I was able to attempt to dive, the salts held in solution made my eyes smart so sharply that the pain I thus suffered, joined with the weakness occasioned by want of food, made me giddy and faint for some moments; but I soon grew better. I knew beforehand the impossibility of sinking in this buoyant water; but I was surprised to find that I could not swim at my accustomed pace: my legs and feet were lifted so high and dry out of the lake that my stroke was baffled, and I found myself kicking against the thin air, instead of the dense fluid upon which I was swimming. The water is perfectly bright and clear; its taste detestable. After finishing my attempts at swimming and diving, I took some time in regaining the shore; and, before I began to dress, I found that the sun had already evaporated the water which clung to me, and that my skin was thickly incrustated with salts.

## TASHKENT

(From *On the Road to Khiva*, by David Ker.)

[Khiva used to be an important independent kingdom of Asia, which, under the name of Chorasmia Kharezm



and Urgenj, was in undisputed control of the mightiest river in Central Asia—the Oxus. The kingdom is mentioned by Herodotus as a Persian province, but it only becomes prominent on its seizure by the Arabs at the end of the seventh century. Towards the end of the fourteenth century it was subjugated by the celebrated Timur, and a century later fell under the domination of the Uzbeks, who remain one of the dominant races to-day. One element in the decline of this kingdom into a mere khanate was the fact that the Oxus, or Amu-Daria, changed its course so that it ceased to be a waterway to Europe through the Caspian; but the principal reason was that the gold-bearing sand of the river attracted the predatory instincts of the Russian Government. There were many wars between the Russians and the Khivans, beginning in the earlier years of the nineteenth century, and these culminated, in 1873, in the organization of a large expedition to capture Khiva, which place capitulated without more than nominal resistance. The Russian expedition set out from several bases of operation, one being the important town of Tashkent, which is the capital of Russian Turkestan. The following description of that city is from the pen of David Ker, who, as representative of the *Daily Telegraph* in Khiva, received facilities from the Russian authorities to enable him to follow the fortunes of the expedition of 1873. The population of the city numbers well over 150,000, mostly Uzbeks and Sarts, with an admixture of Kirghiz, Jews, Russians, and Germans. The native or older city does not bear comparison with the Russian, which dates from 1865, and which now presents an aspect of clean, wide thoroughfares, bordered with poplars and canals, and roomy, if low-built, houses surrounded by gardens.]

IN abundance of water and vegetation, Tashkent surpasses any Asiatic city which I have yet seen. The streets are like well-planted avenues, alive with the trickle of running water; and, for hundreds of yards together, the little houses peer out at you from a nest of embowering shrubbery. Indeed, the whole town is like an enlarged edition of the Sleeping Beauty's

Palace, fenced about on every side by acres of luxuriant vegetation, till it is hard to tell when you are inside the walls, and when outside. The width of the streets and boulevards, the whitewashed houses, and the numerous public buildings of hewn stone, give to the Russian Quarter an appearance of greater civilization than it actually possesses—more especially as many of the streets have some attempt at a pavement, and a very fair sprinkling of oil lamps. But the general panorama of the city is beyond description. It is the strangest conceivable mingling of country and town, of cool dreamy seclusion, and hot, dusty, clamorous bustle. At one moment you pass a smart Government office, with the Double Eagle flourished on its whitewashed front; the next, you are face to face with a huge fragment of the ancient city-wall, sentinelling a dark cleft through the depths of which a foaming torrent, undried by the summer heat, rushes roaring to join one of the countless rivers that intersect the oasis. Shady alleys debouch upon dusty, sun-scorched plains; spacious boulevards, leading apparently to the centre of the town, suddenly land you outside of it altogether; thick bosquets of wooding tempt you with a promise of seclusion, and then leave you in the middle of a dirty bazaar crowded with bawling costermongers. In fact, the whole scene is an exact realization of Hood's country churchyard, which was "crowded with young men striving to be alone."

... With a tolerably fresh horse and a Cossack driver, even an Asiatic street may be traversed pretty rapidly; and we are not long in reaching the bridge, which (like another *Al Sirat*) divides the old world

*Al Sirat*.—Arabic, "the road"; the bridge or way over which all must pass who enter the Mohammedan paradise. It is "finer than the edge of a razor," hence those burdened with sins will surely fall off and be dashed into hell, which it spans. The same idea prevails among the Zoroastrians and the Jews

from the new. Once across it, we are in an utterly new region. No more wide squares and leafy boulevards, no more well-appointed shops and smart public buildings. At the very first stride, we plunge into a deep, narrow, sandy ditch, on either side of which great masses of baked mud, which we dimly perceive to be meant for houses, tower up as if to crush us in their fall. We look around in righteous indignation, and are just beginning to fulfil zealously the first duty of every true Englishman—that of pouring contempt upon everything foreign—when a blast of thick dingy smoke and stifling heat effectually changes the current of our ideas.

"A fire, by Jove!" shouts my companion, with unfeigned rejoicing. "We're in luck—here's a sample of native industry at the very outset. Let's go and have a look at it!"

We jump off the drosky, and are instantly swallowed by the wave of turbaned nastiness which is surging towards a little mud-hovel above fifty yards ahead of us, the flat roof of which is all one red, roaring blaze. By the time we reach it (our drosky following) "the fun," as my friend humanely remarks, "is in full swing." The dried grass piled upon the roof is flaring like a volcano, despite the perfect stillness of the air. Water has already been brought up, and the buckets are skipping from hand to hand with very un-Asiatic alertness; while three or four gaunt, brown, half-naked scarecrows, who have clambered upon the roof, are dimly seen through the whirling smoke, tearing down the still unburned grass, or kicking great heaps of red ashes down into the street, regardless of the throng which fills it.

One of these bouquets lights full upon the nose of a passing camel, which lashes out furiously on every side; and now things go on in the style of the old nursery rhyme. The camel upsets a horse, the horse spills a cart, the cart bumps against our drosky, our drosky

squashes half a dozen people—and in an instant there is a grand compound "block" all across the road, while fresh showers of hot ashes, varied at intervals by a misdirected bucket of dirty water, come down upon us like a new eruption of Vesuvius. However, the pace is too severe to last. The roof is speedily cleared of everything combustible; the flames are beaten down by a constant deluge of water; the wedged mass of men and animals blocking the street slowly melts away; and my companion, with the look of a man unjustly balked of his lawful enjoyment, mutters that "the heathens can't even burn a house properly," and tells the driver to go on.

And on we go accordingly, through dust, and heat, and dogs, and offal, and all the loathsome minutiae of a genuine Eastern town. Every now and then, in the interminable cobweb of grey mud, we chance upon the many-coloured roof, and frescoed walls, and massive architecture of a mosque, into which we penetrate notwithstanding the scowls and muttered curses of the unsociable Believers who haunt the entrance. Deeper and deeper plunges our adventurous pilot into the unknown region; and the streets grow darker, and narrower, and dirtier, and noisier, and more and more crowded; till at last, turning a sharp corner, we are whirled at once into the Maelstrom of the Great Bazaar.

And here, at last, we begin to believe in the population of Tashkent. Hitherto, except in the markets, we have never seen anything worth calling a crowd; and during the day, at least, the desolation of the public places is such as amply to warrant my comrade's travesty of the official census into "a town *empty* of eighty thousand inhabitants." But in this great artery of local traffic, there is no want of circulation. Men, boys, and even women—camels, horses, asses, carts, litters—are all mingled in one roaring swarm; while ever and anon an enormous wagon, with wheels

seven feet in diameter, comes ploughing through the throng, like the car of Juggernaut, bearing down all before it.

Quitting our drosky (which can make no headway at all in such a whirlpool of conflicting currents) we plunge into the welter of strange figures—gaunt der-vishes, with the brand of the desert still upon them ; veiled women, imprisoned in close-fitting umbrella-cases of blue cotton ; greasy pastry-cooks, over whom the flies swarm with a comfortable assurance of congenial pasture ; shaggy porters waddling under huge baskets ; brown paunchy children, in the minimum of clothing, and the maximum of dirt ; and bare-limbed water-carriers, poising their bulging skins on their brawny shoulders, like caricatures of Atlas.

Even on foot, however, it is no easy matter to thread such a chaos. More than once we escape the rush of charging wheels only by leaping bodily into one of the little booths around us, without in the least discomposing the stolid occupants, who sit as placidly as if being crushed into paste by a lurching cart, or trampled upon by an intrusive Feringhee, were all in the day's work—"Kismet"—and who can avert it ? Meanwhile Mourad, who is quite at home in these living jungles, slips through the mass like a lizard, looking back every now and then, with the calm contempt of superior science, upon our fruitless attempts to keep up with him.

But after a time we begin to get used to the turmoil, and are able to form some idea of the bazaar. As among the Russians (who, indeed, borrowed the fashion from the East) the place is portioned off according to the different trades, each craft having a street of its own—the tailors' row, the fruiterers' row, the hardware row, the silk row, and so on. In the facial panorama of the tradesmen there is not much variety,

the native element being here paramount—for the Russians, as a rule, confine themselves to the smaller markets in their own quarter of the town. Here and there, indeed, one may espy the long, narrow visage and high cheek-bones of the Persian, or the handsome, scornful, aquiline face of the Bokhariote, or the keen black eyes of the Jew gleaming under his high square cap; but the predominating feature is the heavy, bloated, sensual mask of the Sart. Looking at the endless line of lumpish, expressionless faces, and flabby, nerveless limbs, one begins to understand how so many thousands of them have been put to flight, once and again, by a handful of Russian grenadiers. Of them, as of all like them, Herodotus' bitter definition still holds good, "Many persons, but few *men*." If such creatures are a fair specimen of Central Asia, it is full time for her to be purged by foreign invasion.

But, despite all drawbacks, the interior of the bazaar is a wonderful picture. Thanks to the roof of light matting, every avenue of the great catacomb is flooded with a rich summer gloom of shaded sunlight, lending a new picturesqueness to the motley swarm below. Nor is the merchandise itself by any means to be despised. The carved pipe-heads, the glittering embroidery, the curiously worked slippers, the silver-mounted pistols, and damascened yataghans—above all, the magnificent collection of native silks—might have tempted Elwes himself to extravagance; notwithstanding Albert Smith's warning that "you can buy nothing abroad which you will not get cheaper in London," I make a bid for two silk scarfs of Bokharian

*Elwes.*—John Elwes, or Meggott (1714–89), a miser whose name became a byword for sordid penury. (See *Dictionary of National Biography*.)

*Albert Smith.*—Albert Richard Smith (1816–60), a novelist who in his time enjoyed a great vogue. In 1849 he went on a tour to Constantinople and the East, and on his return published *A Month at Constantinople* (1850). In 1858 he went to Hong-Kong, and published in 1859 his *To China and Back*.

manufacture, Mr. Dilke immediately following my example. Thereupon the true believers (who have already begun to take considerable interest in our proceedings) surround us in a body, and criticize, with remarkable freedom, our intended purchase and general appearance, ceasing only when the bargain is concluded.

Now, whether our morning's work has really given us an appetite, or whether the Duke of Burgundy was right in asserting that "Never was Englishman who loved a dry-lipped bargain," certain it is, that at this stage of our proceedings we begin to feel startlingly hungry, and to look keenly about for some kind of provender. A few years ago, the bare idea of the food to be met with in an Eastern bazaar would probably have sent us both into hysterics; but travel is a wonderful teacher, and in our present state we are ready for anything.

Nor have we far to look. Barely ten yards off, a thick onion-scented steam marks the whereabouts of a "cook-shop," a dingy little nook, very much like the bottom of a burnt-out stove, the only habitable part being the farther corner, where a sheet of grey felt masks the black shining greasiness of the floor. Upon this extempore carpet we squat ourselves, under the eyes of a wondering crowd (the shop being completely open, and not more than six feet square), while the proprietor, recovering from his first stupefaction, timidly offers us a brace of hot pies which he has just fished up from a kind of miniature coal-hole in the pavement, and then retires precipitately, as if apprehensive of the possible consequences to himself.

*Mr. Dilke*—A British subject whom Ker met in St. Petersburg, and whose sudden reappearance in Tashkent rather piqued Ker's complacent self-assurance that he was the only Englishman who had entered the forbidden country. Ker was subsequently imprisoned for seven weeks in a Russian fort, which event prevented him from ultimately reaching Khiva.

Hardened as we are, we look doubtfully first at the viands, and then at one another.

"Well, I'll risk it!" says my comrade valiantly; "it can't be worse than some of the things I used to get in that Chinese restaurant at Kouldja; and after all this crush, I need something to stuff me out—I'm as flat as a fashionable novel."

"Or the Yankee officer when the rock fell upon him," suggest I. "You remember, 'Underneath the mighty stone, when they lifted it, lay a kind of human pancake, not more than two inches thick at any part. It was I. They raised me upon a shovel, and bore me slowly and mournfully away.'"

With the last word down goes my pie—a little tennis-ball of chopped meat and onions, lacquered with a thin paste. The result is satisfactory; and, to the unspeakable delight of the gazing crowd, we immediately order a whole dish. The proprietor briskly produces ten more pies on a tray, with a bowl of vinegar to dip them in, and a couple of sharp wooden tooth-picks to harpoon them withal; and we fall to in earnest.

Meanwhile the mob outside continues to increase, attracted first by the novel spectacle of two *Giaours* eating native food with unmistakeable relish, and next by the astounding appetite which we display. Just as we are finishing the first batch, my henchman Mourad, who has been out of sight altogether for the last half-hour, suddenly turns up in the thickest of the press, and, catching sight of us, begins to enliven the public with a full detail of who and what we are (doubtless with some embellishment of his own), which is listened to with marked interest. But when, having despatched our first relay of pies, we order a second, and finally a third, the popular enthusiasm rises to a height; and I begin to fear that, in gratitude for our liberal encouragement of Asiatic commerce, we shall be carried round the bazaar in triumph, or stuck upon a cart, and done sacrifice to, "as the manner of the Scythians is."



And certainly, if we wanted originality, we have got it; for, in any part of the world, I have seldom made a stranger meal. The heart of an Asiatic desert, four thousand miles from England; a town which (if report may be trusted) only one other Englishman has reached since the Russians first occupied it; food such as the piemen of Bagdad sold in the days of "the good Haroun Alraschid"; a swarm of goblin figures in quaint Oriental garb, and not a European face within an hour's march of us.

Dinner being over, the next thing is to pay the bill, which, for the thirty-two pies and their concomitant seasoning, is thirty kopecks, or about tenpence English.

"Well, I'll tell you what," says my companion, with the air of a discoverer, "we'll just dine *à la Sart* so long as we're in Tashkent. They may say what they like about the Officers' Club, but this is quite good enough for me."

"And for me too."

Having thus decided, we regain our drosky (which, by some miracle, has kept within hail all the time), and turn our faces homeward once more.

## THE GILYAKS AND THE GOLDI

(From *Through Siberia*, by Henry Lansdell.)

[When Pastor Henry Lansdell made his visit to Siberia that country was virtually a forbidden land to the casual visitor. It speaks much for the sense of duty and bravery of so many of our missionaries, and indeed of those of other lands like the celebrated Huc, that information topographical, ethnical, religious, and political, of strange lands is generally first given to the world through their activities. Before Lansdell projected his tour, the English had sent missionaries round the whole world, to China, Persia, Palestine, Africa, the Sandwich

Islands, etc. ; yet such was the gloomy picture handed down of the backward condition of the natives and exiles, and of their indisposition and unsuitability to matters religious, that the stoutest hearted pastor might well have hesitated before undertaking a journey across the dreary stretch of Siberia.

Dr. Lansdell, however, made his historic journey in 1878, and one outcome of it was his valuable work, *Through Siberia*, as to which the Royal Geographical Society said, "The work contains much incidental detail likely to be of practical utility to other travellers, apart from its special philanthropic and economical aspects, and the convenience of its collected descriptive matter. The observations on the various races met with, especially in the extreme eastern part of the journey, are of considerable interest, as are the accounts of the actual conditions of the country at the present time." It is of these Far Eastern races that the following chapter speaks, and Dr. Lansdell's observations are the more valuable from the fact that these races, even when he wrote forty years ago, were a fast disappearing race.]

*THE Gilyaks were the most thorough heathens I saw in Siberia. I visited two of their villages—Mukhul and Tyr—saw some of them at Nikolaefsk almost daily, and met a former starosta of the "white" village. I conversed also with an American and an Englishman who had known them for many years ; with a French trader among them. . . . From all these I gathered more or less information, which has since been supplemented by reading ; yet it must be owned that, as to all save what meets the eye, we are still very little informed in regard to this people ; whilst of their religion (if they have any) next to nothing is known. Few Russians*

*Gilyaks.*—Also spelt Gee-laks, Ghiliaks. Réclus has Giliaks or Kilé, and regards them as "related to those mysterious Ainos who are the object of so much discussion among ethnologists." The Gilyak country extends from Tambost (Ginn), about 350 miles south of Nikolaefsk, to the seashore near the mouth of the Amur, as well as over the northern half of the island of Sakhaln.

*Starosta.*—The chief man, or headman, of a Russian village.

learn the Gilyak language, and few Gilyaks learn Russ.

In stature these aborigines are diminutive, usually below rather than above five feet ; their eyes are elongated ; the colour of the skin tawny, like that of the Chinese ; the hair black, and not luxuriant. The Gilyaks tie up the hair in a thick tail, but do not, like the Manchu and Goldi, shave or cut it ; hence, they were called by the Chinese, " long hairs."

The winter habitations of the Gilyaks and Goldi are erected in clusters of from two or three to perhaps a dozen. *In the thirty-nine villages mentioned by Collins he counted one hundred and forty houses.* The first Gilyak dwelling I entered was at Mukhul. It was about forty feet square, built of small posts or stakes, and plastered with mud. The roof was supported by heavier posts at the corners, with cross-pieces on which the rafters rested, and upright timbers supported the covering of larch bark, kept in its place and from warping in the sun by stones and heavy poles. Among the cross-beams and joists were nets, skins, dog-sledges, light canoes, hunting implements, fish-baskets of birch and willow twigs, dried fish, herbs, and, in fact, the wealth and working tools of the half-dozen families to whom the house was evidently a comfortable home during a long and severe winter. Around three sides of the interior was a raised divan for a seat and dining and sleeping place, with a flue running underneath, and a fireplace at either end. At the vacant side of the interior were cooking utensils, pots, kettles, knives, and wooden pans : and there were racks to dry various

skins and fish, entrails, etc. The house had only this one room, and in the centre was a raised platform, under which in winter are tied the dogs, and sometimes the family bear. The windows were of fish-skin, or thin paper, over a lattice.

These people do not cultivate the land, but subsist almost entirely on fish. Occasionally they eat the animals taken in the chase, and their dogs, when they die; while pork and other flesh, with a little millet, are reserved for festivals.

The favourite winter dress of both Gilyaks and Goldi is made of dogs' skins, or of fox or wolf, as being the next warmest. In summer they wear fish-skin, hence the Chinese call them "Yupitatze," or "fish-skin strangers," though the well-to-do among the Goldi get from the merchants cotton goods, and sometimes even silk. The fish-skin is prepared from two kinds of salmon. They strip it off with great dexterity, and, by beating with a mallet, remove the scales, and so render it supple. Clothes thus made are waterproof. I saw a travelling bag, and even the sail of a boat, made of this material. The Gilyak hats are made of fur for the winter with lappets; and the Goldi, by sewing together squirrels' tails, make a round fur like a "boa," about five inches in diameter, which, being joined at the ends, serves either for the neck or to encircle the head like a coronet. Their summer hat, of depressed conical shape, is made of birch-tree bark, ornamented on the top by strips of coloured wood sewn in patterns. It has inside a wooden ridge, and is kept in place by a string under the chin.

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" *Long hairs*,"—The Chinese also called them " Fish-skin Tata," for reasons which appear later in the above text.

*Goldi*.—The Goldi are a branch of the Tunguse family, or that branch of the Mongolo-Tartar race which dwells in the mountainous districts of Eastern Siberia.

*Collins*.—P. M. Collins, author of *Siberia to Japan* (1860), and *A Voyage down the Amoor* (1860). He was commercial agent of the U.S.A. for the Amur River.

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localities, and *scoop-nets* in others. I more than once saw a fence of poles built at right angles to the shore, extending twenty or thirty yards into the Amur. This fence is fish-proof, except in a few places where holes are purposely left for the salmon, which the natives lie in wait to catch with spears or hand-nets. When the fish are running well, a canoe can soon be filled. Ropes and nets they make from hemp and from the common stinging-nettle, the stalks of which are treated like flax.

The habits of the Gilyaks are dirty beyond description. They are said never to wash. A telegraphic engineer told me that he one day gave a Gilyak a piece of soap, which he put in his mouth, and, after chewing it to a lather, pronounced "very good." Both Gilyaks and Goldi have a liking, reverence, or fear for animals. They formerly domesticated ermines for catching rats, the high price of cats confining their possession to the wealthy. On the Lower Amur they find, besides those mentioned elsewhere, the elk, roe-buck, reindeer, and fox; the racoon-dog, wild boar, and lynx; the polecat, hedgehog, ermine, sable and striped squirrel. They are fond also of seeing swallows build in their houses, and to induce them to do so they fasten small boards under the roof, by which these birds have access to the house. The Goldi keep the horned owl (for catching rats), the jay, the hawk, and the kite—the last for no particular use, unless it be for the sake of their feathers for arrows. The eagle is sometimes seen fastened near their houses, and so are the dogs, which, in winter, are the principal means of locomotion. I saw a large number of them at Mukhal. A team may consist of any odd number from seven to seventeen, a good leader being worth 50s. and an ordinary dog from 8s. to 10s. The sledge is made of thin boards five or six feet long, and eighteen inches wide, convex below, but straight on the upper edge. A team of nine dogs draws a man and two hundred

pounds of luggage an entire day, each dog receiving a piece of fish a foot long, and about two inches square, the same in size as suffices for his master. The mode of summer communication is by boats made of pitch-fir or cedar. Besides these the Goldi make canoes of birch-bark. The native sits in the centre, and propels himself with a double-bladed paddle. The canoes are flat-bottomed, and very easily upset. When a native sitting in one of them spears a fish, he moves only his arm, and keeps his body motionless. The larger boats are usually rowed by women, the lords of creation sitting in the stern to steer and smoke their long-stemmed, amber-tipped, Chinese pipes. There is one marked difference, however, between the rowing of the Gilyaks and Goldi, for whereas the latter, taking two oars, pull them together, the former pull them alternately—a seemingly clumsy way, but in practice efficient.

Women occupy a low position among the Gilyaks and Goldi, who are polygamists. Mr. Ravenstein quotes a statement of Rinso, a Japanese traveller, that among the Smerenkur Gilyaks polyandry prevails. Betrothal dates from childhood. The father chooses the bride for his infant son, a rich Gold paying from £5 to £20 for a girl five years old. At Mukhul the price of a wife was given me as from £10 to £50, often paid in silk stuffs and other materials, whilst a telegraph engineer named as the selling price for a Gilyak bride, from eight to ten dogs, a sledge, and two cases of brandy, though, if she have "a good nose," she fetches

*Mr. Ravenstein.*—Mr. E. G. Ravenstein, author of *The Russians on the Amur* (1862). A geographer and statistician who was employed in the British War Office (1855-74). He was a member of the Royal Geographical Society (1894-96), becoming first Victoria gold medallist.

*Polyandry prevails.*—Having more than one husband. It prevails in Malabar, Tibet, etc., and probably owed its origin to the scarcity of females brought about by female infanticide, a common Eastern practice when food supplies were scarce.



rather more. The bride-elect is brought into the house of her future father-in-law, and when the girl is twelve or thirteen, and the boy eighteen, they are married. Should a Gold who has many wives desire to be baptized the Russian missionaries compel him to elect one, and be canonically married to the object of his choice ; *the rest being sold, or, by a happy arrangement, returned to their respective fathers at half price.* Notwithstanding such matrimonial drawbacks, I heard that among these interesting people there are no unmarried ladies.

The amusements of the Gilyaks are of the nature of gymnastics, such as throwing heavy irons and fencing. They begin early to shoot with bow and arrow, and are good archers. Their foreign relationships are of a very limited character. . . .

. . . I met a family of Gilyaks in a shop at Nikolaefsk, with whom I endeavoured to exchange ideas, through one who spoke a little Russian, and I thought they seemed a people the lowest in intellect of any I had met. The company consisted of a father, mother, two daughters, and a deaf and dumb boy. The man did not know his daughters' age, nor even his own, saying they kept no account. When asked whether he would sell me his daughter to wife, he replied at first that they did not sell their girls to Russians, not approving the alliance. When pressed further, however, he said that she was already sold (she was about ten years old, and was smoking a pipe), and he added, "I sold her dearly!" It was difficult, however, in Russ to convey to their minds any but the simplest ideas. Neither Gilyaks nor Goldi have any written signs. The missionary living at Khabarofka has translated into Goldi parts of the Scriptures and the Greek

*Gymnastics.*—Compare Huc's observations on the Tibetans, p. 146.

*A very limited character.*—Before the Russian occupation the Manchu came down the river to collect tribute and dispose of their merchandise.

liturgy, using, if I mistake not, Russian characters. The Goldi language, he told me, was much like the Manchu, and that, speaking the former, he could make himself understood in the latter. . . .

. . . Like other heathen tribes, the Gilyaks have many superstitions. They do not allow fire to be carried in or out of a house, not even in a pipe, fearing such an act may bring ill-luck in hunting or fishing. The same superstition is found in many parts of Russia. They appear, too, to be fatalists; for an Englishman at Nikolaefsk told me that if one falls into the water, the others will not help him out, on the plea that they would thus be opposing a higher power, who wills that he should perish. A Russian officer and his family were drowned some time since near the town, within easy reach of the boats of the Gilyaks, who could have saved them, but they did not attempt to do so.

The Gilyaks believe in wooden idols or charms as antidotes to disease. I had practical illustration of this at Tyr, where I wished to buy some of the little amulets belonging to the head of a household; but he was at first unwilling to sell them, saying that he had found the wearing of them very efficacious in sickness. The offer of a silver piece, however, changed his mind; and he afterwards sold me not only his own, but those of his baby, one of them like a doll in a sitting posture; and after I had left the house, he sent after me a fish rudely cut in wood, and meant for a sturgeon, with a little god seated on his back. . . . Sometimes poles shaped like idols are placed before the houses. Another kind is carried as companion to the native on his journeys, whilst some are placed upon the summits of the mountains.

*Did not attempt to do so.*—Dr. Lansdell, quoting Schrenk, says the Gilyaks of the mainland do not bear a favourable character, but are avaricious and covetous in commerce; while those of Sakhalin display this propensity in downright theft and robbery.

*Antidotes to disease.*—They also wear amulets fashioned like the part afflicted!

Other idols are in the form of the tiger, bear, etc., which animals are closely connected with their superstition, if not their religion. The tiger is said to be feared much more among the Gilyaks than the Goldi, and its appearance portends evil. If the remains are found of a man killed by a tiger, they are buried on the spot without ceremony. On the other hand, if a cow is found killed by a bear, it is eaten with great glee and rejoicing. It is said that neither Gilyaks nor Goldi attempt to kill the tiger. Neither do they hunt the wolf, to which they attribute an evil influence. With the bear, however, things are very different. There is in each Gilyak village a bear cage. I saw them at both Mukhul and Tyr. They speak of the captive as *Mafa*, that is "Chief Elder," and to distinguish him from the tiger, who is *Mafa sakhle*, that is, "Black Chief." In hunting the bear they exhibit great intrepidity. In order not to excite his posthumous revenge, they do not surprise him, but have a fair stand-up fight. When it is not desired to secure the animal alive, the natives use a spear, such as I saw at Krasnoïarsk, the head of which is covered with spikes. It lies upon the ground, having a cord attached to the centre, and held by a man, the spear-point being towards the bear. As Bruin advances to the man, the spear-head is raised from the ground, and the beast throws himself upon it, but finds the chevaux-de-frize a disagreeable object to embrace. He is then set upon by the huntsmen and killed. It is much more interesting sport to catch a bear alive. A party of ten men or more enter the forest provided with straps, muzzle, and a collar with chain attached. Having discovered the whereabouts of the bear, he is surrounded, and one of them, jumping upon his back in the twinkling of an eye, seizes hold of his ears. Another quickly fastens a

*Exhibit great intrepidity*—Wounds sustained in these encounters are regarded as marks of prowess, and to be killed by a bear is deemed a very happy death.

running knot round the neck of the beast, and almost suffocates him. He is then muzzled, the collar passed round his neck, and he is led in triumph to the village to be put in the cage, and fattened on fish. Bruin is not imprisoned, however, to be treated like the sacred bulls of Egypt. On festivals he is brought out, his paws tied, an iron chain put in his mouth, and he is bound between two fixed poles, an involuntary witness of the natives frolicking around him. On very grand occasions he takes a more direct share in the festival by being killed with superstitious ceremonies. The people then go home, their chiefs staying to cut up the bear, the flesh of which is distributed to every house, and eaten with great zest, as food calculated to inspire and bring courage and luck. The head and paws, however, are treated with great reverence. These ursine ceremonies have, no doubt, given rise to the statement that the Gilyaks worship the bear. Mr. Collins goes so far as to say that they consider the bear an incarnated evil spirit; and the missionary at Mikhailovsky, in answer to my question, was not sure, but he thought it quite likely that they worshipped the animal. . . .

. . . The shamans, or priests, who may be male or female, are regarded as powerful mediators between the people and the evil spirits. The shaman, in fact, combines the double functions of doctor and priest. When a man falls sick, he is supposed to be attacked by an evil spirit, and the shaman is called to practise exorcism. There is a distinct spirit for every disease,

*Head and paws.*—The head is kept by the village patriarch, and prayers are said to be offered to it for the space of a week.

*Shamans.*—Shamanism is a term which vaguely embraces the chief religious beliefs and practices of the Finno-Tartaric races of Northern Asia. These beliefs are animistic, and their adherents believe in a multitude of deities inhabiting the heavens, the earth, and the under-world.

*Doctor and priest.*—The term Shamanism is also applied to the North American "medicine-man."

who must be propitiated in a particular manner. The performance was thus described to me. The shaman puts on a huge bearskin cloak, which jingles with bells, pieces of iron, brass, or anything which will help, when shaken, to make a noise, the whole sometimes weighing as much as 100 lbs. He begins by singing in a monotonous murmur, and drinks brandy. Both patient and doctor are usually decorated with strips of wood or shavings, hanging round the waist and head. By the side of the patient are placed idols and brandy. The shaman sits on one side, and the audience on the other. He approaches, drinks more brandy, begins to sing and jingle his bells, and gives brandy to the spectators. On the table are placed idols, fish, a squirrel's skin, millet and brandy, and a dog is tied under the table. The eatables are offered to the idols, and then distributed to be consumed by all present. Meanwhile the shaman contorts his body and dances like one possessed, and howls to such an extent that Chinese merchants, who have come out of curiosity, have been known to flee in very terror. He also beats a tambourine, and sometimes falls prostrate, as if holding communion with the spirits; and this kind of thing sometimes goes on for three days and nights, as long, probably, as provisions and spirits hold out, after which the patient is left to believe that he will get well; and the shaman receives his fee, which may be a reindeer, a dog, fish, brandy, or whatever the patient can afford.

## ✓ A JUNGLE PICTURE

(From *On the Indian Hills*, by Edwin Lester Arnold.)

[To think of India is to think of jungles and of the myriad life, beast and bird, which lends to them more than half their glory. Mr. Kipling has, of course, made

us familiar with this as with other features of India in tales and sketches which are known the world over. If the work *On the Indian Hills* (1881) of Mr. Edwin Lester Arnold is not so familiar, it will, however, be found to contain scores of admirable pen-pictures of Indian jungle life. He himself was engaged in coffee-planting in Southern India, and there is nothing, from famine and fever to road-making and game-shooting, on which he cannot write at first-hand and interestingly.]

### ROAD-MAKING IN INDIA

ROAD-MAKING now came also into full swing again, and most of my time was taken up in carrying on the new ghaut road, which during the hot weather had been at a standstill, past the borders of the next estate, through it and all the others, to the head of the ghaut. This, of course, was hard work both for the men and myself, as we now had a long walk in the early morning before we reached work, and a long trudge back in the evening. It was also feverish, as we kept close along the side of the Manalora stream, in order to make the road as level as might be, and the malaria which rose as we worked was often sickening. It proved, however, interesting, as my bill-men broke into untrodden nooks and corners of the virgin woods at every fresh spell of work; and we were in very gamey parts too, though the noise of the axes and choppers frightened every wild thing away as we advanced. One day we broke full into a tiger's lair—a smooth hard hollow at the foot of a shady tree, littered all about with bones and shreds of flesh and hair, amongst which there were some relics astonishingly like human ones. Too surely they may have been such, for not long ago one of our planters rode up the ghaut late at night, and at the top, hearing a woman

*Ghaut*.—Properly a mountain pass; but the word also denotes a river-stair.

moaning, he dismounted and found it was an old coolie too sick to move. He did all he could ; he gave her some water from the nearest stream in his helmet, and the next morning sent some of his men to fetch her in ; but she was gone, and from the marks round about it was plain a tiger had carried her off. As for the sambour and bison tracks, they were so numerous that when I went half a mile ahead and set a trace with a few men, the main body who followed behind with mamooties and spades, often turned off to the right or left and took their work up one of those by-paths, under the impression that I had just made it. To show how numerous the game was, and what good sport might be had by any one who could spare sufficient time, I may say that going to work one morning over the fresh, smooth earth of yesterday's road, there, all newly stamped in the same narrow passage, were a tiger cub's footmarks as big as saucers, the hoof-marks of a full-grown bison sunk deep in the soil, and also those of a sambour and a jungle sheep. All these various animals must have come down to examine our operations during the few hours of darkness. But this abundance of game was of no use to hard-working planters like ourselves, for a shot is only to be had late in the evening or early in the morning, and our exertions during the day left us little inclination for that sort of thing. L—— and I did, indeed, sit up all one night in the jungle, on a rough framework of boughs, by a stream where deer often came to drink, but L—— smoked so much bird's-eye to keep the fever mists away, that probably the animals scented us half a mile off. Certainly nothing came near us, and we got horribly bitten by mosquitoes, and were so very bad-tempered next day that we gave it up in disgust,

*Sambour.*—Also spelt sambûr and sambou. Indian hill-country deer. It stands five feet high, is deep brown, and has a sort of mane. It is massively built, and has three-foot antlers presenting powerful points.

and came to the conclusion that little is to be done in the shooting way until an estate is several years old, or unless one likes to devote the few and precious holidays to it.

Birds, too, were numerous along this new road, and here I saw the only green paroquets noticed in the jungle. I was standing by the stem of a small dead tree, gaunt, withered, and brown, without a leaf to boast of, and my white clothes were partly hidden from above by a flowering creeper, when there was a rush of wings, a loud screeching, and a flock of at least a couple of hundred of these emerald-green birds came up, wheeled twice round the dead tree, and then settled altogether in a cloud. The contrast was very striking ; *for whereas a moment ago the branches were bare and leafless, they now seemed buried in green foliage from the highest to the lowest, and the tree had regained its youthful beauty as rapidly as though touched by the wand of an enchanter.* But the delusion did not last long, for I was soon noticed by one of the many pairs of sharp eyes, and, with a chorus of deafening shrieks, the whole covey took flight.

This road-making was dangerous work, on account of the snakes which we often dislodged from the low herbage and rubbish. Many of these I caught and took home, much to the disgust of the coolies. Some of them were agile little creatures, with grey skins banded with black ; others, as long as whip-thongs, and of the loveliest grass-green, with sparkling gold eyes. These are said to hide in bushes, and dart out at the face of any one approaching ; but, as far as my experience goes, they make the best of every opportunity to escape. One big snake I caught and killed, as I thought, and took him back with me in my coat pocket. I subsequently rolled him up very neatly, and tied a label round his neck with his scientific name, and putting him into a bottle of spirits corked it up. But the spirits seemed to have revived him, for in



night he drank up the greater part, pushed the cork out of the bottle, and returned to his native jungles none the worse for his little adventure. How astonished some one will be if he catches him again with that label round his neck and smelling strongly of native brandy!

Although never actually meeting with an accident, I have killed several deadly snakes at close quarters. On one occasion Mrs. R——'s smallest boy, a chubby little fellow, very fond of collecting for me, brought me a small grey snake with a square head, which he was holding by the tip of the tail. Directly I saw it I knew it was the deadly tic-polonga, and, though a small specimen, possessed of poison powerful enough to kill a horse. I took it safely from him, but it was a dangerous moment for the little fellow. On another occasion, when walking down a jungle-path with L—— my companion actually strode right across a black cobra, five feet long, which was lying across the path. This snake gave chase to L——, who "made tracks" as fast as he could go, until I got a chance and killed the enemy with a single shot from my rifle. His skin, though not brilliant, was very striking—blue-black, with a velvety spectacle-like mark behind the head.

Sometimes, however, the snake gets the best of the encounter. I once lent some coolies to a surveyor working on the other side of the river, and one of these men trod on a tic-polonga some four feet long, whereupon the reptile turned at once and struck him in the ankle. The Englishman's remedy was prompt and effectual, but terribly painful. He at once cut away the flesh all round the wound, as though he were operating on an apple, and then poured in boiling water from the camp kettle. This rough treatment was successful. The man was sent back to me to be nursed; and although he subsequently came out all over his body with spots, as though he had contracted smallpox, and spent the greater part of his time in a

state of coma, he eventually recovered, and went away well to his own country.

When the sun was at its hottest and straight overhead, though we still worked on at our road-making, most of the birds hid themselves in the thickest gloom of the jungle, and the woods were very silent and gloomy, with only the sound of our own ringing axes to be heard. Yet there was twittering and singing enough in the early morning. One big hawk sailed over us for many days, no matter what the heat was, until at last I got to look out regularly for his graceful flight and wide-barred wings high up over our heads. In the evening the birds came out again as we wandered homewards, and the curious rocket-bird, with feathers in his tail twice as long as his body, thin and thread-like up to the tip, where there was a paddle-like enlargement, played about on the tops of the trees and enlivened the scene with its gambols.

One evening, instead of returning with the coolies, I sent them home, and mounting a pony which had been brought over for me, rode away to W——'s, to have a look at the newspapers and see how our friends the Turks were getting on. I did not mount to return till late, as by chance my host seemed not so sleepy as usual. But at last I was in the saddle, and by the time his estate was left behind the sun had set and the jungles were buried in profound gloom, which the full moon did little to dissipate. However, I pressed on, and the horse willingly made for his stables. We brushed through the dewy coffee of a couple of estates, forded a moonlit nullah, and frightened a fox out of his wits as he was coming down to drink. We can-

*Rocket-bird.*—Otherwise the Paradise fly-catcher (*Tchitraa paradisi*), which frequents the mango tops.

*Our friends the Turks.*—Russia, assuming the leadership of a Pan-Slav movement and the rôle of defender of Christians, advanced on the Turkish capital; but the campaign was soon ended through the intervention of other Powers, and the outcome was the famous Berlin Treaty of 1878. Edwin Arnold's book was written in 1881.

run my neck into the loop of one of the creepers which hang in graceful curves from tree to tree everywhere in the forest. But I suffered from a sore throat for a week afterwards, and, as may be supposed, finished that dark ride at a more moderate pace.

No clearer or sadder proof could be required of the feebleness of the coolies, and the constitutional ruin wrought on them by the famine, than the way in which they succumbed to fever and sickness. There was no other reason why I should hold out better than they did, for my hut was almost eave by eave with their "lines," and we both shared the same weather; and yet they died around me from simple attacks of fever which only staggered me for a day or so. Lately they had been going off at an astonishing and piteous rate. A great number of Tamils came up during my absence in Bombay—miserable famine-stricken wretches, thin and weak. They had been too suddenly exposed to the deadly air of our jungles, and half of them had died in less than a month. On one side of the Bungalow Hill stream there was a living population above ground, and on the other an almost equally large population underground.

## THE PEOPLE OF JERUSALEM

(From *In the Country of Jesus*, by Matilde Serao.)

[Jerusalem has always presented a problem in the study of racial antithesis. Almost does this city rival Port Said and Shanghai in its cosmopolitanism. But there is a difference in that the cosmopolitanism of the Egyptian and Chinese ports concerns only commercial communities, and raises no other than materialist issues; whereas that of Jerusalem awakens deeper and spiritual considerations. Are the Turks masters of the city in any other than a military sense? Are the Jews the

tered downhill and scrambled up the rises, thoroughly enjoying the cool fresh air and the silent darkness, until we came to a lonely hollow through which a little rill ran tinkling downwards, and the forest trees crowded in and shut out all the light, while the wild sago waved about, as it seemed, of its own accord. This place was supposed to be haunted, as six coolies had died of cholera by the side of the little stream, and a robbery had been committed there some years before. Besides that, it was a great place for bears, who have a liking for horseflesh; and my little "tat" seemed to know this, for he snorted and shook his head, and, without a word from me, started off at a canter up the rocky path. At one place the bridle-track passed under a strange fantastic pile of rocks, looking silent and grim under the occasional rays of the moon; and I was just thinking what an excellent post it would make for dacoits, and letting the pony have all the rein he wanted, when, without a moment's warning, a rope was thrown over my neck and I was dragged right back to the crupper of the saddle. To say I "saw stars" would be putting it very mildly. The whole sky seemed to burst into a blaze of comets, and my own eyes seemed to flame with blue light. But I kept in the saddle, and reined the horse right back on his haunches, at the same time drawing a long hunting-knife from my belt, the only thing I had with me. Of course I expected it was dacoits—what else could it have been? But they did not put in an appearance, and, lifting up my hand after a moment of suspense, I found something round my neck, very rope-like, but not twisted, and hard and smooth, which a little more investigation showed to be the long pliant stem of a rattan creeper. Thus the mystery was solved; I had

*Dacoits*—Hindustani, *dakait*; members of armed gangs of robbers and murderers. In 1897 there were reported to be nearly ten thousand professional dacoits in India. Needless to say, they have been fast disappearing under later administrations.

run my neck into the loop of one of the creepers which hang in graceful curves from tree to tree everywhere in the forest. But I suffered from a sore throat for a week afterwards, and, as may be supposed, finished that dark ride at a more moderate pace.

No clearer or sadder proof could be required of the feebleness of the coolies, and the constitutional ruin wrought on them by the famine, than the way in which they succumbed to fever and sickness. There was no other reason why I should hold out better than they did, for my hut was almost eave by eave with their "lines," and we both shared the same weather; and yet they died around me from simple attacks of fever which only staggered me for a day or so. Lately they had been going off at an astonishing and piteous rate. A great number of Tamils came up during my absence in Bombay—miserable famine-stricken wretches, thin and weak. They had been too suddenly exposed to the deadly air of our jungles, and half of them had died in less than a month. On one side of the Bungalow Hill stream there was a living population above ground, and on the other an almost equally large population underground.

## THE PEOPLE OF JERUSALEM

(From *In the Country of Jesus*, by Matilde Serao.)

[Jerusalem has always presented a problem in the study of racial antithesis. Almost does this city rival Port Said and Shanghai in its cosmopolitanism. But there is a difference in that the cosmopolitanism of the Egyptian and Chinese ports concerns only commercial communities, and raises no other than materialist issues; whereas that of Jerusalem awakens deeper and spiritual considerations. Are the Turks masters of the city in any other than a military sense? Are the Jews the

most distinctive of its inhabitants ? Will the city ever have a distinct people of its own ? These are the questions which Matilde Serao, the Italian journalist and novelist, puts in the following graphic sketch of the Holy City as she saw it in 1897. Her sketch acquires in these days an added interest from the revolutionary changes which have taken place since the Great War—changes which have seen the Turk driven out and a national home founded for the Jews under the mandatory powers of the British Government.]

### THE PEOPLE

CAN it be truthfully said that there exists among the seventy thousand inhabitants of Jerusalem a distinctive people ; to which can be applied the title of God's Elect, so envied by other nations, so loved by Him ?

Not to the Jews, though they form more than half the population. An inestimable gift, a Divine promise, had been made to Israel, and she received the sublime realization of the greatest of futures ; but she soon wearied of piety and good deeds. From that fatal Thursday of *Nisam*, when the Jews, mysteriously roused to anger and blinded by hatred of the Nazarene, demanded that the Blood of the Son of Man should fall on them and on their children, the challenged malediction has struck them, and, being dispersed, they have ceased to be a nation. Slowly, thanks to the evolution of political and religious sentiment, and to Turkish indifference—in reality a form of pity and courteous contempt—the Jews have begun to return to Jerusalem. They arrive from the furthestmost points of Europe, looking piteously pale, weary, and ill. Their habitual expression is one of extreme timidity ; that of a whipped cur. They seem unable to look you straight in the face, and appear to dread meeting an enemy or persecutor at every step and turn. Silent, thoughtful, incapable of argument, they prefer to hide themselves in dark corners, in out-of-the-way tumble-

down houses, or else in wretched little shops where goods are never exhibited. Notwithstanding their constantly increasing numbers, and the fact that nearly all the commerce of the town and district, both wholesale and retail, is in their hands, they have not changed their plaintive, timorous manner to become in the least degree more expansive, but remain ever crouching and seemingly unhappy, scarcely venturing to raise their heads in this, the capital of their former greatness, and the actual City of their tears and hopes ! Perhaps they never will change, for time and recent events have only added to their fateful destiny.

Ah ! they are well aware of all this ! They know that they exist in Jerusalem only on sufferance, the effect of a generous concession, or perchance even of a mere accident. They feel that they are only temporarily settled here, and that an Imperial edict may at any moment drive them forth again. They are simply intruders with no right to enjoy in peace the fresh air and sunshine of their own Holy City. They steal along by the walls and are easily recognized by their long glossy locks, the strange cut of their garments, and, above all, by their infinitely pathetic appearance of constrained meekness and sickliness. You perceive it not only in the aged, but in the adolescent and in the pale, dark-eyed little ones. The Jews of Jerusalem are engaged in all sorts of trades, selling and buying everything. They are money-changers : some, the more courageous, will even turn usurers on a small scale, but with such infinite cunning and precaution as to prevent their ever being caught in the act. One of the chief banks of Jerusalem is in Israelitish hands, though it is conducted on European lines, and is situated in the Nazarene quarter. But, for the most part, the Jews hereabouts earn their livelihood tenaciously and obstinately, by a minute sort of retail trade peculiar to the place. They cannot till the ground ; their traditional pastoral occupations are, like their nation-

ality, lost. The habits of twenty centuries of commerce, industries, and shopkeeping, however, remain with them. Their women, who are seldom beautiful but nearly always anæmic and dissipated-looking, have light wavering eyes and are never veiled: they wear, however, a kind of cap of a strange antiquated form placed crossways on the head, which entirely hides the hair. Over this they drape a white woollen shawl with a broad pattern of red and yellow flowers. They glide along abstractedly, scarcely, if ever, turning to look about them, but hastening along, as if pursued, eager to dive into the worst and ugliest hovels of Jerusalem. And this is the sort of life they lead in order to exist near the spot where two thousand years ago stood their Holy of Holies, their mighty Temple! Every Friday they flock in crowds to wait by the only remaining wall of the Temple, and they die content if only they are sure that a handful of the black earth of the valley of Jehoshaphat will mingle with that of their graves. Yet, for all this, they are not the people of Jerusalem! Neither is the ruling Turkish population. The Turks, some eight or ten thousand in number, exist here, as they do in every other land which they have conquered, calm, indolent, haughty, and unconcerned. Materially their rule in Palestine has been most fruitful; their concessions to the Christians—that is, to the Latins, Greeks, and Armenians—have scarcely ever been made through the generosity of a Sultan, but almost always for some pecuniary advantage. Every inch of the Holy Land has been acquired at the price of the tears, blood, and money of the believers. It may well be said that the Country of Jesus, impoverished through the neglect of Islam, has proved of far greater value to the Sublime Porte than its corn, wheat, grapes, and oranges. Thus the Turks exercise their gentle sway in Jerusalem. They are opportunists or indifferent, as best suits their convenience. They conquered Jerusalem and they keep it; and treat both



Christians and Jews with equal forbearance. The first Station of the *Via Crucis*—that is, the Prætorium of Pontius Pilate, from which Christ set out—is now a Turkish barrack. Every Friday the Franciscan Fathers, followed by a crowd of pilgrims, and others who join the procession probably from curiosity, start from this place the devotion known as the Way of the Cross; whilst the Turkish soldiers watch them with a curious, mingled expression of wonderment and contempt. The guardians at the gate of the Holy Sepulchre are Turks, who pass the whole day lolling on a kind of platform covered with carpets, smoking cigarettes or *chibooques*. They neither ask for money nor take the least notice of the crowd of the Faithful flocking to the Sanctuary. In their eyes, Jesus was worthy of admiration. He was inferior to Mahomet, but quite as great a Prophet as David. They call Him *Naby Issa*, or the Prophet Jesus. They also venerate the Virgin and call her *Sitti Miriam*, or the Lady Mary. They firmly believe that the great stone which is suspended in the Mosque of Omar in Jerusalem, that great rock which was taken from the Temple of Solomon, is held up miraculously both by the Mother of Mahomet and by the Mother of Jesus. They believe, too, that forty years before the end of the world *Naby Issa*, or Jesus, will return to earth, and together with Mahomet, who will join Him, convert the world to Mohammedanism. After which, the crack of doom!

Jerusalem contains the third greatest mosque of Islam, after those at Mecca and Medina, since here are venerated the remains of the Prophets and Patriarchs, because they were quickened by the word of Mahomet. Upon the Rock which was the Holy of Holies, they venerate two hairs of Mahomet's beard. This does not, however, prevent their allowing believers of other faiths to pay reverence to their own prophets, martyrs, and saints. The Mussulman leaves every one at liberty as long as this liberty does not interfere with

or his affairs. He has, indeed, conquered Zion : but, for all that, he is no Zionite, nor does he pretend to be of Jerusalem.

None the less the Christians, or so-called Christians, do not constitute the people of Jerusalem ; for, although it is true that the Latins, Schismatic Greeks, Armenians, Russians, Copts, and Maronites pretend to represent the faithful followers and soldiers of Christ, they are hopelessly divided by their dissensions and fanaticism. None but the Latins, that blessed band of Franciscan monks, the custodians of the Holy Places, together with a couple of thousand Catholic believers, who alone possess that true spirit of humility, temperance, and devotion which they have received from St. Francis, could form the nucleus of a Christian people in Jerusalem. But they are very few ! As to the four thousand Greeks, two thousand Latins, one thousand Armenians, and all the numerous Christian sects, they are principally distinguished for the spirit of discord and mutual animosity which must for ever prevent their forming anything approaching unity. Unhappily, the Latin, Greek, Armenian, and Coptic Christians, and even the Protestants, live here in a state of perpetual strife and jealousy, which the Turks are obliged to quell whenever their quarrels reach a pitch that threatens the peace. These divided sects of Christianity care only for their particular Church and Shrine, and each believes itself the depository of a high and perfect spiritual mission, which exonerates its members from doing any sort of work or engaging in any industry or commerce. They never think of adding to their resources. Latins, Greeks, and Armenians, live thus in the shadows of their own convents and places of refuge, from which they receive board, pecuniary assistance, doctors, medicines, schools, and all protection and help. The most complete idleness reigns among these nationalities. They follow, it is true, all the rites of their various

Churches, they are very pious, even fanatical, but with them religion frequently becomes a mere question of interest. The Franciscan Fathers, with their enlightened faith, have often spoken to me on this subject, and regretted so hopeless a state of affairs. But what can they, with all their zeal, do with people who make of religion a profession, and who believe that because they have heard Mass at five o'clock in the morning they are perfect Christians? To do them justice, the Franciscans give their flock plenty of work to do, and teach them to be industrious and economical ; but to little or no purpose.

Therefore, that our nation (the Italian) may exist in the Holy Land and our Faith maintain its *prestige*, we must have patience ; although there is little hope that we shall ever be able to form a *people* in Jerusalem. Neither will the Jews ever form a people here ; for they are no longer a nation, but a mere assemblage of persons come from the farthest parts of the earth and quite incapable of organization and re-annexation. As to the Turks, they only remain here as in a garrison ; whilst the other small, lazy, fanatical Christian sects, ever at war among themselves, are not likely to unite and conquer the foremost place in the population of a regenerated Zion. It is a curious fact, but Jerusalem seems doomed never to have a distinct people of its own like any other city. The Arabs from the plains, the handsome Bedouins from the desert of Jericho and even from Arabia Petræa, will never form the people of Jerusalem, since they only come here to buy and sell.

*Only come here to buy and sell* —The intransigence of the Arabs has lately (1923) been shown by their refusal to form any part of the Legislative Council under the new Palestine Constitution. The Arab point of view is that the translation into fact of the famous "Balfour Declaration" (in which the British Government undertook to found in Palestine a Jewish national home while safeguarding the interests of other nationalities) spells the abnegation of Arab rights and their definite postponement to the interests of Jewish immigrants.

Possibly Jerusalem will never again have a people of her own. She was great before God, and God placed in her all His Might; but the Son of Man suffered and died within her walls, and all her glory faded. And so she lives on, in the shadow of her splendid past, fulfilling day by day the prophecy that foretold her destruction and her desolation.

## IN FAR JAPAN

(From *Everyday Japan*, by Arthur Lloyd.)

[The following vignettes of scenes and everyday life in modern Japan are from the pen of Mr. Arthur Lloyd, lecturer in the Imperial University and the Higher Naval College, Tokyo, who has spent over a quarter of a century in Japan, and become so well imbued with a knowledge of the people amongst whom he has lived as to have well-nigh identified himself with them. In a foreword Baron Hayashi has admitted that Mr. Lloyd's *Everyday Japan* (1909) will be very helpful to those who may desire to form a sound and correct judgment on problems in the Far East.]

### SIGHTS AND SOUNDS IN TOKYO STREETS

COMPARED with other cities that I have known, Tokyo is a noiseless town, and as for strange sights, habit has so inured me to what comes under my eye in my daily life that I scarce heed it at all.

The first sound I hear in the morning comes from a temple, separated from my house by two gardens and a hill, at which the Buddhist priests say matins just at sunrise, or even a little before it, with the beating of a drum and the prolonged rattling of a noisy gong. When I hear that sound I think of how the "saints rejoice in their beds"—though there are also days when I am reminded that I am not a saint, and

that if I would get through the day's work before me I must up and be doing.

The next sound I hear, after an interval of uncertain duration, is the unbarring of the front gates by the *betto*s—the handy men that groom our horses, cut our grass, sweep our gardens, and, in a word, do everything that needs to be done outside of the house. When I hear the rumble of my neighbour's gate I know that the secular life of the city has begun, just as the religious life began some thirty minutes previously. Domestic life begins at a somewhat later hour, but in the streets I can already hear the cry of "*Natto, na-tto*—!" which tells me that the poor are beginning to bestir themselves. *Natto* is a concoction of beans which have been kept until they are beginning to go bad. It is said to have a rich, tasty flavour, and to be very popular with some sections of the community. It is essentially a poor man's dish.

By the time the *natto* sellers have done their business, other itinerant vendors have begun their rounds. The newspaper-boy's advent is always heralded by the tinkling of the bell which he carries suspended at his girdle; the milkman and baker have each their distinguishing cry, as has also the vendor of the bean-curd, known as *tofu*, which is much in request among people of, and above, the middle classes. A middle-class woman in Tokyo does very little cooking, beyond boiling the rice for the household. Most of the things that are eaten with the rice she can buy from these peripatetic merchants.

The next to arrive are the sellers of fish and vegetables. But by this time domestic life is well under way, and business life is about to commence. As I jump into the tramcar in Shiba Park a newsboy is

*Shiba Park.*—Tokyo has, or had before the earthquake of 1923, four great parks—Asakusa, for pleasure and leisure; Ueno, for education; Hibiya, for sport; and Shiba—the most beautiful—a "land of ecclesiastical paradise."

calling the morning papers lustily, and all along the route into the city I am being tempted with offers of the leading journals and the latest news.

From nine in the morning to four or five in the afternoon the business parts of the town are almost devoid of special cries, for the Japanese never seems to encourage mid-day hawking in the city, unless it be within certain limits of time and space, such as on the occasion of a fair or within the pleasure-ground of Asakusa. Yet even in the thick of the city you may see the mendicant priests, bowl in hand, going from house to house among their parishioners, and chanting monotonous prayers to the occasional tinkle of the bell they carry in their hands. They never make the mistake of calling at a wrong house, for the middle-class Japanese puts a ticket above his door which states the sect to which he belongs, and the Buddhist clergy never poach—or profess never to do so—on one another's preserves. Each priest knows where his sheep reside, and the sheep know their pastors who come to them regularly for the little dole of money which takes the place of broken meats.

Other frequent sights in the residential quarters of the town are the wandering tinkers and clog-menders, whose cries are easily recognized, and the pipe-cleaners, who need no cry since they travel with a miniature steam-engine, which continually blows a whistle, except when the steam is being utilized for the purpose of cleaning the pipe. Lamp-cleaners and menders are active in the streets all day. They are often rag-pickers and *chiffonniers* as well, and there is many a humble household that procures its wicks and its new lamps by barter in return for broken glass, scraps of paper, and cloth. And, of course, where the lamp-cleaner goes the oilman must follow; and the professional lamp-lighter makes his rounds twice

As the afternoon wears on the newspapers often take the opportunity of some political excitement to issue a *gogai*, or "extra," which sends hundreds of excitable youngsters round the streets selling the little sheets. A *gogai* is very often somewhat of a fraud ; but Japan loves to hear what is new, and these extras always seem to be profitable to their publishers.

Towards evening the vendors of food are busy once more, and, later on, the hot potato man and sellers of fried fish and other delicacies do quite a good trade ; for the Japanese likes to have what he calls his supper at five o'clock, and if you sup at five you begin to want a " night-cap " about half-past nine.

Among the strangest things you will see in Tokyo are the *kan-mairi*, or " frost-pilgrims," during the cold evenings of January. There are in Tokyo a certain number of Buddhist temples dedicated to a Buddha of the name of Fudo Sama, a special giver of health and strength to his worshippers. At each of these temples there is a deep well of ice-cold water, and the temples are at some distance from each other. When the weather is at its coldest, in the period known as *daikan*, or the " great frost "—that is, from 10th January to 1st February, with a few days of grace on this side and on that—you may see at any hour of the night a figure almost naked running at full speed through the streets and ringing a big bell as he goes. He is a *kan-mairi*. He has performed his devotions at one of the shrines of Fudo Sama, with copious showers of cold water from the well poured over his shivering frame. He has then put on one thin summer garment, and thus scantily clad, is running as fast as he can to shrine number two, where he will repeat the operation. Before he has finished he will

*Fudo Sama*—This deity is worshipped as a god of fire. He sits " immovable," surrounded with flames, the symbol of wisdom, and bearing a double-edged sword and a rope ; the latter is intended for use to restrain malefactors.

have visited every *Fudo* shrine in the place. Possibly he may die ; but whether he survives or not, he believes that he will obtain for some loved invalid the precious boon of restoration to health.

When we walk down the wide street of Ginza at noonday, and look at modernized shops with plate-glass windows, at the tramcars and the telegraph poles, we think that we are almost on the verge of the twentieth century. We have to see Tokyo in the dark before we can realize how extremely wide is the gulf which separates the idealistic Orient from the materialistic West.

### A DAY IN A JAPANESE HOUSE

It is 4.30 a.m. in a Japanese house, and everybody is asleep ; father, mother, and baby in one room, the boys in another, the girls in another, the married son with his wife in another. Grandmother is honoured by having a room to herself. The servant-maids are sleeping in their apartments by the kitchen, yet so that "granny" can keep them under her watchful eye; and the men-servants are snoring in an outhouse. Everybody sleeps on the floor, under *futons* and on them, the upper quilt being made in the shape of a huge wadded overcoat with sleeves, the latter not being intended for the arms of the sleeper, but to tuck in behind him so as to protect the small of his back from chills. The house is not exactly still, for the sleepers in the various apartments do a good deal of groaning, and the partition walls are extremely thin. Occasionally some one has a pipe, and you can hear the striking of a match, followed by the thud on the fire-box as the tobacco ashes are knocked out after a few whiffs. Daylight is approaching ; the light of the night-lamp is burning low, and the sleepers under the huge green mosquito-nets might easily see the rays of bright daylight through the chinks in the shutters.

Wh-r-r-r-r! wh-r-r-r-r! goes the alarum clock, which



provident "granny" has placed in the maid-servants' room. One or two forms arouse themselves and slip out into the kitchen, whence you presently hear a few dim sounds of crackling paper and breaking firewood, for the fire is the first thing to be made. In a few minutes the fire is burning cheerily, and the smoke is working its way up through the kitchen rafters to the small window in the roof. Then the man-servant goes into the yard to do various odd jobs, while the women go into the house to open shutters.

In doing so they effectively murder sleep, for the sluggard whom the noise failed to arouse would find himself quite unable to continue his slumbers in the bright morning light amidst the bustle and excitement of a new day. One by one boys and girls, married and unmarried, old and young, struggle out of their couches, adjust their night garments, and go off to their ablutions either in the bath-room or in some quiet corner of a downstairs verandah. There is no morning tub, but the little brass basins are vigorously used, and there is much noisy cleaning of teeth, after which the men-folk stroll around the garden for a few minutes or lounge about the verandah, tooth-brush in mouth, enjoying the view.

When they come back to their rooms they find them empty, swept, and garnished. The night-lights have been taken out and deposited on the verandah until they can be carried off to the lamp-room; the quilts have been neatly folded and put into cupboards in the walls; the mats have been swept; there is a little tray on a table in the middle of the room with tea-things and a few pickled plums for a morning's relish, a fire-box with fresh charcoal and a kettle, and the universal smoking apparatus.

Then father and mother begin to dress, or, rather, father dresses leisurely with a good many intervals for

*Small window in the roof.*—The houses, or rather hovels, in Persian villages are likewise devoid of chimneys.

conversation, and mother waits on him as a good wife should. Breakfast awaits the children in a room near the kitchen, and is soon being noisily discussed. While it is going on, mother goes to the *Kamidana*, or "god's shelf," and, assisted by one of her daughters, renews the daily offering of rice and incense, trims the lights, and prays for a few moments in silent reverence. By the time the worship is finished the children have at last ended their breakfast, and are clamouring to be got ready for school. That takes some little time, especially when the family is numerous and the children are young. Hair has got to be brushed and plaited, and there are the usual recriminations and expostulations from the youthful victims; a motherly woman has the same worries in Japan as in other countries about dirty nails and grimy necks and the fear of cold water. Dresses—I can't call them frocks—have to be looked to, and though the boys are generally left to do their own toilets for themselves, yet there always are books which must not be forgotten, and the precious lunch-boxes which it would never do to leave behind. But all these preparations are finished in due time, and by about 7 a.m. boys and girls are off to their respective schools, the younger ones under the charge of maids, of whom there is never any dearth in a Japanese household.

Then father and mother have their breakfast quietly. After breakfast mother helps him into his outdoor suit of clothes, sees that he has forgotten none of his requisites, and accompanies him to the door, where the jinriksha, freshly washed, stands ready in the porch to take him to his office.

From eight to ten is a very busy time in a Japanese household. During those two hours all the cleaning takes place; rooms are dusted, verandahs and floors are washed (one cannot say scrubbed), bedding and bedclothes are put out in the sun to air, there are many things to be done in the kitchen, the baby has

to be bathed, and it is fully ten o'clock before the house-mistress has a moment that she can call her own.

From ten to noon she is pretty well free. During those hours she will read the newspaper with all its gossip and chit-chat, do her daily accounts, give her orders to tradesmen, write her letters, and, if studiously inclined, read a book. The house is quiet during these two hours, the storm-centre having been removed to the well, where, amidst the talking and laughing without which no Japanese can work, the maid-servants are busy cleaning rice, washing clothes, or scrubbing pots and pans, while the jinriksha-man, who has deposited his master at his office, is busy drawing the water for the evening's bath.

Sharp at noon comes the mid-day meal—the least important meal, for the children are away and the master is at the office. After dinner, in summer at any rate, a siesta, and then, for a time at least, things move slowly. The mistress will go shopping or make a call, or else, with her maids around her, she will do dressmaking or sewing. The all-important hair-dresser will come with her stock of gossip, and, her hair having been previously washed by herself or by one of her maids, the mistress will submit to the pleasurable torture of an elaborate *coiffure*, the arrangement of which will effectively pass away the hours.

By half-past three the children come back. They have very few home lessons, it is true, but they often have extra lessons from teachers specially engaged, and the mother has to see that all these tasks are rightly and duly performed, that the boys don't give all their time to games, that the girls practise on the *koto* and learn their songs, or their steps, or their

*Learn their songs.*—Teachers of music and dancing are held in high esteem in Japan. Western music and dancing are taught at special academies; it is only the Japanese branches of these arts that are taught at home. Other instruments in vogue are the *samisen* and *kokyn*, drum and flute.

manners. Everything in a Japanese household turns on the mother, and if Japan has astonished the world by its virtues and powers, the whole credit is due to the mothers who understand so well how to do their duty.

Etiquette demands that a wife shall be on the doorstep to meet her husband when he returns, and there are few women in Japan who would dare to make a practice of neglecting that rule. By five o'clock, therefore, the wife is expected to be at home to welcome her lord and to fuss round him with kind attentions. She will help him to change his clothes from the European suit, which modern *etiquette* demands in an office, to the comfortable *kimono* which rejoices his heart at home. She will wait on him at the bath which has been prepared for his return, and when he is thoroughly comfortable she will give him his supper.

Supper is the meal *par excellence* of the Japanese household. There is no haste or hurry about it. It is very early according to our notions—between five and six in the afternoon—but it suits the Japanese taste, and that is the main thing. After supper the children have their bath, and then comes the children's hour, when, clad in their comfortable sleeping-dresses, they frisk about the garden or house, not retiring early as with us, but keeping awake as long as their elders, unless haply they fall asleep from sheer weariness.

Some time during the evening the wife will get an opportunity of showing her husband the household accounts. There is not much to be done; some will play games, some will read books, but the light is poor, and the day began very early. By half-past nine they will begin to yawn, and by ten o'clock the shutters will be closed and the silence of night fall upon the household.

### THE JAPANESE NOBILITY

Japan has an aristocracy of which some of the members are of very long descent. When, in 1884, an

Imperial decree created a hierarchy of nobles who were to be known to the outside world as Princes, Marquises, Counts, Viscounts, and Barons, the list of newly-created peers contained the heads of many *Kuge* families, whose ancestors had from time immemorial been in the service of the Imperial House at Kyoto, and who, though mainly poor, had in them all the honourable traditions of an ancient aristocracy. There were also the heads of the *buke*, or warrior classes, the *daimyos* of the principal fiefs of feudal days, corresponding, more or less, to the German ruling princes. Some of these families—such as the Houses of Shimadzu and Mori—had ruled as kings in their own domains for centuries, and though they had been compelled to bow their heads to the proud Tokugawa, were yet at the time of the Restoration fairly independent. Others had owed their elevation to Daimyates to the favour of the first Tokugawa two centuries and a half ago, and lacking that feeling of opposition which kept the oldest *daimyo* families constantly on the alert, had been lulled into a false security by the continual protection of the Shogunate. These families, as a rule, counted for very little, for both they and their imme-

*Tokugawa.*—The Tokugawa Shoguns were the administrators of the Japanese State during the first seventy years of the seventeenth century. Every *daimyo*, or feudal chief, was then bound to maintain a house in Tokyo, and to give hostages for good behaviour by residing there for a certain period every year; by which means the central administration made sure of the loyalty of the provinces. By 1881 the Tokugawa Shogunate had been overthrown as a result of the Meiji Revolution of 1868 and the Restoration was complete. There can be but little doubt that the coming of Commodore Perry, with his demands for American trade, with his models of telegraphs and railroads, led to that awakening of the Japanese mind before which the repressive Shogunate ultimately fell. After the demolition of the Choshu forts by the British Navy the power of the Shogun ended (1868). In 1871 an Imperial decree abolished local autonomy, and the feudal system therefore became obsolescent. The so-called Meiji era, or Restoration period, was about 1870-90, when English, American, French, and German missions were employed to occidentalize Japanese institutions and public administration.

diate retainers had lost their virility, and yet in the days of the Restoration they had deserved well of the Empire, for the whole body of *daimyos* had, with one accord and spontaneously, laid their domains at the Emperor's feet, so that henceforward there might be but one Ruler in the land.

A third class, and one which from natural circumstances is continually receiving fresh additions to its numbers, consists of families which have deserved well of the Empire in recent times, and have been newly ennobled by the present occupant of the throne. This class comprises the names of all the makers of New Japan, and there are new creations every year. There is one spiritual peer, the hereditary Archbishop (if I may so call him) of the Otani sect of Shinshu Buddhists, but he sits as a count and not as a prelate.

In public affairs noblemen have prominence accorded to them according to the ability they show in managing public business or understanding the problems of the day. If we trusted only to the newspapers we should get the impression that the new nobles were the only members of the aristocracy that had any weight in public life, for it is they, of course, that are constantly prominent—men like Hayashi, Shibusawa, Komura, to say nothing of Prince Ito and his compeers. But when we get behind the scenes we find that the old aristocracy still carry much weight, and that, especially those nobles who ruled over large fiefs and had numerous *samurai* under them, still enjoy a very large amount of esteem and influence amongst the members of their clan. I can remember being asked to a dinner given in honour of the heir of a marquisate who was being sent abroad for a tour to complete his education. The family was an important one, and had in the past ruled over wide domains. Many of the *samurai* belonging to the clan had been

*Samurai*.—The military families of the Shogun period.

active in the modern life of the nation, and had been ennobled, some of them holding titles of the same rank as the one now held by their former feudal chief. It was very touching to see how, in the presence of their former princelet, these men were willing to forget for a moment their own honours and dignities, and to pay reverence to the head of the old clan. The *samurai*; even though now a baron or marquis, still remains loyal to his old clan, and the heads of the old families still exercise a considerable influence, though one mainly behind the scenes.

This state of affairs cannot, however, last for long, for Japan, in spite of traditions to the contrary, is intensely democratic, and asks "What art thou?" not "What hast thou been?" In the early days, when the *daimyos* suddenly found themselves on the same level with other men, they were not very competent, some of them, to manage even their own affairs. I know of one family which in the hour of poverty sold to a far-seeing retainer for a paltry seven hundred yen a plot of land in the very heart of the capital which is now worth hundreds of thousands, and I have only recently read of another noble family ruined by trusting to an unprincipled business manager. But everything possible is being done to see that the rising generation of peers shall be capable of holding its own in the esteem of the nation, and if the students of the Peers' College in Tokyo do not work quite so hard as the students in other schools, I suppose it is equally true that there are schools in England at which the boys work harder than they do at Eton.

Generally speaking, the life of a nobleman in Japan is a very quiet one. Archery is a very favourite pastime, and so is horse-riding. The meetings of the race club are well attended, and there is a kind of mild polo, known as *dakyu*, which is at times in great vogue. *Dakyu* is really a cross between lacrosse and polo, and

affords many opportunities for exhibiting skill, while not so rough and dangerous as the Western game. Etiquette forbids the nobility to attend a theatre in Tokyo; indeed, when Prince Arthur of Connaught was honoured by a special performance many of those who attended in his honour were having their first glimpse of the delights of the stage.

The old nobility of Japan will never again exercise all their ancient power in the country, for they will be outnumbered by the more democratic peers whose personal merits have procured their elevation. But it is the great desire of his Majesty, so it is said, that the ancient aristocracy should supply the Army and Navy with officers and leaders. This is quite as it should be. Since the surrender of their fiefs and estates the nobles have been the pensioners of the State, receiving fixed incomes from the Treasury. The pensions are generous, and the aristocracy, freed from sordid cares, owe it to their country to cultivate those generous virtues which go to the making of military leaders, and which men whose thoughts are of necessity devoted to material objects often fail to attain.

## CHIKKI, THE FREEBOOTER

*(From Among the Wild Tribes of the Afghan Frontier,  
by T. L. Pennell, M.D.)*

[Much of Afghanistan is still a sealed book to the European. The wild and rugged nature of the country, the intractable and uncertain character of its bellicose tribes, render it as uninviting to English exploration or exploitation as it is inaccessible to any other than large military expeditions. To the ordinary Englishman Afghanistan is known merely as a country which figures in numerous recurring cables on tribal outbreaks or outrages near or on the Indo-Afghan frontier. Yet



who shall venture to say in these days what may not be the outcome of efforts like those of Dr. Pennell to bring the feud-loving, predatory Afridis, Wazirs, and Wanas to more Western habits of dealing and general conduct? Only a year ago saw the arrival in London of the first Afghan ambassador; while, if murders of English men and women do, unhappily, take place two or three times a year, they seem to grow less frequent as the newly-administered tracts of frontier territory come more and more under British influence.

According to Dr. Pennell, who from his sixteen years' close intercourse with the natives of the Indian marches, the two outstanding features of these tribes are their addiction to the blood feud, or vendetta, and their quaintly paradoxical morality. This latter manifests itself in a bizarre combination of hospitality with theft; and again in the attitude of the native husband towards his wife or wives. Women are in an unenviable position in Afghanistan, where they are little better than slaves, entirely under the subjection of their lords and masters, and liable on the slightest suggestion of infidelity, whether justified or not, to have their ears or noses slashed off.

There are, indeed, two ways of viewing the ultimate development of Afghan history—either to suppose that the tribes will, through their fatalistic adhesion to internecine feuds, tend to self-extermination, or, as would seem more likely, that in process of time they may become ever more amenable to the influence of the border mission stations, and, by abandoning the idea of the *Jehad*, like Chikki, the "hero" of the following admirable sketch by Dr. Pennell, come to follow a peaceful avocation.]

BETWEEN the Khaiber Pass on the north and the Kurram Valley on the south lies a tangled mass of mountains and valleys called Tirah. Here almost inaccessible escarpments, on which the wary goatherd

*Kurram Valley*—About sixty-five miles south-west of Kabul. Parachinar, a British military station in the Kurram (or Kurram) Valley, was the scene of the murder in November 1923 of Captain Watts of the Kurram Militia and of his wife.

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leads his sure-footed flock, alternate with delightful little green glens, where rivulets of clear water dance down to the rice-fields, and hamlets nestle among the walnut and plane trees. In one of these villages was a poor country lad called Muhammad Sarwar. His father was too poor to own flocks, and, having no land of his own, Sarwar took work with a miller. It was one of those picturesque little mills which you see in the valleys of the Afridis, where a mountain stream comes dashing down the side of a hill, and is then trained aside to where the simple building of stones and mud covers in the mill-stones, while two or three mulberry-trees round give such delightful shade that the mill becomes a rendezvous for the idle men and gossips of the village to wile away the hot summer noons.

But Sarwar was of a restless disposition, and the pittance of flour which, together with a kid and a new turban on the feast days, was all he got for his labours, did not satisfy his ambition. Then there was his friend Abdul Asghar, who, though as poor as himself to start with, now had *four kanals* of land of his own and a flock of some forty sheep and goats browsing on the mountain side. It would not do to inquire too closely how Abdul Asghar came by this wealth, but he used to be out a good deal of nights, and he was one of those who was "wanted" at the Border Military Police Station at Thal for his part in several recent cases of highway robbery with violence.

This kind of life was more to the taste of Sarwar than the drudgery of mill-grinding, and before long he and Asghar had joined hands. Once, indeed, they were fairly caught, though they escaped the penalty of their misdeeds. They were on the prowl one dark night, when they saw a shrouded figure creeping along by a farm wall. They had scarcely hid behind a bush

when the unknown man turned and came directly towards them. Thinking they had been observed, Asghar called out: "Who are you? Stand, or I fire." The figure halted, and said in a low tone: "It is well; I am your own." The man then came up and suggested that they should spend that night together and share their luck. He told them, too, that there was a fine fat *dumba* in the farm-yard hard by that they might begin upon. Asghar slipped over the wall, while Sarwar and the stranger kept guard, and soon returned with the sheep across his shoulders, its head wrapped up in his *chadar* to stop its cries. They took it off into the jungle, and as the stranger said he wished to be home early that night, they decided to stay and divide it there and then.

The stranger surprised them by saying that he would be content with merely the head as his share, so the "Allaha akbar" was pronounced, the throat cut, and the head given to the stranger, who went off with their parting greeting, "May it be well before you," which he returned by saying, "In the safety of God."

Next morning they were astonished by the sudden appearance of a posse of the Border Military Police, who, before they were able to escape or offer resistance, handcuffed them and led them off, vouchsafing no more explanation than that the *Chota Sahib* had ordered it. They were much mystified, and could not think which of their enemies had got up a case against them; but they could learn nothing from the police, who either could or would tell nothing more. When finally they were taken before the Sahib, and he started away with, "So you have been after your old game again, and stole a sheep last night from the farm of Nuruddin" (the light of religion), it was with diffi-

*Dumba*.—The fat-tailed Afghan sheep.

*Chadar*.—A cotton or woollen shawl.

culty they could conceal their astonishment and compose themselves quickly enough to reply that they were honest men, had never stolen anything all their lives, and could bring witnesses to prove that last night they never stirred from the *chauk* of Fath Muhammad of Dilrogha village.

The Sahib had a twinkle in his eye as he led them on with further questions to forswear themselves still more hopelessly, and then finally turned to a Sepoy by his side and simply said, "Bring it in." The Sepoy saluted, went out, and in a moment returned bringing something wrapped up in a *chadar*, which he placed on the table before him. The Sahib unrolled it, and exposed to their astonished gaze the very sheep's head they had given to the stranger the night before. He had been none other than the Sahib himself! They could no longer hide their confusion, and could say nothing more than "La haula wala kowatu illa bi 'llah" ("There is no majesty or power but in God; He only is great"). They were treated to a very pointed lecture, and told that none of their movements could remain concealed from the eyes of the *Sarkar*, and that next time they were caught they would be lodged in the *hawalat* (gaol).

Though Sarwar and his friend gained hereby a wholesome dread of the ubiquity of their ruler, yet the lesson did not restrain them from carrying on their depredations. Not long after Asghar was killed in a cattle-lifting raid on a neighbouring tribe. The villagers were aroused by the barking of the village dogs, started a *chigah* in pursuit, and though Sarwar escaped a stray shot hit Asghar in the chest and put an end to

*Chauk* —The room which the village headman allocates to public use, including travellers' accommodation.

*Sarkar* —The native term for the British Government.

*Chigah* —A hue and cry, sounded by drum-beating, to warn the arm-bearing villagers to turn out in pursuit of raiders.

his career. Sarwar made such progress in the art, and carried his depredations so far afield, that he became known on all the hills round by the sobriquet of "Chikki," or the "Lifter."

One day a chance circumstance gave a fresh turn to his career. Mullah Darweza, of Saman village, had a bitter grudge against a *malik* of the village because he had enticed away one of his *talibs*, a beautiful boy of thirteen, and now, instead of the boy spending his days over the Quran and Sheikh Sadi, the Persian poet, he was walking about the village with his eyebrows blackened with antimony and a gold-braided turban on his head, and danced in the *malik's* *chauk* while the village *dum* played a *rehab*. Mullah Darweza would dearly have liked the luxury of stabbing the *malik* himself some dark night, but his profession had to be considered, and what would become of his reputation for sanctity if the story got about, let alone the danger of retaliation, which would mean that he would be a prisoner in his house after dark, and would not be able to go to the mosque to say the night prayers, even if he had not to leave the village altogether?

The Mullah was leading prayers in the mosque that day when his eye fell on Chikki among the worshippers, and as they were leaving the mosque he whispered to him to come to his house that night after the night prayers had been said. What passed there is known only to those two, but Chikki bore away a bag of rupees, and a few nights later, as the *malik* had gone down to a stream to perform his ablutions before evening prayers, a shot rang out from no one knows

*Mullah*.—A Mohammedan preacher.

*Malik*.—A village headman.

*Talib*.—A Mohammedan religious student, or mosque pupil.

*Quran*.—Koran.

*Dum*.—Village musician-cum-barber-surgeon.

*Rehab*.—A stringed instrument, like a guitar.

where, and the *malik*, without a cry, fell forward into the stream, and when the villagers arrived and picked him up they found he had been shot through the heart, and no one ever knew who had done it. This windfall whetted Chikki's appetite, and he soon found this occupation even more lucrative than that of cattle lifting.

As his fame increased secret commissions came to him from many quarters—from men who had life enemies, but who feared to risk their own lives in ridding themselves of them. With success, however, came danger. Chikki was a marked man, and had to take unusually strict precautions for the preservation of his own life; his repeating rifle was never out of his hand, and no one ever saw him off his guard. He built himself a strong tower, and at night time retired into this by means of a rope ladder to the upper window (it had no lower windows), then, drawing up the ladder after him, he secured the window. Then came the opportunity of his life. There were two factions in the tribe, the Gur and the Samil, and these had been on bad terms for a long time; but hostilities had so far been confined to a few murders and thefts. Then one day a prominent *malik* of the Gur faction was shot while on a visit to a Samil village. This could not be atoned for without war, and within twenty-four hours the tocsin of war was beating in every Gur village all over the hills. The Samil replied by burning a Gur village, and soon the whole mountainside was in arms on one side or the other; desultory warfare was carried on for some time, and much blood had been shed on both sides, but the Samil party lacked a leader. Then they bethought them of Chikki, and sent a deputation, asking him to take their lead. He consented on condition of their recognizing him as a paramount chief of the Zaimukhts in the event of success attending his arms. They agreed, and he, collecting together some other soldiers



of fortune who had thrown in their lot with him, took the field against the Gur faction. The latter were defeated in several engagements, and finally both sides tired of the fray, and they were all the more ready to come to terms as the harvest was ripe and would spoil if not rapidly gathered in.

Both sides agreed to call a *jirgah*, which met, drew up conditions of peace acceptable to both sides, and smoked the pipe of peace. The agreement was ratified by a big feast, in which twenty fat *dumba* were slain and cooked, with immeasurable quantities of *ghi*, and a dance, in which the men of the two sides, which had so recently been moving heaven and earth to shoot each other, danced together as though they had never been anything but the greatest friends all their lives.

Chikki was now at the zenith of his power. Eight thousand riflemen, all armed with weapons of precision, and all good shots, obeyed his call, and he was able to build a strong fort at Chinarak, in the Zaimukht Mountains, which he garrisoned with his body of outlaws, while acres of rich land all round brought him supplies of grain and other produce, which enabled him to offer to all who came that open-handed, unstinting hospitality which is the surest path to popularity in Afghanistan. Yet withal he maintained his simple mode of life and plain hillman's costume; and once when he came down into Sadda, a town in British

*Soldiers of fortune*—Generally disaffected men who have deserted from some native regiment, regular or irregular, in a British command.

*Jirgah*—Council of tribal elders, either co-opted or, in British India, convoked by the Political Officer to help in deciding some dispute.

*Armed with weapons of precision*.—Lord Chelmsford, one time Viceroy of India, stated in the House of Lords that deserters from native regiments were a serious factor in the tribal forces. They had had an excellent military training at the expense of the Indian Government, and not only knew all about modern methods of warfare, but were in possession of the latest pattern rifles, having taken these away with them when they deserted.

territory, to meet the great Political Officer there, he formed a marked contrast to the gay clothes and coloured shawls and gold-banded turbans of the Sahib's satellites. He wore simply shirt and trousers of plain homespun, and a black turban, ornamented only by a fringe with a few beads on, and had on his feet a pair of palm-leaf sandals, such as could be bought in any bazaar for the sum of one anna. . . .

. . . It fell on a day that there was illness in Chikki's household, and some one brought him word that the Bannu doctor was in camp not far off at Thal; so it came about that while I was seeing patients by my tent that afternoon four of Chikki's stalwarts, armed cap-à-pie, appeared with a polite and urgent request that I would accompany them back to his stronghold, Chinarak, and use my medical skill on the sick ones. As soon as the day's work was over we started off. There was a thunderstorm on the mountains above us, and a mountain torrent had to be crossed which would not be fordable in flood, so we urged on to a point whence a view could be got of the river bed. On reaching it we saw the turbid waters of the flood sweeping down about a mile higher up the valley from the place where we had to cross, while we had considerably over a mile of rough ground to traverse before we could reach the ford. All pressed forward, the footmen running at the horses' stirrups, and we just managed to get through the rising stream before the flood reached us, thus saving what would have been some hours of waiting for the flood to subside.

Chinarak is a mud fort, with towers and an intricate maze of yards, houses, and passages within; but its strength lies more in its inaccessibility, for the narrow gorge, with high, overhanging cliffs, by which we approached might easily be defended by a few marksmen. On the north side, however, the approach to it is easier. After the sick had been seen, Chikki in-

formed me that, as he had heard that I was a preacher of the *Injil*, he wished to hear me, so that he might judge of the comparative merits of Christianity and Mohammedanism; and to that purpose he had called his Mullah, and we two should sit on either side and speak in turn, while he judged. His men collected round us, truly a motley crew, nearly all of them men who had fled across the border from British justice for some murder or other crime, and had found congenial employment in his bodyguard. I had just been visiting some of their houses professionally, and found representatives of all the tribes down the frontier, and even a few Hindustanis. There they were, with a devil-may-care look in their truculent faces, which made you feel that they would take half a dozen lives, to rob a cottage, with as little compunction as if they were cutting sugar-cane. Perhaps Chikki thought I was eyeing my congregation suspiciously, for he turned to me with a twinkle, and said: "Do not alarm yourself about all these fellows round. They may be all rascals, no doubt; but I have my Martini-Henry here, and if any one molests you, I will send a bullet through him."

... Before I came away I left some Pashtu Testaments and other literature for Chikki, and I have reason to believe that he studied them with interest. He, at least, gave up some of his predatory and war-like habits, and devoted himself to more peaceful avocations. When the frontier war of 1897 broke out, not long after, and the tribes all round him were flocking round the standards of *jehad*, and the tocsin of war resounded from the valleys of Swat in the north to the

*Injil*.—Gospel.

*Jehad*.—An Arabic word (literally "contest") used to designate the religious duty inculcated in the Koran on Mohammedans to war against those who do not accept the doctrines of Islam. Those slain in a *jehad* are believed by Mohammedans to go straight to Paradise.

Suliman Mountains of Waziristan in the south, he resisted all the allurements of the Mullahs to take part in the campaign against the *Kafirs*, the English, and restrained the men of his own tribe from any participation in the warfare. It can be seen by a reference to the map that this abstention of the Zaimukht tribe, which numbers about eight thousand fighting men, made a considerable difference to the troops acting in the Miranzai and Kurram Valleys, in the angle between which their territory is situate.

He pressed me to begin medical mission work in his own territory, and promised me support, both material and influential, if I would do so. It was a tempting field, and, no doubt, it would have exerted a widespread influence for peace on the neighbourhood; but there were insurmountable difficulties of another nature, and the project had to be abandoned.

A few years ago I heard with regret that my old friend Chikki had been ambuscaded by a section of the Khujjal Khel Wazirs, with whom he had an old-standing quarrel. He and the men with him fell riddled with bullets, and the victors exultingly cut out his heart and bore it off in triumph, boasting that it weighed ten *seers* (twenty pounds).

## THE CITIES OF CHINA

(From *Changing China*, by Rev. Lord William Gascoyne-Cecil.)

[The Rev. Lord William Gascoyne-Cecil went out to the Shanghai Centenary Conference in 1907 as a member of the China Emergency Committee. While out in China he made a study of conditions in the country

*Kafirs*.—Infidels, or non-Moslems.

with the view of encouraging the movement for the foundation there of a Western university. Though no doubt many of the more progressive dreams for the Westernization of China have not materialized, it is clear that in the opinion of some observers China is awakening to the value of Western arts and sciences, and to the fact that there is in the West a power for well-doing which has its source in the Christian faith. On the other hand, the *China* of Emile Hovelague (1923) sets out to emphasize the great and seemingly unsurmountable barrier between East and West.]

NOWHERE is the transitional period through which China is passing more obvious than in the cities of China ; many towns are still completely Chinese, but as you approach the ports you find more and more Western development. The contrast between towns is extremely marked. Shanghai or Tientsin are Western towns and centres of civilization ; the difference between them and such towns as Hangchow or Ichang is very great. The true Chinese city is not without its beauty—in fact, in many ways it is a beautiful and wonderful place. But to appreciate it eyes only are wanted, and a nose is a misfortune. The streets are extremely narrow passages, which are bordered on either side by most attractive shops, particularly in the main street. The stranger longs to stop and buy things as he goes along, but the difficulty is that it takes so much time ; he must either be prepared to pay twice the value of the things he wants, or to spend hours in negotiation. There is one curious exception to this rule ; the silk guild at Shanghai does not allow its members to bargain, and therefore in the silk shop the real price is told at once.

The shopkeepers are charming, and there are numbers of salesmen—salesmen who do not mind taking any amount of trouble to please. It is delightful, if insidious, to go into those shops ; and one can well believe that if a Chinese silk shop were opened

London, and silk sold at Chinese prices, the shop would have plenty of customers. The quality of Chinese silk far exceeds that of the silks of the West. A Chinese gentleman mentioned as an example of this superiority that one of his gowns was made of French silk, and that it was torn and spoilt after two or three years ; but that he had had gowns of Chinese silk for twenty years or more which were quite as good as on the day he bought them, and that he had only put them on one side because the fashions in men's garments change in China as they do elsewhere for ladies. . . .

. . . But to return to Chinese streets. Next the silk shop will be the silver shop. Here again the work is admirable. At such a place as Kinkiang you can spend an hour or more bargaining, and watching the wonderful skill of the silversmiths as they turn out beautiful silver ornaments. It is pleasant to wander along and to look into the shops and see the strange things that are for sale—fish of many kinds in one shop, rice and grain in another, strange vegetables, little bits of pork, flattened ducks ; or to glance at the clothes and the coats hung out, many of them of brilliant colours. The signs over the shops, and the names of the merchants, are a feature in themselves, illuminated as they are in vivid hues of red and gold, in those wonderful characters so full of mystery to the foreigner.

In a native city up-country the traveller is practically forced to go through the city in a chair. There are no wheel conveyances except wheelbarrows, and, except where there are Manchus, horses are quite unknown. Walking is profoundly unpleasant for a European, for as he walks along he is constantly jostled by porters carrying loads of goods on a bamboo across their shoulders ; or cries are heard, and a Chinese Mandarin is carried past shoulder high, leaning forward looking out of his chair perhaps with a smile of

contempt for the foreigner who can so demean himself as to go on foot like a common coolie ; or perhaps it is a lady with her chair closely covered in, and only a glimpse to be seen of a rouged and powdered face, for the Chinese women paint to excess as part of their ordinary toilette. Next comes the water-carrier, hurrying past with his two buckets of water ; or perhaps it is some malodorous burden which makes a Western long to be deprived of the sense of smell. But in a chair a ride through a Chinese town is delightful ; the chair-coolies push past foot-passengers, who accept their buffets with the greatest equanimity, and from a comparatively elevated position the traveller can look down on the crowd.

But when the Chinese city is near a port all this begins to change. The chair is replaced by the ricksha, and though in many ways it is less comfortable than a chair, the ricksha is after all the beginning of the rule of the West, being a labour-saving machine. One coolie, or two at the most, can drag a man quickly and easily where, with a chair, three or four bearers would be needed. Outside the old town will be built the new native town, and the new native town is built on European lines, with comparatively wide streets. In a treaty port the completed specimen of the transitional stage through which all China is passing is to be seen. Shanghai is a delightful town, although it seems commonplace to those who live there, but to a stranger it is a place full of contradictions and eccentricities. The first thing that strikes one in Shanghai is that none of the natives know any of the names of the streets. It is true they are written up in large letters both in English and in Chinese ; but as not one of the coolies can read, they have not the very slightest idea that that is the name of the street—they call it quite a different name ; and as they speak a different language both to that of the educated Chinaman and to the Englishman, there is

There is an extraordinary example of the want of consideration for the feelings of the Chinese to be seen in the public gardens at Shanghai. There stands a notice which contains, among several regulations, first, that "no dogs or bicycles shall be admitted"; secondly, that "no Chinese shall be admitted except servants in attendance on foreigners." Considering that the land is Chinese soil, one cannot but wonder that any one who had dealings with the Chinese should allow so ill-mannered a notice to be put up. No Chinese gentleman would object for a moment if the notice had been to the effect that unclean persons and beggars should be excluded from the gardens; but to exclude the cultured Chinese merchant, who is every whit as clean as his Western neighbour, or to exclude the respectable people of the middle class whose orderly behaviour is beyond suspicion, is as unreasonable as it is regrettable.

Again, the Shanghai municipality has no Chinese representatives upon it, though the great bulk of the population is Chinese, with the result that from time to time they come across Chinese prejudices and quite unnecessarily irritate the population which they govern. The Chinese have a principle that a woman shall be publicly punished only for unfaithfulness and open shameless theft; her "face" or dignity must be preserved; and therefore she should never be made to answer for her offences in open court, her husband or her father being held responsible for her behaviour and for her punishment. The right way of dealing with any woman who is charged with an offence is to do as we do in England with regard to children—to summon not her but those responsible for her behaviour. I was assured by a Chinese official that the trouble which culminated in the Shanghai riots originated from disregard of this principle. The refusal of the Shanghai municipality to have Chinese representatives upon it is the more remarkable, as I was in-



no reason why they should ever learn the names given by them. The habitual way of directing a ricksha coolie is by a sort of pantomime, and there is always a great element of uncertainty as to whether he will get to his destination, even with the oldest resident, unless he knows the way himself. . . .

. . . Another example of the difficulty of carrying on the details of city life is afforded by a common spectacle at Shanghai. In the crowded streets you see a little crowd of policemen. The group consists of three splendid men, typical of three different civilizations. First there is the English policeman; next to him is a black-bearded man, bigger than the first, a Sikh, every gesture and action revealing the martial characteristics of his race; then a Chinaman completes the group, blue-coated and wearing a queue, and a round Chinese hat as a sign of office. The traveller wonders why this trio is needed till he sees them in action. A motor car rushes down one road, a ricksha comes down another, and a Chinese wheelbarrow, with six women sitting on it, slowly progresses down a third. All three conveyances are controlled by Chinamen, and when they meet all shout and shriek at the top of their voices; no one keeps the rule of the road, with the probable result that the wheelbarrow is upset, the ricksha is forced against the wall, and the motor car pulled up dead. Then the police force comes into action. The Chinese policeman objurgates vociferously and makes signals indifferently to everybody; the Sikh policeman at once begins to thrash the Chinese coolie; meanwhile the English policeman at last gets the traffic on the right side of the road, quiets his subordinates, sees justice done, and restores order. Possibly, if the matter had been left to the Chinese policeman, he would have arranged it in the end. The traffic in Peking was controlled entirely by Chinese policemen, and was fairly well managed.

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formed at Hong-Kong that they have such representatives, and find them most useful in assisting in the *government of the Chinese*. It is not surprising that Shanghai is a town to which it is diplomatic to make no reference in conversation with a Chinese gentleman.

There is more to be said for the mistrust of the Chinese Post-Office and for the continuation of the curious system by which each nation has its own post-office. Nothing is more annoying to the traveller in Shanghai than the trouble he has to get his letters. If it should so happen that he has correspondents in many countries, he has to go to every one of the many post-offices in Shanghai, and they are situated in different parts of the town and in places very difficult to find. There is the Imperial Chinese Post-Office, to which he first repairs, and where he will find *letters from any correspondent in China*; then with the greatest difficulty he reaches the English Post-Office; after which he remembers that some of his friends may be on a holiday in France, therefore he must go to the French Post-Office, and so on. When he asks why the Chinese Post-Office cannot be trusted, he is told that the Chinese themselves will not trust their post-office unless there is a European official in control, and that the old Chinese system by which letters are forwarded by private companies still continues in many parts of China, although they possess branches of the Imperial Chinese Post-Office. Still the traveller wearily thinks at the end of his day's journey that without undue trust in another nationality, or any loss of national prestige, an International Post-Office might be arranged in a town like Shanghai, with its vast travelling population.

Shanghai with its mixture of races, with its national antipathies and jealousies, is indeed one of the most attractive but strangest towns in the whole world. Every race meets there; and as one wanders down the Nanking road, one never tires of watching

the nationalities which throng that thoroughfare. There walks a tall bearded Russian, a fat German, jostling perhaps a tiny Japanese officer, whose whole air shows that he regards himself as a member of the conquering race that has checkmated the vast power of Europe; there are sleek Chinese in Western carriages, and there are thin Americans in Eastern rickshas; the motor cycle rushes past, nearly colliding with a closely-curtained chair bearing a Chinese lady of rank, or a splendid Indian in a yellow silk coat is struck in the face by the hat of a Frenchman, who finds the pavements of Shanghai too narrow for his sweeping salute; one hears guttural German alternating with Cockney slang; Parisian toilettes are seen next half-naked coolies; a couple of sailors on a tandem cycle almost upset two Japanese beauties as they shuffle along with their toes turned in; a grey-gowned Buddhist priest elbows a bearded Roman missionary; a Russian shop, where patriotism rather than love of gain induces the owners to conceal the nature of their wares by employing the Russian alphabet overhead, stands opposite a Japanese shop which, in not too perfect English, assures the wide world that their heads can be cut cheaply; an English lady looks askance at the tightness of her Chinese sister's nether garments, while the Chinese sister wonders how the white race can tolerate the indecency that allows a woman to show her shape and wear transparent sleeves.

Yes, Shanghai on a spring afternoon is a most interesting place; and yet as you turn your eyes to the river and catch sight of the dark grey warship, you realize that beneath all this peace and busy commerce lies the fear of the grim realities of war. China may assimilate the adjuncts of Western life, but she will never welcome the Western. The racial gulf that divides them is far too deep. It may be temporarily bridged by the heroism of a missionary; the enthusiasm of Christianity may make those who embrace it

brothers ; but the feeling of love will not extend one inch beyond the influence of religion ; and those who ponder on the future as they watch the many-hued crowd that passes must grow more and more sure that the future of China lies with the Chinese alone, and however much as a race they may be willing to learn from the West, they will, as a race, be led only by their own people. The Westerner may be employed ; Western teaching may be learnt ; Western garments may be worn—but, as a Chinese professor said, " The wearer will be a Chinaman all the same."

## VILLAGE LIFE IN JAPAN

(From the " Japan Number " of the *Manchester Guardian*, June 9, 1921.)

[The following description of village life in Japan, the typical agrarian Japan of to-day, is that of the Special Correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*. It was written in the winter of 1921, and appeared in the " Japan Number " of that famous newspaper, published by arrangement with the Government of Japan in June 1921.]

### KITAYAMOTO

A NARROW, muddy road, built on a narrow, insecure embankment, trailed irregularly down the flat, featureless valley. A line of telegraph posts marked it as one of the high roads of Japan. Yet it was not wide enough for two motor-cars to pass. An error of steering might send one ten feet headlong into the mud of the padd' fields on either side. Our Cyclists' Touring C' would, if this road were in England, warn

against it, so abominably rough and slimy was its surface. At intervals it crossed and recrossed the river by a bridge that consisted of a large stone flag or plank, laid across upright blocks, unrailed, and precarious to all but foot passengers keeping carefully to the middle. Up-stream and on either hand stood low pine-covered hills; down-stream the road led to one of those long-distance electric tramways, laid on sleepers across field and through forest and even through tunnels, which recall the light railways of Belgium. Here and there along the riverside were single houses, or groups of houses, wood built, straw thatched, and dark tinted with the long weathering of unpainted wood. And from the point up the valley where the stream had its source to the distant plain traversed by the tramway the whole busy, intensely worked countryside constituted a "village."

A Japanese village is unlike anything that goes by the name of village in any other land. Rather does it correspond to our English parish, only that it is bigger than any rural parish that we have, and has nothing parochial about it, no parish church, no temple—Japan being almost non-religious—no historical or traditional focus of any kind. Perhaps a French rural commune would come nearer to it, but here again the parallel would fail in essential matters. At any rate, the village of Kitayamoto that I spent this February afternoon in by chance and curiosity is typical enough to be worth describing. For, as Japan is a large nation of such villages and has few cities, this village and its mode of life can be regarded as the

*Non-religious.*—This is a statement of rather doubtful authenticity, even for Japanese village life. During the summer, after the corn has been cut and the rice planted, the village specially directs its attention to religion by undertaking the annual pilgrimage to the sacred mountains and holy places of Japan. This is over and above the *local* facilities for worship, which comprise the temple of the *ujigama* or patron deity, the *yashiro* of the Fox-god, and the village shrine.

real and typical Japan ; a unit of a myriad such units that together constitute a powerful agrarian State.

Half-way up the valley road we turned aside—a local Government official, acting as my interpreter, and I—into a barnlike building larger than the tiny farmhouses. Passing through a little office, where a couple of clerks were busily writing, we entered a long room with a long table down the middle, at which were seated, each-two with a *'hibachi*, or charcoal-firepot, between them, the members of the village assembly, a sort of rural soviet or parish council that looks after education, byroads, and like matters, draws up the village budget, and generally controls everything but police affairs. A tall, black-moustached member of the council who rose to greet us was the village headman or mayor. Shortly afterwards we were again on the road, traversing the village under the headman's conduct. .

The river bank on either side had a curious terraced appearance. Each terrace was an aqueduct, detached from the river at some point up-stream and leading to some paddy-fields or rice-mill lower down. Each such aqueduct, the headman explained, is owned and maintained by some group of farmers, working together on a traditional system, without law or control, anarchically, yet harmoniously, for disputes are rare. All rice-growing Japan—that is to say, all essential Japan—is based upon this traditional co-operation in irrigation. The hills are terraced in every valley up to the very summits with irrigated paddy-fields ; one might say that every drop of rainfall is conserved and used ; the peasants, working together in groups and by tradi-

*Village headman*—The *nanushi*, or headman, is of the peasant proprietor class. In a typical Japanese village three classes of persons are engaged in agriculture—the tenants who own no land of their own ; the peasant proprietors, who cultivate their own farms ; and the capitalists—a new and increasing class—who own land, which they lease to others but do not themselves farm.

tional instinct, have built dams and aqueducts everywhere; and the result is a density of population paralleled only in industrial Belgium or Lancashire, yet producing out of a not over-fruitful soil and a not very propitious climate almost enough food to maintain a powerful Empire.

Every hundred yards or so along the stream there stood a minute rice-mill, each with its wooden wheel driven by a steady trickle from one of the aqueducts. A table on the door gave the days of the month on which each of a list of neighbouring peasant owners of the mill could bring his rice to be beaten and deprived of its outer skin. Inside this hut some half-dozen heavy timber baulks were being lifted and let fall by cams attached to the wheel-axle; each baulk as it fell crashed into a heap of rice steadily flowing into a hollow at the base. This mill goes on unceasingly. Baskets of brownish-grey rice at one wall and of polished pearl-white rice at the other testified to its work. Another testimony, by the way, is the prevalence of *beri-beri*. This polishing makes rice much more palatable but robs it of its vitamins, and *beri-beri* is another word for vitamin starvation.

By far the most conspicuous building in any village is the school. That at Kitayamoto dominated the whole district. Afar off we could distinguish the

*Beri-beri*.—A tropical disease, of which the main symptoms are peripheral neuritis and muscular swelling, followed by dropsy. No specific cure is known. It is peculiar, and has been for centuries, to the low-lying, damp places on the coasts and near the rivers of China, Japan, Africa, etc. Its cause has been assigned to some fungoid parasite, possibly absorbed by eating mouldy rice.

*The school*.—In Japan attendance at the *shogakko*, or elementary school, is compulsory. In every county or town is a *koto shogakko*, or higher elementary school, which is intermediate to the *chugakko*, or middle school, of which there is generally one in every prefecture and town. From the latter youths go either into higher special schools for commerce, navigation, etc., or into a non-official university. To qualify for the State university a preliminary course has to be taken at the *koto gakko*, or high school.